HIGHWAYS & BYWAYS IN GALLOWAY & CARRICK WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HUGH THOMSON

To George with best wishes for many happy days in Galloway — and elsewhere.

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HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS

IN

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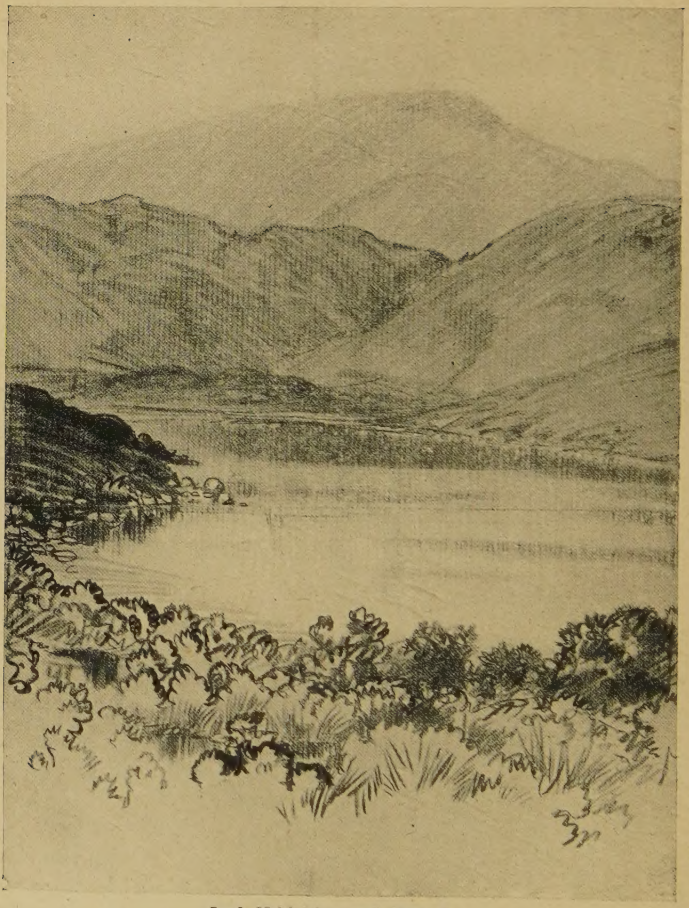

Loch Neldricken and Merrick.

Highways and Byways
IN
Galloway and Carrick

BY THE REV. C. H. DICK
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
HUGH THOMSON

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
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1916

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PREFACE

As the title announces, this book has for its subject Galloway and Carrick, a district which has remained unknown to the world longer than any other part of Scotland with the possible exception of the island of Rockall. For an illustration of the former neglect of the province of Galloway I would cite *The Scottish Tourist,* a guide-book published in Edinburgh in 1825 for the benefit of travellers who were induced to visit Scotland by the poems of Burns and Scott, but "above all" by the writings of "The Author of *Waverley*". This work is more remarkable for what it omits than for what it contains, and the most conspicuous omission is that of any allusion to Galloway. Both Burns and Scott were far from being oblivious of the province. The references to Galloway places and persons in the former are too numerous to notice here. *The Heart of Midlothian* derived some of its leading figures from the parish of Irongray; the coast of The Stewartry of Kirkcudbright provided the scenery, and more than the scenery, of *Guy Mannering;* the sad story on which *The Bride of Lammermoor* was founded belongs to the annals of Wigtonshire; and it was to the castle on the island in Lochinvar that "the lost bride of Netherby" was brought. The publishers of *The Scottish Tourist* "respectfully solicited corrections and suggestions for the improvement of future editions of the Work"; but when the fourth edition appeared, there was still nothing of Galloway, and the map of Scotland accompanying it is bounded on the south by a line running through Ayr, S. Mary's Loch, and Jedburgh!

Much more recent signs of ignorance could be recorded. I

remember using at school a text-book in geography which in its account of the mountains of the south of Scotland mentioned the Lead Hills, the Muirfoot Hills, and others, including "a low ridge called the Haughshaw Hills" between the Firth of Clyde and the Clyde basin; but two considerable ranges in Galloway, one of them distinguished by the highest peak on the mainland south of the Grampians, appear to have had less reality for the geographer than the mountains of Lyonnesse. It is not necessary to enter into the reasons for this neglect. I hope that the following pages will do something to shew its folly. The credit of making Galloway known more widely in recent years is due mainly to Mr. S. R. Crockett's series of tales and romances which began with *The Stickit Minister* and *The Raiders*.

The title indicates also that this is a book of the road. It deals with highways and byways—

> The highways paced of men that toil or play,
> The byways known of none but lonely feet—

and the wide, uninhabited wildernesses where there is no road but what a man makes for himself. It is not a guide-book in form; yet I should be both surprised and sorry if any traveller did not find in it all the guidance that he needed. As for those people who have the good fortune to be natives of the country and can dispense with my descriptions, I hope that they will be pleased with the quotations from former travellers. "Two hundred years ago, it may be," says Mr. Birrell in one of his essays, an itinerist "came through our village, passed by the wall of our homestead, climbed our familiar hill, and went on his way; it is perhaps but two lines and a half he can afford to give us, but what lines they are!"

The plan of such a book as this excludes a formal history of the country; but I have inserted notes on the more important phases in what seemed to be appropriate settings. For a connected narrative the reader will turn to *A History of Dumfries and Galloway* by Sir Herbert Maxwell, or to the still useful work of the Rev. William Mackenzie, *The History of Galloway*, published in 1841. Some account of the more prominent archæological subjects has been given, mainly from the recently issued *Fourth Report and Inventory of Monuments and Constructions in Galloway: Vol. I., County of Wigtown*, and the *Fifth Report and Inventory of Monuments and Construc-*

tions in Galloway: *Vol. II., Stewartry of Kirkcudbright* of the Royal Commission on the Ancient and Historical Monuments and Constructions of Scotland. These volumes are referred to in the text as "the *Inventory*". The principal sources of the translations of place-names are Sir Herbert Maxwell's *Studies in the Topography of Galloway* and *Scottish Land-Names*, and the Rev. James B. Johnston's *Place-Names of Scotland*. I am also indebted to Mr. Johnston for invaluable personal help and for revising the proofs of the foot-notes on place-names. I have not relied on books for epitaphs, but have either photographed or copied them afresh, and have been surprised to find how much need there was to do so.

It should be stated here that the Galloway of to-day consists of The Stewartry of Kirkcudbright and The Shire of Wigton. These have also been known respectively as Lower and Upper Galloway. Before 1186, Carrick, the southern division of Ayrshire, was included in the lordship. Apart from Carrick, the province sometimes extended over a wider area than its present.

The Stewartry was governed through a steward, who was sometimes called the Steward of Galloway; The Shire through a sheriff, who was usually styled the Sheriff of Galloway. The latter office was hereditary. The province as a whole was the land of the Stranger Gaels. "During the latter years of Kenneth's reign (A.D. 844–860)," says Dr. Skene, "a people appear in close association with the Norwegian pirates, and joining in their plundering expeditions, who are termed Gallgaidhel. This name is formed by the combination of the two words 'Gall', a stranger, a foreigner, and 'Gaidhel', the national name of the Gaelic race. It was certainly first applied to the people of Galloway, and the proper name of this province, Galwethia, is formed from Galwyddel, the Welsh equivalent of Gallgaidhel. It seems to have been applied to them as a Gaelic race under the rule of 'Galls', or foreigners, Galloway being for centuries a province of the Anglic kingdom of Northumbria, and the term 'Gall' having been applied to the Saxons before it was almost exclusively appropriated to the Norwegian and Danish pirates." According to another view, represented in *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, the name was occasioned by the alliance into which the Picts of Galloway entered with the invading Northmen. The history of the Pictish lords is outlined in the chapter on

Kirkcudbright, and that of the Douglas line in connexion with Thrieve Castle.

It is vain to inquire

> What aspect bore the Man who roved or fled,
> First of his tribe, to this dark dell—who first
> In this pellucid Current slaked his thirst?
> What hopes came with him? what designs were spread
> Along his path? His unprotected bed
> What dreams encompassed? Was the intruder nursed
> In hideous usages, and rites accursed,
> That thinned the living and disturbed the dead?

The earliest reference to the inhabitants of these parts occurs in the *Agricola* of Tacitus in connexion with a campaign waged about A.D. 81. In the following century, Ptolemy calls the people of the country west of the Nith Νοουάνται (Latin, *Novantae*), a word formed from Νοούιος (Latin, *Novius*), the name of the river.[1] It was probably in the same way that Bede at a later period called them *Niduari*.[2] Pausanias,[3] writing about A.D. 175, states that Antoninus deprived the Brigantes of most of their territory because they had begun a war of aggression against the province of Genunia, which was subject to Rome, and it has been supposed that Galloway corresponds to that district; but this identification is very doubtful.[4] We are on surer ground in connecting the inhabitants of Galloway with the *Attacotti* of Ammianus Marcellinus [5] and the *Atticoti* of Jerome [6] in the fourth century. Ammianus speaks of *Picti, Saxonesque et Scotti et Attacotti* as sources of constant distress to the Britons of the Roman province. Though the country of the *Attacotti* is not known

[1] *See* Note on Ptolemy's Place-Names, page 524.

[2] *Vita S. Cuthberti*, xi.

[3] ΠΕΡΙΗΓΗΣΙΣ ΕΛΛΑΔΟΣ, viii., 43, 4.

[4] "Genunia is unknown, but it has been conjectured to be Vinonia (Vinovia), now Binchester, near Bishop Auckland in the county of Durham, where there are remains of Roman walls and other antiquities."—Sir James G. Frazer's *Pausanias's Description of Greece*.

[5] *Rerum Gestarum*, xxvi., 4, 5. Cp. xxvii., 8, 5.

[6] *Adversus Jovinianum*, ii, 7: *Quid loquar de caeteris nationibus, quum ipse adolescentulus in Gallia viderim Atticotos, gentem Britannicam, humanis vesci carnibus: & quum per silvas porcorum greges & armentorum pecudumque reperiant, pastorum nates & feminarum, & papillas solere abscindere, & has solas ciborum delicias arbitrari?* See also the *Epistulae*, lxix, 3.

with certainty, "it seems probable", says Mr. C. J. Elton,[1] "that they inhabited the wilder parts of Galloway." The *Notitia Dignitatum*, an official gazette of the Empire compiled about the end of the fourth century, mentions several regiments of *Atecotti* as serving principally in Gaul and Spain. Two of these regiments were enrolled among the Honorians.[2] For a hundred and fifty years after the Roman power had faded away, we learn nothing of this people; but towards the end of the sixth century, when the kingdoms of Bernicia, Deira, Strathclyde, and Dalriada were in conflict, Galloway, says Mr. Hume Brown, "played a part of its own". "Of its inhabitants we have only vague and contradictory accounts; but they are usually spoken of as the 'Picts of Galloway', though their connection with the other Picts has not been clearly made out."

The Anglic rule seems to have been established about the opening of the sixth century and ended about 793, when the Northmen attacked Northumbria. The first Scandinavian settlements in Galloway were made in the latter half of the ninth century, and the invaders maintained their supremacy until the reign of Malcolm Canmore. The Norse suzerainty does not appear to have precluded the existence of native lords. Even so late as 1124 the inhabitants of Galloway were still reckoned a distinct race, for David the First on coming to the throne in that year addressed a proclamation to "all good men of my whole kingdom—Scottish, English, Anglo-Norman, and Gallovidians". At the Battle of Northallerton, in 1138, the Gallovidians fought in the van of the Scottish Army in accordance with a privilege which is supposed to have been conferred upon them by Kenneth MacAlpin, who had won his crown with their help in 844. They drove the English from their position; but the other divisions of the army held back, whether from jealousy or from some other cause, and the battle was lost to Scotland. Justice was administered in Galloway under Celtic Law until the death of Alan, the last of the Pictish lords. In 1324, Robert the First gave a charter of "Liberties of new granted to the inhabitants of Galloway" confirming "perpetuallie to our captanes and subjects in Galloway anent anie thing that sall be said against them, be the sergents of Galloway that they sall have ane gude and true assise of country men, and that they

[1] *Origins of English History.* [2] *Ibid.*

sall not be oblissed to make purgation nor acquaintance conforme to the auld law of Galloway". Gaelic was spoken in the province until the end of the sixteenth century at least in the hill districts.

Certain animals bearing the name of the province sometimes arouse the inquiries of visitors. "Know we not Galloway nags?" says Pistol in the second part of *King Henry the Fourth*. King Robert is said to have been mounted on one when he met Sir Henry de Bohun on the field of Bannockburn—the breed was well adapted for rapid manœuvring. William Lithgow, the author of *The Totall Discourse of the Rare Adventures and painfull Peregrinations of long nineteene Yeares*, whose observations were made in 1628, says, "This Country aboundeth in Bestiall, especially in little Horses, which for metall and Riding, may rather be tearmed bastard Barbs, then Gallowedian Nagges." Defoe notes about 1725 that "the People of *Galloway* . . . . have the best Breed of strong, low, punch Horses in *Britain*, if not in Europe, which are from thence called *Galloways*.[1] These Horses, which are very much bought up in *England*, are remarkable for being good natural Pacers, strong, easy Goers, hardy, gentle, well-broken, and, above all, not apt to tire." The breed had become scarce by the eighteenth century, and when the second Earl of Stair was abroad as an Ambassador, he is said to have selected a pair of Galloway nags sometimes as a gift for persons of distinction. The scarcity is explained thus by a writer in *The Statistical Account* of 1845: "A small breed of horses, from twelve to fourteen hands high, was formerly common, and held in high estimation in Galloway. There being little occasion to employ them in the draught, they travelled quickly and safely, in a rugged and mountainous country. The ancient breed is now almost lost. Horses of greater weight became necessary, as those every way fitted for predatory excursions ceased to be of peculiar value for the operose processes of agriculture. Their

[1] *En ninguno de los puestos, o territorios de Escocia son las lanas tan finas, y de tan buena raça los cavallos, puesto que pequeños, los del pays les llaman* Galoway-nages; *de suerte que ocasiona la prerogativa desta tierra en esta especie el comun termino entre los Ingleses, que hairendo de alabar la generosidad, partes, o servicio bueno de un cavallo, le llaman* Galoway, *como por exemplo en España Xerezano, o Cordoves.—Descripcion de Galoway por Ivan Maclelano* in Blaeu's *Nveve Atlas* (Amsterdam, 1662).

colour is generally a light bay or brown, with black legs ; their heads were unusually small, and their whole form indicated a capability of enduring great fatigue." Galloway nags would be classed correctly, no doubt, under " the northern, or dun, type, represented by the dun ponies of Norway (*Equus caballus typicus*), the closely allied Celtic pony (*E. c. celticus*) of Iceland, the Hebrides, &c., and the wild pony of Mongolia (*E. c. przewalskii*), with which the now extinct tarpan of the Russian steppes appears to have been identical". MacKerlie refers to the belief that they were introduced from Scandinavia by the Northmen.

" The native sheep of Galloway ", says a writer in *The Statistical Account*, " was a small handsome white-faced breed with very fine wool. . . . This breed has long ago disappeared." Lithgow thought that the wool of the country was " nothing inferiour to that in Biscai of Spaine ; providing they had skill to fine, Spin, Weave, and labour it as they should. Nay, the Calabrian silke had never a better luster, and softer gripe, then I have seene and touched this growing wooll there on Sheepes backes ; the Mutton whereof excelleth in sweetnesse." The Scottish black-faced is the only breed that thrives to-day on the mountains.

Galloway cattle are hornless and have rough, glossy, black coats. There is also a White-Belted Galloway breed representing an ancient stock. The native cattle are valued for beef. Large numbers of Ayrshire cattle have been brought into the province for dairy-farming.

The Galloway pippin is referred to in the chapter on Wigton.

I close the preface with another quotation from Lithgow. " I found heere in Galloway, in diverse Rode-way Innes, as good Cheare, Hospitality, and Serviceable attendance, as though I had beene ingrafted in Lombardy or Naples." The modern traveller may count on a similar experience.

C. H. D.

S. Mary's Manse, Moffat.
January 25th, 1916.

P.S.—I have to thank the proprietors of *Chambers's Journal*, *The Glasgow Herald*, *The Scottish Field*, and *The Scottish Review* (Messrs. Thomas Nelson & Sons) for permission to reprint certain sections of the following chapters.

Portling.

Kirkmadrine.

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Auchencairn.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS

IN

GALLOWAY AND CARRICK

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS

IN

GALLOWAY AND CARRICK

CHAPTER I

MAXWELLTOWN AND LINCLUDEN

The Old Bridge on the Nith—Richard Franck—Witch-burning—"I'm banish't! I'm banish't!"—The Brigend of Dumfries—"Maxwellton braes"—The Mote of Troqueer—Lincluden—*Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes*—Pennant's notes—The Convent—The College—The tomb of the Duchess of Touraine—The Lincluden Border Ordinances—Royal Guests in 1460—Their linen, wine, and postages—James the Fourth and his *largesse*—The last provost and his descendants—Terregles Queir—Terregles House.

THE motor-car, the landau, and the caravan have their several uses and joys; but none of them can be driven along the Old Bridge on the Nith. I exulted, therefore, in my humble bicycle, for there seemed to be a sentimental propriety in entering the Province of Galloway by this ancient structure. No man, indeed, may hope to ride up the flight of steps leading to it; but after a brief portage one may mount and glide smoothly along.

The massive piers and narrow arches give an unusual impression of solidity. Looking at the bridge end-wise, you might take it for a buttressed causeway. Built originally of nine arches, it consists now of only six.[1] When the new bridge a little

[1] *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, by an odd inadvertence, gives the present number as three.

farther up the river was opened in 1794, the eastmost arch was taken away. Later, as the river was confined more and more by extensions of the embankment, two others became stranded high and dry, and with their removal and the addition of the steps that were needed to give access, the bridge took its present form. The recesses in what is now the middle indicate the place where the fortified gatehouse stood. Serious damage has been caused by floods on several occasions; but this has always been repaired.

The earliest reference to the bridge occurs in 1426, when

The Old Bridge on the Nith and Maxwelltown.

Margaret Duchess of Touraine, Countess of Douglas, and Lady of Galloway and Annandale, confirmed a grant of the customs and tolls of the bridge to "God Almighty, the Blessed Virgin Mary, S. Francis, and the Warden and Friars-Minors of Dumfries". One wonders if, as she crossed the river, the friars threw open the gate without demanding toll, or if she insisted on paying like other people.

We have next the Papal Relaxation of 1431–2, where mention is made of "the building of the bridge which has been begun recently over the river Nith near the burgh of Drumfres by the burgesses and inhabitants of these parts".

It is stated in the Duchess's charter that the bridge custom

was one which "our ancestors and we were wont to receive at the end of the bridge of Drumfres". The Duchess was a daughter of Robert the Third. The Old Bridge was probably preceded by a wooden one, the property of the Crown.[1]

"Here", says Richard Franck,[2] a soldier who had fought under Cromwell and came to Scotland on a fishing tour about 1656, "you may observe a large and spacious bridg, that directly leads into the country of Galloway, where thrice in a week you shall rarely fail to see their maid-maukins dance corantos in tubs." Had he been here on a certain April afternoon in 1659 and looked down at the open space on the left bank of the river, he would have seen a less diverting spectacle, the strangling and burning of nine women who had been found guilty on the charge of various acts of witchcraft[3]; and if he had stood here on a certain day a few years later, he would have heard a child who was being carried along in a basket wailing out, "I'm banish't! I'm banish't!"—an incident of another form of suffering. The Rev. John Blackader, minister of the parish of Troqueer[4], of which Maxwelltown forms a part, had been ejected by the Glasgow Act of 1662;[5] and from a son who was ten years old we get a story of the Persecution as it appeared to a child: "A party of the King's life guard of horse, called Blew-benders, came from Dumfries to Troqueer to search for and apprehend my father, but found him not, for what occasion I know not: whether he stayed beyond the set day for transporting himself and numerous family of small children ten miles from his parish church; or because he was of the number of

[1] For further details see *The Growth of a Scottish Burgh; A Study in the Early History of Dumfries* by G. W. Shirley.

[2] *Northern Memoirs.*

[3] The sentence was that they should be taken "to the ordinar place of execution for the burghe of Dumfreis, and ther, betuing two and four hours of the afternoon, to be strangled at staikes till they be dead, and therefter ther bodyes to be burned to ashes, and all ther moveable goods to be esheite".

[4] The name is probably the same as Traquair, green farm.—Johnston.

[5] The Act ordained that every minister who had not obtained presentation from the lawful patron and collation from the bishop must now do so. Nearly three hundred ministers preferred to risk expulsion from their charges. The majority of the Privy Council are said to have been drunk when they passed the Act.

those who refused to observe the 29th of May.[1] So soon as the above party entered the close, and came into the house, with cursing, swearing, and damning, we, that were the children, were frightened out of our little wits and ran up stairs, and I among them; who, when I heard them all roaring in the room below, like so many breathing devils, I had the childish curiosity to get down upon my belly, and peep through a hole in the floor above them, to see what monsters of creatures they were; and it seems they were monsters indeed for cruelty; for one of them perceiving what I was doing, immediately drew his sword, and thrust it up, with all his force, where I was peeping, so that the mark of the point was scarce an inch from the hole, though no thanks to the murdering ruffian, who designed to run it up through my eye. Immediately after, we were forced to pack up, bag and baggatch, and to remove to Glencairn, ten miles from Troqueer. We who were the children were put into cadgers' creels, where one of us cried out coming throw the Brigend of Dumfries, 'I'm banish't, I'm banish't.' One happened to ask, 'Who has banish't ye my bairn?' he answered, 'Byte the sheep[2] has banish't me.'"[3]

After Blackader had settled at Glencairn, he decided to remove his family to Edinburgh and went thither to seek a lodging. On the day of his departure, Sir James Turner received instructions from the Bishop of Galloway to apprehend him. When the soldiers came to his house at Glencairn, there ensued another

[1] "In this session [1661] the parliament hade made ane act. that the 29th day of May should be a solemn holy day, both because it was the birth-day of the king, and also the day of his restauration. This was a great offence to all the children of the church of Scotland, who used to be very zealous for the observation of the Lord's Sabbath, but very much also for the preservation of Christian liberty for all other dayes, nor could they apprehend the obligation upon the nation, either upon the account of the king's birth or restauration, to be so great as to bind those that refused to keep Christmas for Christ's birth-day, or Pasch for his resurrection day, to doe that for Charles they scrupled to doe for their Saviour."—*The Secret and True History of the Church of Scotland from the Restoration to the Year* 1678 by James Kirkton.

[2] Sir James Turner, who commanded the military at Dumfries, was known among the Covenanters as Bloody Bite-the-sheep. Dalzell of Binns was The Muscovy Beast. He had been a general in the Russian Army and had fought against the Turks and Tatars. He commanded the troops who suppressed the Pentland Rising.

[3] *Memoirs of the Rev. John Blackader* by Andrew Crichton.

experience of terror for the children. "These rascally ruffians besett our house round, about two o'clock in the morning," says his son, "then gave the cry, 'Damn'd whigs, open the door.' Upon which we all got up, young and old, excepting my sister, with the nurse and the child at her breast. When they came in, the fire was gone out: they roared out again, 'Light a candle immediately, and on with a fire quickly, or els we'l roast nurse and bairn and all in the fire, and make a braw bleeze.'" The soldiers searched the house for Blackader, breaking down furniture and running their swords through beds, while the boy, trembling in his night-shirt, was compelled to hold the candle. "So soon as I was relieved of my office, I begins to think, if possible, of making my escape, rather than to be burnt quick, as I thought and they threatened. I goes to the door, where there was a sentry on every side, standing with their swords drawn: for watches were set round to prevent escape. I approached nearer and nearer, by small degrees, making as if I were playing myself. At last, I gets out there, making still as if I were playing, till I came to the gate of the house; then, with all the little speed I had, (looking behind me, now and then, to see if they were pursuing after me), I ran the length of half a mile in the dark night, naked to the shirt. I got to a neighbouring toune, called the Brigend of Mennihyvie; where thinking to creep into some house to save my life, I found all the doors shut, and the people sleeping. Upon which I went to the cross of the toune, and got up to the uppermost step of it; and there I sat me down, and fell fast asleep till the morning. Between five and six, a door opens, and an old woman comes out; and seeing a white thing upon the cross, comes near it; and when she found it was a little boy, cryes out, 'Jesus, save us!—what art thou?' With that I awaked, and answered her, 'I am Mr. Blackader's son.' 'O my puir bairn! what brought thee here?' I answers, 'There's a hantle of fearful men, with red coats, has brunt all our house, my breether and sister, and all the family.' 'O puir thing,' (says she,) 'come in and lye down in my warm bed:'—which I did; and it was the sweetest bed that I ever met with."

The Brigend of Dumfries referred to in the foregoing narrative is the town at the west end of the Old Bridge. It was erected into a burgh of barony in 1810 and into a parish *quoad sacra* in 1834, and was given the name of Maxwelltown in honour of the

lord superior. The "Maxwellton braes" of the song, *Annie Laurie*, are not to be seen here; but are in the Dumfriesshire parish of Glencairn. The song itself, however, in its earliest form belongs to Galloway, for it was written by William Douglas, who lived at Fingland, a few miles from Dalry. His song consisted of two verses. Lady John Scott re-wrote the second and added the third.

The original version was:

Maxwelton banks are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew;
Where me and Annie Laurie
Made up the promise true;
Made up the promise true,
And ne'er forget will I;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay me doun and die.

She's backit like the peacock;
She's breistit like the swan;
She's jimp about the middle;
Her waist ye weel micht span,
And she has a rollin' e'e;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay me doun and die.

The lady of the song was Anne, daughter of Robert Laurie of Maxwellton, who was created a baronet of Nova Scotia in 1685. She was born on the 16th of December, 1682, and became the wife of Alexander Ferguson of Craigdarroch, who was elected a member of Parliament in 1717.

The parish of Troqueer possesses a significant monument in the mote at the south end of Maxwelltown. There were four motes in the immediate neighbourhood of the ancient burgh of Dumfries—at Troqueer and Lincluden on the west bank of the Nith, and at Townhead and Castledykes on the east. They commanded the fords and the approaches to the burgh, and it is likely that they were designed to strengthen it as a Norman outpost against the wild Celts of Galloway. They may be attributed, therefore, to the latter half of the twelfth century.

The Troqueer Mote is unusually large. Its neighbour at Lincluden, about two miles up the river, is comparatively small. The sides are terraced, and may have been fortified with palisades. It is now covered with living trees, and one can spend delightful

hours lying on the grassy slope under their shade, looking at the beautiful chancel of the Collegiate Church, and listening to the murmur of the Cluden and the Nith. Burns often walked the mile or two to Lincluden when he lived in Dumfries. His poem, *The Vision of Libertie* speaks of "yon roofless tower" and tells how—

The burn, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa',
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whose roarings seem'd to rise and fa'.

Another of his poems deserves quotation in full:

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES

Chorus

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie.

Hark the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang!
Then a faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the yowes, etc.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide,
To the moon sae clearly.
Ca' the yowes, etc.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheerie.
Ca' the yowes, etc.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the yowes, etc.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die—but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.

Chorus

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie.

When I first saw the ruin under the strong sunshine and blue sky of a morning in spring, it proved to be much more beautiful

Lincluden College.

than I had expected, and I was not surprised later by the enthusiasm of the *Inventory* in describing it as " probably the richest example of Decorated work in Scotland ". Any published photographs that I had seen had not been happily conceived ; everything had been sacrificed to the desire to bring the Cluden Burn into the picture—I suppose, because Burns had written about it. The best view disclosed itself as I sought to take a photograph of the mote-hill, when the sunshine lit up the weather-worn walls and the beautiful window traceries while

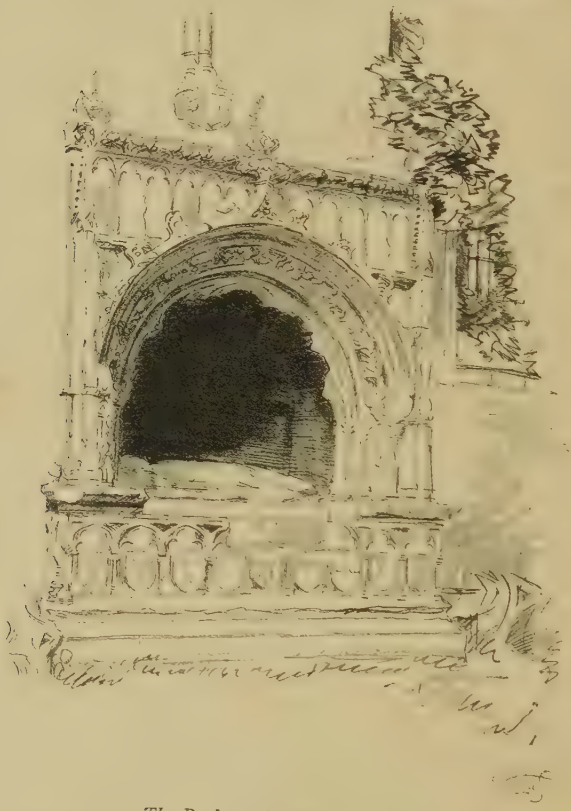
the leafless trees on the right cast long, straggling shadows on the grass. A thin iron railing protecting the ruin from the successors of a former generation of the schoolboys of Maxwelltown and Dumfries who scrambled unchidden on the walls and over the window-sills is harmless from the pictorial point of view. When these boys are old enough to be lovers, they will be glad of the care bestowed none too soon upon this pleasant goal of lovers' walks.

Thomas Pennant, who made tours in Scotland in 1769 and 1772, saw little of Galloway, like many another visitor from the south. He came, however, to Lincluden and was much pleased with the carved stone-work. What he says of its history may serve as a summary. "This religious house is seated on a pleasant bank, and in a rich country: and was founded and filled with *Benedictine* nuns, in the time of *Malcolm* IV. by *Uthred*, father to *Roland*, Lord of *Galloway*. These were expelled by the Earl of *Douglas* (known by the titles of *Archibald* the black, or *grim*, and the terrible) probably as *Major* insinuates, on account of the impurity of their lives, for the Earl was a man in piety singular through his life, and most religious according to those times. He fixed in their places a provostry, with twelve beadsmen, and changed the name to that of the college."

In establishing the convent, Uchtred was following the example of his father, Fergus, who founded the priories of Whithorn and S. Mary's Isle and the abbeys of Dundrennan, Soulseat, and Tongland. It must have been between 1160 and 1164 that the foundation took place. The remains of the convent buildings shew that they were of the style of the Transition period when Norman architecture was being succeeded by Early English.

Of the history of the convent for considerably more than two centuries, the only incident recorded is that the Prioress Alianore swore fealty to Edward the First at Berwick in 1296. The peace was broken in a high-handed fashion by Archibald the Grim, the third Earl of Douglas and the first of the line to rule over the whole of Galloway. It is not clear whether his expulsion of the nuns was interested persecution or well-deserved discipline. The historian who claims that Douglas was moved simply by "an eye for religion, and a special care for the pure and sincere worship of God" admits that he did thereby "greatly increase his revenues, and enlarge his dominions".

On the other hand, it is scarcely credible that Douglas should have pressed a groundless charge against the nuns in so grave a matter as their vows of chastity. The explanation of the



The Duchess of Touraine's Tomb.

incident seems to be that "irregularities" had occurred, and that Douglas, instead of insisting that the culprits should be brought before an ecclesiastical court, used the occasion for enriching himself.

In place of the convent he founded the College or Provostry

of Lincluden, partly in order to silence criticism and partly to glorify the house of Douglas. The latter motive appears in the remarkable number of shields used in the chancel decorations. The masses were to be offered for the exclusive benefit of the Douglas family, and the principal offices were allotted to Douglases and their friends. The community consisted at first of twelve canons or secular priests with a provost, and was enlarged some years later to include eight prebendaries, twenty-four bedesmen, and a chaplain.

The remains of the convent and the college exhibit side by side the styles of the twelfth and fourteenth centuries, the earlier built with a simple massiveness, the later with rich decoration.[1] Enough of the ornamentation of the chancel has survived the ravages of weather and of profane hands to enable one to picture the beauty of its prime. The tomb of Margaret, daughter of Robert the Third and wife of Archibald fourth Earl of Douglas and Duke of Touraine, appears to have been built at the same time as the chancel and while the Duchess was yet alive. The epitaph speaks of her as *regis Scocie filia* as if her father were reigning, and there is no indication of when she died. Her title as Duchess of Touraine is not given.[2] This is the inscription :—

alaíde : de : díeu

Híc : iacet : dña : margareta : regis : scocie : filia : quōda comitissa : de : douglas : dña : galwidie : et : ballis anādi . .

The badly-defaced fragments of the effigy of the Duchess have been restored to their position on the ledge above the

[1] For a detailed description see the *Inventory*.

[2] " The absence of any heraldic device or emblem referable to the duchy of Touraine on the tomb seems to point to its completion prior to 1424. Princess Margaret, in a letter dated 1447, addressed to Charles the Seventh of France, claimed her terce out of the duchy of Touraine, to which, however, the French king replied that as the duchy had reverted to the crown upon the death of the first duke, and owing to a report of the second duke's death, he had bestowed the duchy upon Louis of Anjou, king of Sicily. The omission of the title, Duchess of Touraine, from the epitaph on the back of the tomb is thus explained."—The *Inventory*.

actual tomb[1] and under the deeply-recessed, arched canopy. Pennant makes the extraordinary statement that "her bones, till lately, were scattered about in a most indecent manner by some wretches who broke open the repository in search of treasure".

The college buildings were used sometimes for other purposes than those of the religious life. A convention summoned by William eighth Earl of Douglas, as Warden of the Western Border, to revise the laws relating to Border warfare met here in 1448. When "the whole Lords, Freeholders, and eldest Borderers, that best knowledge had" were assembled, statutes were made under the following heads: 1 Intercommoning with Englishmen, 2 Of him that passeth from his company, 3 That all men fight on foot, 4 Arraying the host, 5 Taking another man's horse, 6 Taking of prisoners, 7 Rieving of other men's prisoners, 8 Contention for a prisoner, 9 Ransoming officers, 10 Proportioning of ransom, 11 Takers or concealers of traytors, 12 Beacons to be sustained, 13 Pursuit on firing the beacons, 14 Prisoners not to pass without safe conduct, 15 Suffering prisoners to escape, 16 Parting of goods, 17 Deserting, 18 Rieving of prisoners or goods. These are known as the Lincluden Border Ordinances.[2] The text of some of them follows:

Intercommoning with Englishmen: "It is founded and ordained by the law of Marches, that no manner of person, man nor woman, of any degree, shall intercommon with any English man or woman either in Scotland or in England, except the prisoners shall come in Scotland, without the special licence of the warden or his deputy asked and obtained in time of warfare, under the pain of treason."

Taking of prisoners: "When it shall happen us to win any

[1] The blazonings on nine shields carved on the lower part of the tomb, so far as they can be deciphered, are as follows:—(1) A saltire and chief (Annandale), (2) a lion rampant crowned (Galloway), (3) three stars (Murray of Bothwell), (4) a man's heart with three stars in chief (Douglas), (5) (too much wasted for identification), (6) seemingly vair or bars *nebulé* or wavy, for Drummond (the coat of the Princess Margaret's mother), (7) a fess chequy (Stewart), (8) (uncharged or completely effaced), (9) five pallets (Atholl).—The *Inventory*.

[2] Harleian MSS., vol. 4700, British Museum. See MacDowall's *Chronicles of Lincluden*, Appendix C.

field, whoever he be that arrests any prisoner, and then follows off the field, and he will swear, when he comes home, that he did that for safety of his prisoner's life, that condition shall be of no avail; and whoever he be that slays his fellow's prisoner, after he be arrested, shall pay his ransom to his taker, if he be of power; and if he be not of power, he shall die therefore.

"Also it is found statute and use of Marche, that it is lawful to any man to take as many prisoners as he may, both on foot and horse, so that he lead them with the strength of Scotsmen; and to take a token of his prisoner with him, that he may be sufficiently known, and to leave his token with his prisoner. And so many as he takes in suchlike manner to be his prisoners; and the determination thereof to be decided by the warden or his deputy, if there be any complaints."

Pursuit on firing the beacons: "Whoever he be, an host of Englishmen coming in the country, the bails being burned, that follows not the host on horse or on foot, ever till the Englishmen be passed off Scotland, and that they have sufficient witnesses thereof, all their goods shall be escheat, and their bodies at the warden's will, unless they have lawful excuse for them."

The majority of the places where bale-fires were to be kept in readiness are in Annandale and Nithsdale. Criffel is the best known of the Galloway heights used for this purpose. We learn from other sources that when it was necessary to call the men of Galloway to arms, fires were lit on Bengairn, Cairnsmore of Fleet, and the Knock of Luce.

In 1460, the Provost of Lincluden found himself called upon to entertain some royal guests. First came Margaret of Anjou, the Queen of Henry the Sixth, and her son Edward, a child of eight years, refugees from England after the Lancastrian defeat at Northampton. The English Queen was a niece of the King of France who had made the fourth Earl of Douglas Duke of Touraine, and when she resolved to seek the hospitality of Galloway, must have known that although the Douglas power was broken, there were still Douglases at Lincluden. When she reached Scotland, news was flying through the country that the King, James the Second, had been killed through the bursting of a cannon at Roxburgh Castle. The newly widowed Queen, Mary of Gueldres, received a message from Queen

Margaret, and after the King's funeral came to Lincluden to welcome her to Scotland. Her little son, James the Third, came with her, and also some of the great men of the kingdom, who conferred with Queen Margaret's English lords, promising assistance to the Lancastrian cause on the condition that Berwick should be restored to the Scots.

While his guests were considering matters of high politics, the provost was addressing himself to the problem of how to entertain them. He applied for certain requisites to the bailies of Dumfries, as we learn from the *memorandum* of a claim of theirs for 15s. for a bed-cover and a pair of sheets lost *apud Lynclouding* at the time when the Queen was there with the Queen of England. The accounts of William, Abbot of Dundrennan, the Chamberlain of Galloway, include items of expenditure in connexion with the same occasion: £13 10s. for three pipes of the white wine of Poitou sent to "Lincloudane", 5s. for ten pints to fill out the said pipes, 32s. for their carriage to the College, 30s. for three bolls of salt, and 12s. 2d. for two servants riding with letters *de collegio de Lyncloudane versus Kirkcubrycht et le Rynnys*.

James the Fourth made frequent journeys to the shrine of S. Ninian at Whithorn and travelled sometimes by way of Lincluden. The Lord High Treasurer's Accounts for August, 1505, include payments of 42s. "in Linclowden, to the piparis to part amang thaim, be the Kingis command", and 14s. "to the masons of Linclowden, of drinksilvir". In May of the following year there were payments of 18s. "to the menstrales in Linclowden", 9s. "to the masons and werkmen thair", and 6s. "to ane priest in Linclowden, be the Kingis command"; and 40s. were given "to Schir Andro Makbrek to dispone in Linclowden".

There are one or two strange tales to be told in later chapters about the transference of church lands to lay proprietors at the Reformation. The process in the case of Lincluden College was marked by the attempt of the provost to secure his own interests at the expense of the prebendars. The last provost was a son of the Laird of Drumlanrig in Dumfriesshire. He was created Earl of Queensberry and built Drumlanrig Castle. His grandson, the third Earl, was made Duke of Queensberry in 1684, and his great-grandson, the second Duke, was an active supporter of the Union of the Parliaments.

Besides Lincluden College, there is another old ecclesiastical building in the same parish, the Queir[1] or Choir of Terregles[2] Church. One can reach it from Lincluden along three or four miles of byways. It is "an interesting example of the late

Doorway in Terregles Queir.

Gothic architecture which accompanied the revival of Episcopacy in Scotland under King James the Sixth towards the

[1] Permission to see the interior can be obtained from the factor of the Terregles estate in Dumfries.

[2] "1350, Travereglys, *i.e.*, G. *treamhar eaglais* (Welsh *eglwys*), 'farm by the church'; also 1461, Tarriculis, Torrekillis."—Johnston.

beginning of the seventeenth century".[1] A stone above the doorway bears the date, 1583, the year in which the church was rebuilt by the fourth Lord Herries. The Queir was restored by Captain Maxwell of Terregles in 1875, and is used as a mortuary chapel. The exterior buttresses were added then, the mullions and tracery of the two-light windows renewed, and the interior reconstructed. There are two old monuments within. The one shews a figure in profile with sixteenth-century costume. The left hand grips the hilt of the sword; the right points to a tablet bearing the letters I H S on the left breast. The inscription is distributed over the rest of the stone and runs: Heir Lyis Edward Maxwel Laird of Lamingtown Depairtit Sept. XXIX 1568 and Margrat Bailie Heretrix of Lamingtovne his Spous. Two shields at the upper end exhibit respectively the arms of Maxwell and Baillie.

The other monument consists of two panels, the one presenting a male, and the other a female figure in the attitude of prayer, and is surmounted by an angel. The legends are Glorie be to God, cut on a label above the angel, and, in two lines below it, Come Ye Blessed of Ye Lord Resaif Zovr Inheritance. Of two shields, the one bears the initials S R M for Sir Robert Maxwell of Spottis; the other, D E G, for Dame Elizabeth Gordon, his spouse.

A pair of stalls which belonged to Lincluden College, but are now preserved in the Queir, "are of special interest seeing that mediæval church furniture in Scotland is exceedingly rare; but another feature of even greater rarity is a fragment of mediæval painting upon two of the boards which formed part of the infilling of the upper framework. The painting, which is much faded, has represented a figure of the Blessed Virgin Mary crowned, and clad in a robe of which the upper part is blue, while the turnover at the hand is brown. The crown and bordering of the dress are yellow."[1]

Terregles House is modern. The following note in the *Memoirs* of Lord Herries belongs to the year 1568 and concerns an earlier building: "The Lord Herreis hous of Terreglis, the Regent gave full orders to throw it doune. But the Laird of Drumlanrig, whoe was the Lord Herreis uncle, and much in favour with the Regent, told that the Lord Herreis wold take it for a favour, if he wold ease him of pains, for he was

[1] The *Inventory*.

resolved to throw it doune himselfe, and build it in another place. The Regent sware, he scorned to be a barrowman to his old walls! And so it was safe." [1]

Lord Herries had supported the Reformation and been accounted by John Knox "a man stout and zealous in God's cause", but reverted to the Roman Catholic side, became one of Queen Mary's chief advisers, led her cavalry at Langside, and escorted her on her journey to England. His great-grandson, John, became third Earl of Nithsdale. The fifth Earl joined the Jacobite rising of 1715, was made a prisoner at Preston, and was confined in the Tower of London. On the night preceding the day fixed for his execution, his wife contrived, with the help of two Jacobite ladies, to disguise him as a woman, and he escaped to France. The Earl and Countess lived thereafter in Rome at the court of the Pretender.

[1] *Historical Memoirs of the Reign of Mary Queen of Scots, and a Portion of the Reign of King James the Sixth* by Lord Herries, printed by the Abbotsford Club in 1836.

A Galloway Loch.

CHAPTER II

IRONGRAY

The grave of Helen Walker, the prototype of Jeanie Deans—The crime and condemnation of Isobel Walker—Helen's exertions on her behalf—Helen's history and character—Scott's inscription on the tombstone—A Covenanters' grave—John Welsh, minister of Irongray—The Communion Stones of Irongray.

"My father and I went off a long walk", says Stevenson in a letter written at Dumfries in 1873, "through a country most beautifully wooded and various, under a range of hills. You should have seen one place where the wood suddenly fell away in front of us down a long, steep hill between a double row of trees, with one small fair-haired child framed in shadow in the foreground; and when we got to the foot, there was the little kirk and kirkyard of Irongray,[1] among broken fields and woods by the side of the bright, rapid river." Here is the grave of Helen Walker, the prototype of Jeanie Deans, with a stone erected, and an inscription composed by Sir Walter Scott.

In the year 1736 there were living at Cluden a widow and her two daughters, Helen and Isobel Walker, who supported the home by labouring in the fields. On the 18th of October the Cluden Water was in flood, and the dead body of a male infant, with a white and blue kerchief tied tightly round the neck, was

[1] Corruption of Gaelic *aird an greaich* (pron. graigh), 'height of the moor.' *Aird an* regularly becomes *Arn-*; and *Arn-* or *Arun-* is the oldest known form of the first syllable.—Johnston. The Rev. S. Dunlop, minister of the parish, states that the pronunciation is "Arngra." He estimates the percentage of Celtic place-names in the parish at about forty-four, and of Old English or Norse at forty-two, the remainder consisting of modern names. Along the Cairn Valley the Saxon names predominate; nearer the hills, the Celtic. Irongray was well within the Celtic fringe.

found stranded on the Dumfriesshire bank. Isobel Walker was suspected of having given birth to the child. She denied all knowledge of either its birth or its death, and the ordeal by touch was applied. When the dead infant was laid on her knees, she lost her nerve and began to make statements such as that " the child was none of hers; that she had thrown the child which she had borne into the Water of Cluden, and that it was not a ripe child ". At the trial several witnesses deponed to the statements which they had heard her make, and the kerchief was recognized as her property. After the jury had considered their verdict, " They all in one voice find it proven that the pannel Isobel Walker time and place lybelled did bring forth a child which was thereafter found dead or amissing and not found And that the said pannel dureing the whole time of her pregnancy did conceal her being with child and did not call for help and assistance in the time of the birth." Isobel Walker was accordingly sentenced to be hanged on the 14th of June and was removed to her cell in the Tolbooth of Dumfries, where, it is said, Waugh, who was the father of her child, talked with her at night through the window-bars.

Before the trial, her sister, Helen, had been pressed to appear as a witness and defend the accused with a lie ; a single word would save her sister, it was urged, and she would have time to repent afterwards ; but the strength of her sisterly affection could not shake her integrity. So soon as the trial was over she had a petition drawn up on her sister's behalf, borrowed some money, and set out the same evening to walk barefoot to London. She completed the journey in fourteen days—Mrs. Goldie, who communicated the story to Scott, tried in vain to learn any details of her experiences on the way—and inquired for the Duke of Argyll's house. When she arrived at the door, the Duke was about to step into his carriage. Helen presented her petition, dropped on her knees, and urged her plea with natural eloquence. The Duke was moved to use his influence on behalf of the prisoner ; a reprieve was granted until the 15th of August ; and a full remission followed on the 12th of July " with this express condition that she depart the Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland within fourty days after she is liberate in virtue of the said Remission never to be seen therein unless she obtain a licence from his Majestie or his Royal successors for that effect ". Either a free pardon or liberty to live in

Britain must have been granted later, for Isobel, who was married to Waugh after she came out of prison, spent the rest of her life in Whitehaven. Miss Goldie told Scott that an old woman who was a distant relative of the Walker family said that " every year Helen received a cheese from her sister, who lived at Whitehaven ", and that a relative of Mrs. Goldie " who happened to be travelling in the North of England, on coming to a small inn, was shown into the parlour by a female servant, who, after cautiously shutting the door, said, ' Sir, I'm Nelly Walker's sister', thus practically showing that she considered her sister as better known by her high conduct than even herself by a different kind of celebrity ".

Elizabeth Grierson, a housekeeper in Dumfries, told John MacDiarmid, the author of *Sketches from Nature*, that when she was a girl she had known Helen Walker, who was often in Elizabeth's home, had nursed her mother, and been " the leading gossip at all the christenings ". Many of her neighbours considered her " pensy ", that is, conceited or proud, an impression caused perhaps by her superior mental and moral calibre. All were agreed about her high character, her religious devotion, her diligent private study of the Bible—" it was observed by her visitors that when she lacked leisure to read continuously, she sometimes glanced at a single verse, and then appeared to ponder the subject deeply "—and her regular attendance at the public worship of the Church. When out-of-doors work could not be obtained, she supported her mother and herself by " footing " stockings. She was constrained sometimes " to dine on dry bread and water rather than pinch her poor old mother ", and consoled herself with the idea that " a blessing flowed from her virtuous abstinence ". She advised Elizabeth Grierson not to follow her example when a lover came her way, but to " winnow the corn when the wind blew in the barn-door ". She had had a sweetheart who, riding on horseback, had overtaken her on the road at a fair time, and when she asked if he would take her up behind him, had answered, " That I will, Helen, if ye can ride an inch behind the tail." She had been so offended by this jest that she had cast her lover from her heart. This incident supports the statement that her deportment was " sedate and dignified in the extreme ". She was always silent regarding the famous event of her life. Mrs. Goldie asked a woman who had lived beside Helen in her later

years if she had ever spoken about it, and received the reply, "Na. Helen was a wily body, and whene'er ony o' the neebors asked anything about it, she aye turned the conversation." It was a short time before Helen died that Mrs. Goldie met her. She

Grave of Helen Walker ("Jeanie Deans") (within railing).

was then "a little, rather stout-looking woman, who seemed to be between seventy and eighty years of age; she was almost covered with a tartan plaid, and her cap had over it a black silk hood, tied under the chin, a piece of dress still much in use among elderly women of that rank of life in Scotland; her eyes were dark, and remarkably lively and intelligent."

Mrs. Goldie's communication to Scott was anonymous, and Scott was at that time the mysterious "author of *Waverley*". When his identity became known, Miss Goldie sent him further details about Helen Walker and referred to her late mother's desire that a stone should be placed over the grave in Irongray Churchyard, saying that the money could be raised easily in the neighbourhood, and inviting Scott to write an epitaph. Scott not only did this, but had the stone erected at his own expense.

THIS STONE WAS ERECTED
BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY
TO THE MEMORY
OF
HELEN WALKER
WHO DIED IN THE YEAR OF GOD 1791
THIS HUMBLE INDIVIDUAL
PRACTISED IN REAL LIFE
THE VIRTUES
WITH WHICH FICTION HAS INVESTED
THE IMAGINARY CHARACTER OF
JEANIE DEANS
REFUSING THE SLIGHTEST DEPARTURE
FROM VERACITY
EVEN TO SAVE THE LIFE OF A SISTER
SHE NEVERTHELESS SHOWED HER
KINDNESS AND FORTITUDE
IN RESCUING HER
FROM THE SEVERITY OF THE LAW
AT THE EXPENSE OF PERSONAL EXERTIONS
WHICH THE TIME RENDERED AS DIFFICULT
AS THE MOTIVE WAS LAUDABLE

RESPECT THE GRAVE OF POVERTY
WHEN COMBINED WITH LOVE OF TRUTH
AND DEAR AFFECTION

The comments of Dr. A. K. H. Boyd, who was minister of Irongray for some years and wrote *The Recreations of a Country Parson* and other popular works, will interest literary purists: "Although, of course, it is treasonable to say so, I confess I think this inscription somewhat cumbrous and awkward. The antithesis is not a good one, between the difficulty of Jeanie's 'personal exertions' and the laudableness of the motive

which led to them. And there is something not metaphysically correct in the combination described in the closing sentence—the combination of poverty, an outward condition, with truthfulness and affection, two inward characteristics. . . . Poverty might co-exist with, or be associated with, any mental qualities you please, but assuredly it cannot correctly be said to enter into *combination* with any."

A little farther up the stream is another grave belonging to an older century and emblemizing another heroism. Captain Bruce had captured six Covenanters on the moor of Lochenkit in Kirkpatrick-Durham, the next parish, and ordered four of them to be shot at once. The other two, Edward Gordon and Alexander MacCubine, were carried to the Bridge of Urr, where Sir Robert Grierson of Lagg was administering the Oath of Abjuration.[1] Bruce wished to have them tried by jury; but Lagg refused and took them the next day to Irongray, where they were "hanged upon an oak tree near the Kirk of Irongray, at the foot of which they were buried". When MacCubine was asked if he had any message to send to his wife before he died, he said, "I leave her and the two babes upon the Lord and to His promise; 'A Father to the fatherless and a judge of the widows is God in His holy habitation'"; and when the hangman asked his forgiveness for what he was about to do, said, "Poor man, I forgive thee and all men. Thou hast a miserable calling upon earth." Wodrow says, "Both died in much composure and cheerfulness."

[1] The Oath of Abjuration was directed against "The Declaration and Testimony of the true Presbyterian, anti-prelatic, anti-erastian, persecuted party in Scotland" formally read and adopted by Richard Cameron and others at the Market Cross of Sanquhar on the 22nd of June, 1680, whereby "although we be for Government and Governors such as the Word of our God and our Covenant allows, yet we for ourselves and all that will adhere to us as the representatives of the true Presbyterian Kirk and Covenanted nation of Scotland . . . do by thir presents disown Charles Stuart that has been reigning (or rather tyrannizing as we may say) on the throne of Britain these years bygone as having any right, title to, or interest in the said Crown of Scotland for Government, as forfeited several years since, by his perjury and breach of covenant both to God and His Kirk and usurpation of His Crown and Royal prerogative therein. . . . As also, we, being under the standard of the Lord Jesus Christ, Captain of Salvation, do declare a war with such a tyrant and usurper. . . ."

The stone lies on the ground and bears the following inscription—

HERE LYES EDWARD GOR
DON AND ALEXANDER
McCUBINE, MARTYRES,
HANGED WITHOUT
LAW BY LAGG AND CAP.
BRUCE FOR ADHEREING
TO THE WORD OF GOD,
CHRISTS KINGLY GOVE-
RMENT IN HIS HOUS:
AND THE COVENANTED
WORK OF REFORMATION
AGAINST TYRANNY,
PERJURY AND PRELACY
REV. 12: II. MAR. 3: 1685.

AS LAGG AND BLOODIE
BRUCE COMMAN'D,
WE WERE HUNG UP BY
HELLISH HAND:
AND THUS THER FURIO-
US RAGE TO STAY
WE DVID NEAR KIRK
OF IRON-GRAY:—
HERE NOW IN PEACE
SWEET REST WE TAKE
ONCE MURDER'D FOR
RELIGEON'S SAKE.

I should have liked to see the stone in its original simplicity. There may be some justification for the railing surrounding it; but what is to be said of the persons responsible for the tall monument erected on the very edge of the grave and telling of a congregation assembled here to listen to a sermon on the Covenanters, giving the name of the preacher, and referring to the collection made to defray the expense of this superfluous erection?

The martyrdom of Gordon and MacCubine is not the only incident connecting this district with the history of the Covenants. Indeed, no parish in the land is richer in memories of the great struggle. Wodrow states that "the first open opposition to the settlement of the curates I have heard was at Irongray, where Mr. John Welsh was minister". This Welsh was a

grandson of the more famous John Welsh, minister of Kirkcudbright, who married a daughter of John Knox and, sharing his father-in-law's zeal as a Reformer, was exiled to France. The Pentland Rising of 1666 began with an incident at Dalry; but Irongray Church was the place where the faithful were convened before marching on Dumfries to capture Sir James Turner; and the minister of Irongray was a leader of the rebels, inflaming their enthusiasm with sermons delivered by the way and with his exhortations on the field of battle. He escaped from the slaughter at Rullion Green and led a hunted life for many years, preaching among the Covenanters in Galloway and other parts of Scotland. The large sum offered by the Government for his capture shews their estimate of his influence. No traitor was found among his followers, and it does not appear that he fell at any time into the hands of the persecutors.[1]

He was one of the ministers who officiated at one of the greatest sacramental occasions in Scottish history, when some thousands of Covenanters assembled on a high moor about four miles west of the church of Irongray. The Communion Stones still lie among the heather and can be reached by the Routin' Bridge and the farm of Maxwelltown. From the latter point there is an ascent of a mile over the face of a broad, moorland hill, and when the summit is reached, the scene of the great conventicle opens out. One might search long and vainly for the Communion Stones, were it not for the polished granite obelisk that flashes like a lighthouse when the sunshine strikes it. The inscription on the monument runs thus: "Erected by voluntary[2] subscription in 1870 to mark the spot where a large number of Covenanters met in the summer of 1678 to worship God, and where about 3,000 communicants on that occasion celebrated the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The following ejected ministers officiated:—John Welsh of Irongray, John Blackadder of Troqueer, John Dickson of Rutherglen, and Samuel Arnot of Tongland—the adjacent stones being used as the Communion Table. These stones are significant memorials of those troublous times, in which our Fathers, at the peril of their lives, contended

[1] "January 9th, 1681, dyed Mr. John Welch peaceably at London."—Law's *Memorialls*.

[2] Why "voluntary"?

for the great principles of civil and religious freedom [1]." The Stones are not protected by any kind of railing, but seem to have suffered no derangement, such is the reverence in which they have been held. The communicants sat on the long

The Routin' Bridge.

parallel rows while the ministers stood beside a circular heap to preach and dispense the sacrament. The Stones would afford sitting room for about a hundred and twenty communicants at a time. Sentinels were placed meanwhile on the near heights to give the alarm if the dragoons approached.

It is a strange, impressive incident, this gathering of the

[1] Not quite accurate.

thousands from far and near—some from very great distances —fording rivers, traversing bogs, and risking greater dangers from their persecutors, to worship God according to their proscribed rites in loyalty to the principles of the Scottish Reformation. You can think of them coming through the glens and over the moors with the Psalmist's words in their minds :—

He took me from a fearful pit
and from the miry clay
And on a rock he set my feet,
establishing my way,

or

So they from strength unwearied go
still forward unto strength,
Until in Sion they appear
before the Lord at length,

and perhaps singing the words as they came. Then you must imagine the huge concourse inhabiting that solemn moor for some hours, the stillness as they listened to the preachers, the silence broken by the jangle of a horse's bit as the sacrament was being received, the occasional glance towards the watchmen on the heights, the thousands of voices uplifted in some old minor psalm-tune that might have seemed the very voice of the moor itself, according with the dull tones of that bare landscape and of the sky—we are told that " it was a cloudy and gloomy day, the sky lowering and often threatening showers ".

The clouds did not break, but withheld their moisture, " as it were to accommodate the work ". As the people were scattering, there arose a cry that the dragoons were coming. The horsemen of Clydesdale, Nithsdale, and Galloway mounted and formed ; and four or five companies of infantry were made ready for action. " All this was done in the twinkling of an eye, for the people were willing and resolute." Vedettes and single horsemen were sent out to discover if the enemy were near, and reported that there was none visible. The dragoons had really spied upon the Covenanters and considered that they were too strong for attack. After remaining for three hours in a position of defence, the multitude separated in groups, each accompanied by a guard of horsemen and infantry. Then the clouds discharged a great rain, so that the streams were much swollen. Most of the people had to pass through both the Cluden and the Cairn.

New Abbey.

CHAPTER III

NEW ABBEY

The road from Maxwelltown to New Abbey—Sweetheart Abbey—Notes on the Abbey Church—Edward the First at Sweetheart Abbey—The Archbishop of Canterbury fords the Solway to meet him—The monks prepare for the Reformation—Inscription in the churchyard—Views of the Abbey Church—The Abbot's Tower—Kirkconnell Tower.

I HAD made journeys along separate parts of the Galloway coast and had been so much delighted with what I had seen that I resolved to make a tour along the whole of it, from Maxwelltown, that is, to the Mull of Galloway and then up the coast of the Firth of Clyde. I did not, of course, bind myself to keep pedantically to the roads running nearest the shore. On the one hand, I knew that there would be places nearer the sea than

any road, caves haunted in old days by saints and smugglers, for instance, headlands crowned with the remains of Norse and other strongholds, and great cliffs where one might pass an idle hour looking at the wild birds; I might even have occasion to embark on the sea now and then and explore parts of the coast in a fisherman's boat; and, on the other hand, I should make digressions inland to visit old castles, churches, and memorials of vanished races, and, penetrating into the folds of wooded glens, lose the sea altogether. I have no hesitation in granting the precisian that Maxwelltown is not on the coast; it was, however, the convenient starting-point for such an enterprise.

Of the seven-mile road running over the alluvial plain of the lower part of Nithsdale towards the village of New Abbey, where the coast may be said to begin, I remember two details. One is that from the top of a hill I looked across the strath and saw against the sky at the distance of about four miles a group of buildings crowning a slope of mingled meadows and plantations and including what was plainly a large church with a central tower. I have read a statement somewhere that the highest commendation that an Englishman can give any part of his own country is to say, "It's quite like a foreign place." It is otherwise with us in Scotland. We praise foreign places when we say that they bear a likeness to something in our native land. It is not, therefore, to advertise the charm of the view from this point that I say that it reminded me of the Bavarian plain with one of its abrupt heights covered with the houses, church, and burg of a little town. It was with a kind of disappointment that I learned on referring to the map that I had been looking at the buildings of that munificent foundation, the Crichton Asylum near Dumfries, for I had trusted that it was some ancient place.

I remember also that, on reaching the top of a hill near New Abbey and looking across the glen where the village lies, I became aware of Criffel towering in front. Since it rises from near the level of the sea, it gets the full value of its eighteen hundred and sixty-six feet, and impresses you all the more for the past miles of plain. It was a cloudy afternoon when I stood here, and the hill was all of a beautiful smoke-like blue. Dull as the light was, it fell so that a bit of Loch Kindar, revealed by a break in the wood at the foot of the hill, gleamed like silver.

The wooded valley was full of a windless quiet and looked as restful as Criffel itself.

There had been trees standing along many parts of the road from Maxwelltown; but all of these were dwarfed by the avenue of ancient limes and firs running down the gentle hill to New Abbey. The limes may have been planted in the days of the monks. They are set so close together, and their upper branches are so interwoven, that the light is as dim as in a cathedral. Free-wheeling down the avenue and glancing between the trunks of the trees on the left, one gets impressive glimpses of the Abbey Church.

The road crosses the Pow Burn at the foot of the slope and, turning to the left, enters New Abbey. Looking along the

Loch Kindar and Criffel.

short, winding street, you realize in another second that this is not like the streets of other villages, for above the farther end are the walls and lofty tower of the great church. Rising in sudden majesty, they took me by surprise very much as Criffel had done a few minutes before.

Sweetheart Abbey, sometimes called New Abbey to distinguish it from the older abbey of Dundrennan,[1] was the latest

[1] The abbeys of Dundrennan, Glenluce, and Sweetheart belonged to the Cistercian Order. Sweetheart Abbey was colonized by monks from Dundrennan.

foundation of its kind in Scotland. The name has handed down to later ages the thirteenth-century love-story of Lady Dervorgilla and her husband, John Baliol. Baliol did not come into the unhappy prominence that was thrust upon his son; but his memory endures by reason of the great love that he inspired in the noble lady who was his wife. After forty years of wedded felicity, he died in 1269. Dervorgilla then caused his heart to be embalmed and enclosed in a silver-mounted ivory casket, and wherever she went, the relic was taken. When she sat down to a meal, she had it placed beside her and did reverence to it as if her lord himself had been present. As each course was brought from the kitchen, some of it was placed in a silver vessel in front of the casket, and when she rose from meat, the portions were taken out and given to the poor. This, says Andrew of Wyntoun,

scho cessyt nevyr to do
Quhill lyvand in this warld wes scho.

She thought ere long of a monastery with a noble church where she could be buried with her husband's embalmed heart resting on her own, and had the building begun in 1273. The reason for the selection of the site was the obvious one, that every considerable district of Galloway except that between the Nith and the Urr had its great religious house already. Here, then, within a loop of the Pow Burn, under the shadow of Criffel, and within a mile or two of the Solway—its waters provided the monks with salmon, and its sands were the scene of profitable salt-works—Dervorgilla saw her beautiful monument rise before she died in 1289. Like her husband, she was at Barnard Castle when her death occurred. In obedience to her instructions, his heart was placed on her bosom, and the funeral procession began the long journey across part of Yorkshire and through Westmorland and Cumberland into Scotland. When the last stage had been completed, the monks in their white robes and black scapularies opened their gates, Dervorgilla's body was laid beside her husband's near the high altar, and her dream was fulfilled.

Besides the Abbey of the Embalmed Heart, Dervorgilla founded or repaired other religious houses and, in fulfilment of her husband's intention, erected Balliol College in Oxford. It is easy to understand the enthusiasm of the monkish chronicler, Andrew of Wyntoun, when he says:

This lady
Dyd all thir dedis devotly.
A bettyr lady than scho wes nane
In all the yle off Mare Bretane.

He adds that

Scho wes rycht plesand off bewté.

The abbey precinct covered about thirty acres and was bounded by a massive stone wall about four feet wide, an unusual feature. The north-east and west sections remain, and range from three to twelve feet in height. The granite boulders of which the wall is composed are in many cases enormous, and the average diameter is about four feet. The walls of the church consist of unhewn granite covered with dressed freestone. According to tradition, Dervorgilla was not the only lady associated with the building of the abbey, for a carved stone in the wall of a house in the village, shewing the side of a boat surmounted by three heads, commemorates some maiden ladies who kept a ferry and displayed both their piety and their muscularity by transporting all the freestone required from the other side of the Nith.

The architecture is Early English with Decorated additions. The chancel was probably completed by the end of the thirteenth century; but the traceried windows are later. The main piers and arches of the nave have the character of early fourteenth-century work. The great window at the west end must have contained mullions and tracery originally, but has been spoiled by the introduction of a mass of masonry below the wheel at the top, no doubt because it was feared that the building was not sufficiently strong. This and other alterations were probably made in the latter part of the fourteenth century after the abbey had suffered serious damage from lightning.

A number of carved stones lying in the south transept are supposed to have formed parts of an altar-tomb. Four of them are lettered thus:—

(1) . . . . . (G)ILLA FUDATRIX
(2) HUI(US) MONA. . . .
(3) STII QUE OBIIT
(4) M CC LXXXIIII

The reference is to Dervorgilla, the foundress of the abbey. 1284, of course, was not the year of her death. The *Inventory*

points out that " the style of lettering shows that these fragments probably date from the sixteenth century. It has been suggested that the monument may have been erected by Lord Herries in the sixteenth century, and the fact that his mother was a Douglas is a possible explanation of the three stars in chief on one of the shields."

An escutcheon in the roof of the south transept aisle has

Sweetheart Abbey from the North-west.

arms in relief, " two croziers in saltire between a heart in chief and three stars in flanks and base (apparently the arms of Macguffock, subsequently of Rusco)," and an inscription scarcely legible on account of its height. The legend was supposed by Grose to be CHRISTUS MARITUS MEUS, but is understood now to be CHUS TIM O' NID,—" Choose time of need "—a play, perhaps, on " Nith ".

The abbey was the scene of an important event about a quarter

of a century after it was founded. When Edward the First made his annual incursion into Scotland in 1300, he overran a part of Galloway and, as he returned, halted at Sweetheart Abbey. It was here that he first heard of and perhaps received the Bull of Pope Boniface the Eighth calling upon him to desist from his oppression of the Scots and claiming for himself the superiority of Scotland on the ground that the country had been won to the Christian faith by the relics of S. Andrew. The Pope had ordered Robert of Winchelsea, the Archbishop of Canterbury, to convey the bull with his own hand to the King, and while Edward was encamped at Sweetheart Abbey, the primate was on the other side of the Solway, waiting for the means of a safe crossing. He sent two messengers to the King "across certain perilous passages of the sea", to quote his own account, to inform him of his errand and to ask how he could best complete it. He seems to have feared capture by the Scots as well as the dangers of the Solway.

The King did not consider the receipt of the bull a matter of urgency, nor had he any anxiety to see the Archbishop, with whom his relations were already strained. He replied that he had no ship to send and advised the Archbishop to go to Berwick, where the Queen was, adding that he intended to meet her there. As Dr. Neilson suggests, this was very much like telling the Archbishop to "go to Jericho". The Archbishop has left an account of his adventurous journey to "the new abbey of Duzquer" telling how he "took advantage of an opportunity at ebb tide" and, "guided by some men who were sure to know the way across", passed on horseback "through four streams within the sea-area—*per quatuor meatus aquarum maritimarum*". He thought the quicksands and the irregularities of the sea-bottom quite as dangerous as the depth of the water in the channels, and says that he did reach the camp although it was almost more than he had expected. The King was dining when the Archbishop arrived, but did not invite the tired traveller to join him, explaining that he was too busy to speak with him that day, but would hear him on the morrow. It was on the following day that Edward moved across the Nith to Caerlaverock, and it is possible that the docket on the copy of the bull in the English archives indicating that it was served *apud Carlaveroks* is correct. The sequel, foreshadowing the final breach with the Roman

Sweetheart Abbey from the West End.

See in the time of Henry the Eighth, belongs to English history.

When the monks saw the Reformation approaching, they

prepared to meet the storm by putting their property under the protection of a powerful family, leasing their estates to the Lords Maxwell and appointing them heritable bailies. So long as the monks remained at the abbey, the Maxwells paid the revenues to them and, when they were driven away, retained the church lands. The departure of the monks was delayed longer here than perhaps anywhere else. It was not until many years after the Reformation that the Privy Council resorted to force to disperse the fraternity.

The last and only well-known name in the list of abbots is that of Gilbert Brown, who belonged to a branch of the family of Carsluith in Kirkmabreck Parish. Reference is made to him more than once in the customary fulminations of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland against " Jesuits, Seminarie preests, traffiquing Papists, and recepters therof ". Brown was working hard to promote the Roman Catholic reaction in Galloway and the west of Scotland, and his apprehension was demanded by the Assembly in 1594 and 1596. He had a literary duel with John Welsh, minister of Ayr, and wrote *Ane Answere to ane certaine libell or writing, sent by Mr. John Welsche, to ane Catholicke, as ane Answer to ane Objection of the Romane Kirk, whereby they go about to deface the veritie of that onely true religion whilk we professe.* Welsh published in 1602 *A Reply against Mr. Gilbert Browne, priest*, reprinted under the title, *Popery Anatomized*. The abbot is described as the " famous excommunicat, foirfaultit, and perverting papist named Mr. Gilbert Browne, Abbot of New Abbey, quho evir since the reformatioun of religioune had conteinit in ignorance and idolatrie allmost the haill south-west partis of Scotland, and had been continowallie occupyit in practiseing of heresy ". About the end of August, 1605, says Calderwood in his *The Historie of the Kirk of Scotland*, " the Abbot of Newabbey was taikin about Newabbey, by the Lord Cranstoun, not without perrell from the country people, who rose to rescue him out of his hands. He was sent first to Blacknesse, and, after two or three days, was transported to the Castell of Edinburgh, where he was interteaned upon the King's expences till his departure out of the countrie." In the following November, " having all his idolatrous relicts, croces, Agnus Deies, &c., restored to him, he was sett at libertie, and permitted to embark at Leith, not without appearance of saying of masse in Edinburgh, the night before

his departure ; for his masse clothes, chalices, &c., were found by the bailliffes." He died in Paris in 1612.

Lord Cockburn said of the adjoining churchyard that " the unlettered muse " seems never to have entered it. " There is not even an attempt at an inscription in it, beyond names and dates." He had overlooked, however, this epitaph :—

M
W G
Q.—QUARE LEVIS LAPIS SUB
OPACI TEGMINE SAXI ?
R.—IN VISCERE TELLURIS
AUREA GEMMA LATET.
1660
MEMORIAM
W. GLADSTONE

The lines may be translated thus :

Q.—Wherefore lies the Gladstone
Hidden by the dark stone ?
A.—The bosom of the earth
Conceals the gem of gold.

Walter Gladstone was a minister of the parish.

By leaving the burial-ground at the north-east corner and walking across the meadow towards the old boundary wall, one arrives at a good point for admiring the church. The tower presents itself in a majestic fashion between the gables of the chancel and the north transept.

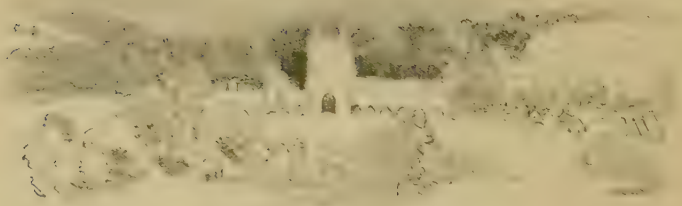
For the best general view of the church and its surroundings, one must follow the Maxwelltown road for a few hundred yards and turn to the right along a byway leading to the farmsteading of Landis. A lady who deserves the benediction of travellers caused a seat to be placed by the roadside, and here one should spend at least half-an-hour looking at the green valley and the beautiful church with Criffel behind. " I'll tell you, scholar : when I sat last on this primrose bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence, ' that they were too pleasant to be looked upon, but only on holy-days '."

I came to this point for the first time on an evening at the end of March. It was about the hour of sunset, the sky was overcast, and everything appeared in a grey twilight—the meadows, the clumps of trees, the church in the bottom of

the glen, and the high hill behind—and had the thin, ghostly look of an under-exposed negative. It was the season of heather-burning, and the side of Criffel was on fire. A huge stack of smoke was rising and disappearing into haze, and one might have looked to see the tenuous landscape fade away also on the windless air.

A little farther along this byway is the Abbot's Tower. It appears to be a sixteenth-century building and is believed to have been used as a place of retreat by the abbots. The ivy-covered walls remain.

Joining this road at right angles is another byway leading



Sweetheart Abbey and Criffel.

to the ancient tower of Kirkconnell, the second oldest inhabited house in Scotland. The older house is Traquair in Peeblesshire. Kirkconnell, therefore, is the oldest in Galloway. The road plunges down almost immediately into the woody depths of the March Glen, and one would be tempted to follow it even if there were no old house at the end. Tall trees hide the greater part of the building; but the crow-stepped roof of the tower appears above the upper branches.

The property belonged from some unknown time to the Kirkconnells of that ilk. The line ended with an heiress who was married to Aymer, second son of Sir Herbert Maxwell of Caerlaverock, and brother of Herbert, the first baron. The

succeeding line concluded with another heiress in 1827. Miss Maxwell became the wife of her cousin, Mr. Robert S. J. Witham, and the family bear the name of Maxwell Witham. The proprietors of Kirkconnell have always adhered to the Roman Catholic Church. The house includes both an old and a modern chapel.

James Maxwell, who became owner in 1739, joined in the Rebellion of 1745 and had to flee to France, but returned in 1750. He wrote a *Narrative of Charles Prince of Wales' Expedition to Scotland in the Year* 1745. It was printed by the Maitland Club in 1848. A collection of Stewart and Jacobite relics contains miniatures of Charles the First, the Old Pretender, and Princess Mary of Orange, daughter of James the Seventh. The family portraits include those of James Maxwell, the author of the *Narrative*, and his son, Dr. William Maxwell, a friend of Burns, to whom the poet bequeathed a pair of pistols now in the Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh.

The principal approach to Kirkconnell Tower branches off the road between Maxwelltown and New Abbey. The avenue is lined with oak trees. Many of these begin to branch out very near the ground. This is attributed to the cutting of shillelaghs by the Highlanders at the 'Forty-Five.

Kirkbean.

Carsethorn, the Solway, and the English Coast.

CHAPTER IV

FROM NEW ABBEY TO SATTERNESS

Loch Kindar—The Solway—S. Adamnan's adventure—Carsethorn—A tradition of Sir Robert Grierson of Lagg—Arbigland, the birthplace of Paul Jones—Old market-cross of Preston, a vanished village—Satterness—The lighthouse.

THE road had run almost straight south so far, apart from a few angles here and there. On leaving New Abbey, it takes the south-easterly direction for a mile or so and then continues south once more to Kirkbean. I was not, however, to follow so direct a course, being sure that I should be troubled with regrets if I did not have a near view of Loch Kindar.

The byway begins at a very short distance from New Abbey. I passed almost immediately through a farm-steading and then over some fields, dismounting to open one or two gates, and came in sight of a disused granite quarry on the nearest slope of Criffel. The intervening pasture was traversed by a very narrow, rusty pair of rails on which the little trucks used to run between the quarry and a jetty on the Nith, and I saw some derailed wagons against which cattle were rubbing themselves with great satisfaction. These relics of the vanished industry were there in the spring of 1910; but I do not remember seeing them when I returned in the following year.

The loch is visible from the point where you are likely to

conclude that the track is going to be of no further use. The steep side of Criffel rises from the south-western shore, and there are plantations at the north and south ends—the trees that frame the water when you get the first glimpse of it from the hill above New Abbey. The two islands have an antiquarian interest. The one was a crannog or lake-dwelling and consists of stones resting on oaken piles. The other was the site of the ancient church of the parish, and there are some remains of the building. An island seems an inconvenient situation for a church ; but there was a causeway from the shore. Standing on the margin of the secluded loch, with no dwelling-place in sight, one is slow to imagine the scene when

> Within that little lonely isle
> There stood a consecrated Pile;
> Where tapers burned, and mass was sung,
> For them whose timid Spirits clung
> To mortal succour, though the tomb
> Had fixed, for ever fixed, their doom!

It is scarcely necessary to point out that the parish must have been known by another name than " New Abbey " before the time of Dervorgilla. The older name, " Loch Kindar ", taken from the site of the church, occurs in various forms. The redundant form, " Lochkendeloch ", appears in a charter granted by Roland, Lord of Galloway, near the end of the twelfth century. Dervorgilla granted the church of " Loch Kindur " to the monks of Sweetheart Abbey. The name occurs as " Lochkinderloch " in a rent-roll of the abbey in 1570. It is called " Lockindeloch *alias* New Abbey " and " Lochindoloch *alias* New Abbey " in the reigns of James the Sixth and Charles the First. The name is traced to Cendaeladh, a king who died A.D. 580. I carried away a pleasant vision of blue water dancing and fringing shore and islands with spume, sea-gulls and duck floating on the surface, cattle standing in the shallows, and green Criffel hung against the sky.

I had not travelled far along the road before the bright Solway appeared. I saw also dim mountains on the other side, the hills of Cumberland. These mean little to Galloway, but the Solway much—the ancient highway of evangelists, pirates, smugglers, and flotillas of war. Respectable historians have connected " Solway " with *Selgovæ*, the name given by the Romans to a British tribe inhabiting Dumfriesshire. Dr.

George Neilson—*maxima cum laude*—has traced it to *Sulwath*, the name of a ford at the mouth of the Sark.[1] *Sulwath* is "The Muddy Ford". "Solway Sands (*Sulwey sandis*)" came to be used of the extreme eastern end of the Firth, the Firth itself being regarded still as part of the Irish Sea. Caerlaverock Castle is spoken of in 1300 as looking towards *la mer de Irlande*. It is only since the seventeenth century[2] that "Solway" has been extended gradually over the Firth as a whole. The Salmon Fisheries (Scotland) Act of 1868 fixed the limit dividing the Solway Firth from the sea to be "a straight line drawn from the Mull of Galloway to Hodbarrow point, in the parish of Millom, in the county of Cumberland".

S. Ninian, S. Cuthbert, and S. Adamnan all sailed on the Solway in the course of their evangelistic labours. The first does not seem to have had any adventures; but both of the other missionaries had. S. Adamnan's experience is worthy of quotation: "The people of Erin besought Adamnan to go in quest of the captives in Saxonland. He went to demand the surrender of the prisoners and put in at Tracht Romra.[3] The strand is long, and the flood rapid, so much so that if the best horse in Saxonland mounted by the best rider were to start from the edge when the tide begins to flow, he would have to swim before he brought his rider ashore. . . . Now, the Saxons were unwilling to let Adamnan land. 'Push your curraghs on the shore,' said Adamnan to his people, 'for both their land and their sea are obedient to God, and nothing can be done

[1] *Annals of the Solway until* A.D. 1307. "*Sol* is a term, common to Anglo-Saxon and the Norse languages, for mud. Anglo-Saxon, *wæth*—Norse, *vad* or *vath*, a frequent suffix in Icelandic local names—is a word for ford." Earliest mention, *Sulewade*, *Patent Rolls*, 1218.

[2] *Cruzanla, o la atraviessan, las corrientes de los seis rios, Orr, De o Dee, Ken, Cree, Bladna, y Luss, que todos páran en el mar de Hibernia.—Descripcion de Galoway por Ivan Maclelano*, in Blaeu's *Atlas* (Amsterdam, 1662). For other instances see Dr. Neilson's *Annals of the Solway until* A.D. 1307.

[3] "Doubtless *Tracht* is the same word as Old Welsh *Traeth*, glossed by Giraldus Cambrensis (*Itinerarium Cambriae*, i. cap. 6) as *tractus maris*, and by his editor in Camden's *Anglica Normannica*, as a wide stretch of sand." "Mr. Cadwallader J. Bates, Historian of Northumberland, has kindly offered me the very ingenious suggestion that 'Tracht Romra' may be interpreted 'the shore of the strong tide.' He quotes O'Reilly's *Irish-English Dictionary*, 1817, for 'Romhara, a spring tide, a full sea.' The explanation seems entirely rational and happy."—Neilson. See note, page 51.

save with His permission.' The clergy did as he bade them. Adamnan drew a circle with his crozier round about the curraghs, and God made the strand firm underneath and built up the sea in a high wall around them. Thus the place where they were became an island, and the sea receded from it and did them no hurt. On seeing this very great miracle, the Saxons trembled for fear of Adamnan and gave him all that he asked." Thus does the hagiographer turn to purposes of edification the common incident of being stranded on a sand-bank as the tide goes out! I shall tell later how I came near sharing the experience of S. Adamnan in Rough Firth and how Lord Cockburn was exasperated in the estuary of the Dee.

Soon after my first glimpse of the Solway, I saw Carsethorn. Some travellers might think the inducements to go thither pathetically slight. I was adhering, however, to my plan of following the coast-line closely. Carsethorn, moreover, is the first village in Galloway that fronts the Solway. Another point was that it has received the most cursory notice in such works as Mr. Harper's *Rambles in Galloway* and the Stewartry guide-book, where it is merely mentioned as being visible from the road. It seemed a poor thing to leave it at that, to explore the rest of Galloway and know nothing more of Carsethorn than just the memory of a distant jumble of whitewashed cottages standing against the shining Firth, and I was the more willing to be there that the afternoon was wearing on, and the map told me that I should find an inn, and an inn suggested the thought of tea.

I left the main road at the little village of Kirkbean and reached Carsethorn in a few minutes. I was glad that I had made the digression, for a powerful west wind was blowing that day and, while I was at the inn, it brought up dense clouds that dulled the aspect of the Solway, hid the Cumberland hills, and discharged themselves in heavy showers. The weather was so threatening that I decided to pass the night here if I could get a room; but the modest look of the house made me fear that the landlord would advise me to proceed on my travels. My request, however, was accorded with alacrity, and there was allotted to me an excellent bedroom looking, I was glad to notice, seawards. When I went out to survey the exterior of my lodging more leisurely than I had done on my arrival, I was much diverted at its name, for I learned from the sign-

board that it was called *The Steamboat Inn*, and all men know that no steamboat ever comes to Carsethorn. This was enough to put one in a good humour with the place, and my satisfaction only increased with the landlady's ambitious endeavours for my entertainment.

I learned later that the name of the inn was not a joke, but that it had some historical justification. The Carse Bay was

The Nith Estuary from Carsethorn.

the scene of a considerable shipping trade before the day of railways. The channel ran much nearer the shore than it does now, and steamboats came within actual hail of the village. More than that, when *The Statistical Account* was written in 1844, a wooden pier had been erected recently for the Liverpool steam-packet, which made two voyages weekly in summer and one in winter and conveyed the fat stock from the neighbouring farms to a better market than could be found nearer home.

When I strolled along the sea-front before sunset, the rain

had ceased, the tide was out, and there was a colossal rainbow bestriding the channels and the gleaming sands of the empty Firth. Beyond the arc was its reflection on the clouds, making the phenomenon called a double rainbow. The atmospheric appearances are among the memorable incidents of a residence on the Solway shore.

Before going to bed I threw up the window and looked out on darkness, seeing nothing but points of light—the stars, for the sky had cleared, and a little constellation low down made by the lamps of Silloth. The full tide was washing quietly against the shingly beach within a short stone-throw of my window; but the darkness was too deep for the water to be seen. Looking out upon the night, I recalled the tale of a small vessel sailing up the Firth amid darkness and storm about the end of the year 1733. There had come a lull in the tempest, the black clouds parted, and the moonlight broke through, revealing to the eyes of the seamen the crests of the tossing waves and also what they took to be a sail a mile or two behind them. As they watched, however, it seemed to be overhauling them rapidly in spite of the strong north-east wind. The clouds obscured the moon once more and left them wondering. When the light shone forth again, it shewed a great State-coach, drawn by six black horses, with outriders, coachmen, footmen, torch-bearers, and followers, driving over the waves. The skipper, steeling himself to hail the apparition, ran forwards and cried, "Where bound? and where from?" The answer came, "To tryst with Lagg! Dumfries! from Hell!" Such is the legend of the passing of the soul of Sir Robert Grierson. He had been notorious as a persecutor of the Covenanters.

The village itself does not provide matter for a long discourse. There is a short row of mean hovels at the south end running inland; a little nearer the centre of the village, a double row of dwellings occupied formerly by coastguardsmen; and along the sea-front, a terrace of two-storey houses with fanlights over the doors and gardens in front; and elsewhere straggling groups of cottages. The look-out house of the old coastguard now contains a village library. Most of the inhabitants are labourers on the farms of Kirkbean Parish or fishermen.

While I was talking to a man on the beach in the morning, I heard him use a word from the Norse tongue. We were watching two fishermen wading shorewards through the channels. Each

of them had a long pole over his shoulder with a net attached. I asked the man beside me what kind of nets those were, and he said they were "haf-nets". Now, *haf* is Old Norse for "sea". Another Old Norse word that survives in place-names in these parts is *rak*. Its meaning is a stripe or streak. The best-known instance of the word is the Skager Rack of Denmark. The sand-banks between Silloth and Satterness were known in the sixteenth century as "the Longrake sande". There is a "rack" between The Scaur and Rough Island and

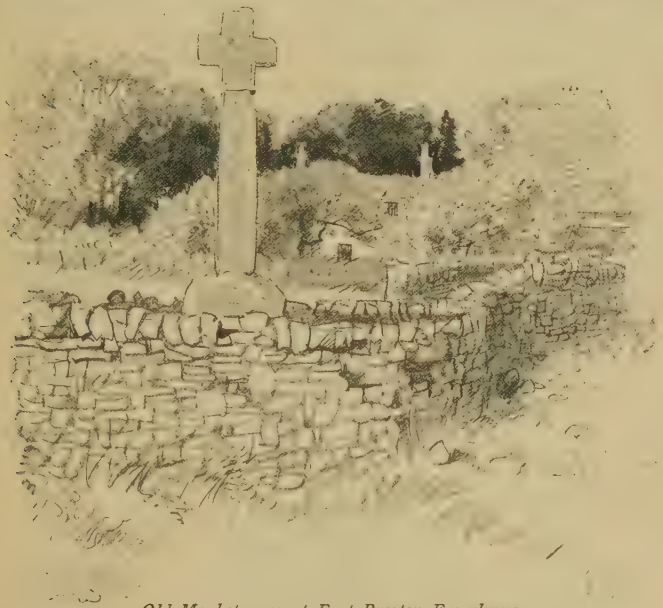
Gamekeeper's Cottage at Arbigland (Paul Jones's Birthplace).

another between Heston and the mainland. The Norsemen called a low group of rocks a *scar*, and so we have the Big Scar and the Little Scar between Burrow Head and the Mull of Galloway. *Nes* for "headland" is very frequent, and *fjall* for "hill", as in "the Fell of Barhullion", "Eschoncan Fell", and "Criffel".

A Norse origin has been attributed to "Arbigland"[1], the name of an estate about a mile and a half south of Carsethorn, where Paul Jones was born. The road running directly thither from Kirkbean climbs to the summit of a tree-covered

[1] The meaning is undetermined.

ridge and descends the other side through a dark wood to the entrance of the Arbigland grounds, where one turns to the right for the gamekeeper's cottage where John Paul, known better as Paul Jones, was born, the son of a gardener, in 1747. The boy looked beyond the garden, he heard the call of the sea, and was allowed to cross the Solway to Whitehaven at the age of twelve and become apprentice to a merchant trading with America.



Old Market-cross at East Preston Farmhouse.

He rose to be a captain when he was twenty-one, adopted the name of Jones as a mark of regard for an American family of that name who shewed him much kindness in his youth, and came to look upon America as his home. His strong love of liberty led him to sympathize with the revolted Colonies, and he entered the navy of his adopted country as a lieutenant in 1775. He advanced rapidly in the service and was entrusted with the most important commands. He regarded the British Navy as " the best regulated of any in the world ", and laboured

to bring that of the States to a similar efficiency. Americans look upon him as "the father" of their Navy—"the name of no other man is so associated with our flag as is his," says Mr. Brady, the American author of one of the biographies. Jones's was a brilliant, adventurous, and indomitable spirit, and his exploits, although achieved under the flags of the United States and Russia, shed lustre on the land of his birth. It is, no doubt, the old calumny, that he was "a pirate", that has hindered him from being counted among the greatest of Scotsmen. In the midst of his strenuous career he was never forgetful of his early home. He saw his family in 1771 for the

Satterness.

last time, but continued to send them frequent remittances of money, caused a stone to be erected over his father's grave in Kirkbean Churchyard, and left all his property to his two sisters and their children.

When Paul Jones was a boy, there were three villages in the parish, "Kirkbean, Preston, and Salterness". Preston[1] has disappeared; but its old market-cross was unearthed in the course of digging operations about the middle of the last century and has been re-erected beside East Preston farmhouse. It is made of freestone, measures six feet and four inches in height, and two feet and two inches across the arms, and bears no

[1] Priest's dwelling

inscription or carving of any kind. A zig-zag course along the emptiest of byways leads one from Arbigland to its present site.

From this point a perfectly straight road a little over a mile in length runs over marshy flats to Satterness, and on this open, wind-swept space one may see many land and sea birds. The naturalist who wrote under the pen-name, "Mabie Moss", noted in 1909 that sheldrakes were a rapidly increasing

Satterness Lighthouse.

species here, and spoke of this neighbourhood as the headquarters of these birds in Galloway. He had seen so many as a hundred of them at more than one nesting-place, and in an old wood full of rabbit-holes, some miles away from Satterness, a flock of about a hundred pairs. The rabbit-warrens close to Satterness were haunted by jackdaws in great numbers until some years ago; but almost all of them have gone, and their places have been taken by the stock-dove. This bird has come into the district recently and seems to find it congenial. The writer

whom I have quoted remarks, " It does sound a little bit strange to hear a pigeon cooing from a rabbit-hole ! "

No sooner had I reached Satterness than I went down to the shore, set up my camera, and turned it on the lighthouse. A man whom I took to be the keeper swept down upon me from a cottage and asked if it would " improve it " if he ascended to the top. I understood him to mean that if he posed himself gracefully on the balcony, I should have a more lively and pleasing picture. I therefore pressed the shutter without delay and replied that if he were about to ascend, I should be glad to go with him.

The tide was full, and there was a strong wind, so that waves were breaking into foam all along the shore. There was also bright sunshine making the white cottages facing the sea and the white lighthouse on the beach as dazzling as the crests of the waves. I looked down from the balcony to the little roofs, the broad stretch of sandy shore, and a few lady bathers and children in the water. Behind the village, the flats of Kirkbean extended towards the skirt of Criffel on the right, and far on the left were the rugged cliffs of Colvend surmounted by green slopes.

A motor-car ran into the village and stopped. The man beside me shouted into my ear, striving to make himself heard above the wind, and I gathered that on some days so many as four or five cars would arrive with bathers ; " and no wonder ", the voice seemed to say, for there is " no danger here ", but a gentle incline of firm sand and plenty of it, " four miles up and four miles down ".

There is nothing of the modern upstart about this watering-place. Writing in 1795, the author of the old *Statistical Account* says that this village " is now chiefly inhabited by persons who keep furnished rooms, to accommodate such as, during the season, come to it for the benefit of sea bathing ". The author of the later *Account* of 1844 thought that " owing to the great demand for bathing quarters, and the eagerness with which rich and genteel families occupy very indifferent cottages at Saturness during the summer months, it cannot be doubted that building a number of neat, comfortable cottages there would be an excellent speculation ".

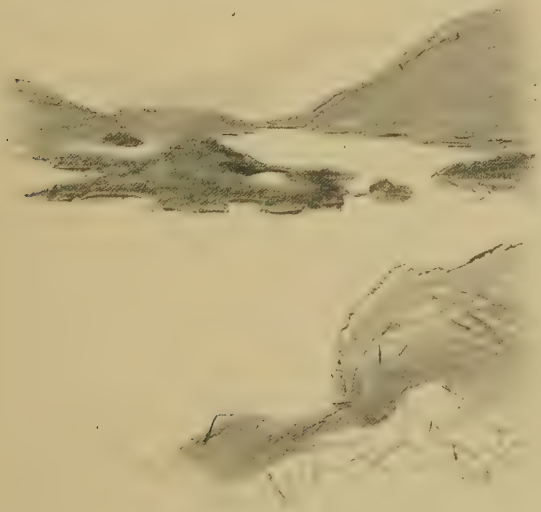
The original form of the name is " Salternes ". It occurs as " Salterness " in the old *Statistical Account* and in the

colloquial form of "Saturness" in the new *Account*. "Satterness"[1] is more philologically accurate. The salt-work of Salternes was granted by Roland, Lord of Galloway, to the monks of Holme Cultram on the other side of the Solway.

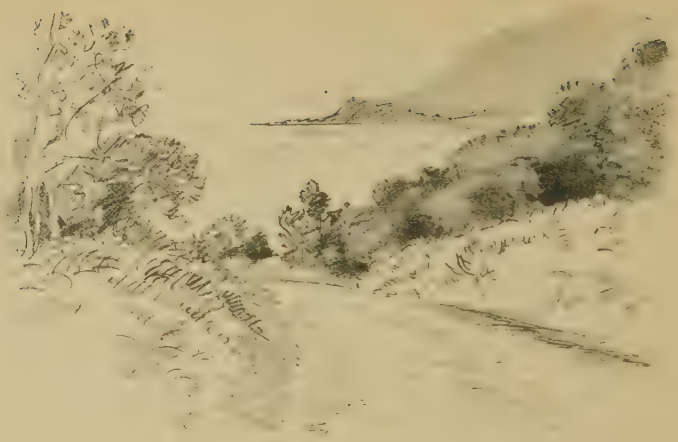
The lighthouse is the oldest in Galloway. The tower was erected as a landmark for vessels sailing in the Firth. The writer of the old *Account* says that "a part of it was built many years ago, by some merchants in Dumfries, then carrying on a considerable trade with Virginia", that it had been raised to "its present height" afterwards, and that it would be still more useful "were lights placed in it". This seems to have been done before the eighteenth century closed.

[1] What fate is deserved by the "over-wise person or persons" referred to by Dr. Neilson who, "giving way, perhaps, to baseless anterior philological fancies," have "improved" the name into "Southerness"?

[Note on *Tracht Romra* by Mr. Johnston: "*Tracht* must be Erse or Gaelic as *Romra* or *Romhara* is. The Old Welsh is cognate, but the word here clearly is G. *traigh*, genitive *tragad*, 'sea-beach', and *Tracht* must represent an old genitive." See note on page 42.]



Loch-in-loch, Loch Trool.



Cliffs of Colvend.

CHAPTER V

FROM SATTERNESS TO THE SCAUR

The ghost of the three cross-roads—The Castle of Wraiths—Allan Cunningham and the lass of Preston Mill—The Southwick coast—The old church of Southwick—The site of S. Laurence's Chapel and Fairgirth—The coast near Douglas Hall—Shipwrecks on the Barnhourie Sands—Douglas Hall—Portling—Port o' Warren and a smuggling tale—The White Loch of Colvend—The Scaur, or Kippford—The path to Rockcliffe—A voyage to Heston.

On the way from Satterness to the main road I passed the only very old building in the parish of which any part remains, the Castle of Wraiths[1]. The name in its English meaning is appropriate in a parish six miles long and boasting of a ghost to every mile. Mr. Samuel Arnott, who has discoursed so pleasantly on the history of Kirkbean Parish in various periodicals, collected all that could be gathered about these ghosts in a communication to the Dumfriesshire and Galloway Natural History and Antiquarian Society. One of the ghosts "is said to have haunted what is known as 'the three cross-roads' near Arbigland, a lonely spot where, on a wild night, the dread

[1] Gaelic *rath*, a circular earthen fort.

feeling which was in those days felt in the deep darkness caused by the surrounding trees must have been intensified by the sound of the wind through their branches and the roar of the waves of the boisterous Solway. The ghost was generally supposed to be that of a young man, and the tale is a romantic one, which, in the hands of an accomplished novelist, would form a thrilling narrative. As is pretty well known, Arbigland at one time belonged to a family of the name of Craik. Its then representative had a daughter who, it is said, had become attached to a young man named Dunn, who was in her father's employment as a groom or horse-breaker. One day a shot was heard, and soon after the lifeless body of Dunn was found near where the ghost was said afterwards to appear. In the eyes of the law the sad occurrence was considered a case of suicide ; but popular belief took an opposite view and attributed it to the murderous act of one of Miss Craik's brothers, who had discovered the attachment between his sister and Dunn and in his anger at the discovery had taken the young man's life. It is said that Miss Craik was of the latter opinion, and that she left Arbigland and went to reside in England, never returning to the place so full to her of tragedy. . . . With the prevailing opinion regarding this ghastly tale, it is little wonder that the apparition of the unfortunate man was said to frequent the lonely spot where he met his death. It was hardly to be expected, however, that a haunted place like this should be deserted by the white ladies who are so familiar in ghost stories and whose affection for Kirkbean seems somewhat remarkable, and one of my informants speaks of a white lady who was said to appear here also. The weight of authority (if I am justified in using such a phrase in this connexion) is, however, almost exclusively in favour of the tradition that the apparition was that of Dunn."

The Castle of Wraiths belonged to the barony of Preston and was the property of the Regent Morton. James the Sixth is said to have stayed here sometimes when he was under the Regent's care. There is a tradition that he once visited a house in the neighbourhood belonging to a poor but proud family when the larder was practically empty and " the only thing they had to present was a dish of flounders ; but they managed to produce two courses by giving first the brown side and then the white side of the flounder, upon which James remarked,

'Oddsfish, man! thae's fine fish, but I think the white anes are the best!'"

The property changed hands several times. On the 13th of May, 1742, Mary and Willielma Maxwell, daughters and heirs-portioners of the deceased William Maxwell of Preston, had sasine. Mary was married in 1761 to William Earl of Sutherland, and had two daughters, one of whom became Countess of Sutherland in her own right. She was married in 1785 to George Granville Leveson Gower, who became Marquess of Stafford and was created Duke of Sutherland in 1833. Willielma, the other daughter of William Maxwell, became the wife of John Viscount Glenorchy, about 1761, and built the church in Edinburgh known as Lady Glenorchy's.

If the reader has followed my route so far, whether with or without the help of the map, it will be obvious that the two miles of the main road between Kirkbean and Mainsriddle[1] have been left untraversed. My reason for pausing over this is that about half-way along this section is the home of "the lovely lass of Preston Mill", the subject of one of Allan Cunningham's poems. Cunningham is not a widely-read author in these days; but no one who is acquainted with "A wet sheet and a flowing sea" or "The wee, wee German Lairdie", needs plead total ignorance of his works. He was born in 1784 in the parish of Keir in Dumfriesshire and was not, therefore, a native of Galloway; he was, however, the author of the greater part of Cromek's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*. He led Cromek to believe that his verses were examples of old ballad literature collected among the peasantry of the south-west, but imposed upon few people besides Cromek. His prose works included *Lives of the Most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors and Architects*, the *Life, Journals and Correspondence of Sir David Wilkie*, and several novels, in one of which Paul Jones appears. It was while he was practising his trade of stonemason at Arbigland that he met Jean Walker, the lass of Preston Mill, whom he married.[2]

From Maxwelltown to Mainsriddle the highway runs in a series of long, straight stretches, but after Mainsriddle is full

[1] Riddell's farm-steading.

[2] The *Encyclopædia Britannica* gives the following account of his sons, who may be claimed for Galloway: "Joseph Davey Cunningham (1812–1851) entered the Bengal Engineers, and is known by his

of variety and pleasing surprises. It dips down to the woody depths of the Southwick Glen, where the banks are glorious with daffodils in spring, and attacks and gradually surmounts the steep hill on the other side, passing one or two small groups of pretty, flower-decked cottages. It is now on the top of the long, high bank by which the land falls abruptly to the sea, and continues to disport itself along the heights with ever-recurring winds and dips and rises, as if intoxicated with joy of the country through which it runs. The bank below is covered with mixed wood and undergrowth, through which one looks down to grassy flats where the Southwick Burn makes a languid, circuitous progress towards the sea. A little farther on, it is the sheen of the sea itself that is visible below the woody tangle. On the right there rises close at hand a series of moorland fells. The largest of them, the Bainloch Hill, made me think of the Drei Zinnen in Tirol with the points flattened down. Darkness was falling, moorburn was going on, and the broad summit was covered with flames and smoke as if the hill were actually consuming away.

On the following morning, brilliant sunshine fell on cliffs and fells, on wooded slopes and gleaming beach, and I could not but return to this part of the coast from The Scaur, where I had spent the night. I scrambled down among the trees to the shore, where the conspicuous rock called Lot's Wife rises, with the Bainloch Burn descending behind it in a pretty cascade. There are large rocks here clad with ivy, and a wealth of ferns and wild flowers wherever they can find root. I was reminded of the idyll of Theocritus in which he speaks of the wind whispering in the pine tree and the music of the water pouring over the high face of the rock.

I returned to the road and came soon to the beginning of a descent where the hedge of trees on the left ceased, giving an

History of the Sikhs (1849). Sir Alexander Cunningham (1814–1893) also entered the Bengal Engineers, attaining the rank of major-general; he was director general of the Indian Archæological Survey (1870–1885), and wrote an *Ancient Geography of India* (1871) and *Coins of Medieval India* (1894). Peter Cunningham (1816–1869) published several topographical and biographical studies, of which the most important are his *Handbook of London* (1849) and *The Life of Drummond of Hawthornden* (1833). Francis Cunningham (1820–1875) joined the Indian Army, and published editions of Ben Jonson (1871), Marlowe (1870), and Massinger (1871)."

open view of Sandyhills Bay and the cliffs of Colvend.[1] Before going on to Sandyhills, however, I took the first turn to the right, pushing my bicycle up a steep byway towards the old church of Southwick Parish. It was about noon, the day was warm, and I thought that the worshippers who used to toil up here on Sundays must have wished that their Zion was not set on so high a hill. Few ruins in Galloway are so entirely neglected. Almost every inch is covered with ivy, and dilapidation is going on rapidly. Before photographing one of the east lights, I had to spend a long time in cutting and tearing the ivy away, and I congratulate myself that I have arrested its action at this point. The east lights give the only evidence of the architectural character of the church. Unhewn granite has been used for the walls; but the windows are framed with red freestone with a round top in the Early English Gothic style. "It is to be noted", says the *Inventory*, "that the arch-heads are hewn out of single stones, and the jambs have no check for leaded glass." Scarcely anything is recorded of the history of the church. Edward the First made an offering of money, with his devotions, to "Our Lady of Southwick" in 1300. Since 1612 Colvend and Southwick have been united. In 1891, however, arrangements were made for erecting a new church farther east, and Southwick is a parish once more *quoad sacra*.

When I had descended to the main road and come to Sandyhills, where there are an old mill, some cottages, and a few two-storey granite houses for summer visitors, and sometimes a caravan or two halted near the beach, I turned again to the right to reach the site of S. Laurence's Chapel at Fairgirth[2] farmhouse. I had seen no literature dealing with it, and went to investigate. The tenant's wife kindly assisted me, shewing me a bit of low garden-wall about three feet wide and saying, "That was never made for a garden-wall!" This opinion, however, is open to question. She drew back some of the ivy on the top and revealed a dressed and moulded piece of freestone, saying that she thought it was the top of a head-stone and that there were one or two more of such stones among the ivy. I noticed, however, that the stone was not shaped with the symmetry usual in head-stones. I learned also that when the garden was

[1] Pronounced "Co'en". Gaelic *cul bheinn*, back of the hill, or G. and Irish *cabhan*, a hollow. Really old forms are lacking.

[2] Old Norse *faer garðr*, sheep-fold; but quite possibly "fair garden."

being dug over some years ago, a large dressed stone had been found in the middle and left in its place, and that when alterations were made on the farm-offices on the north side of the house, human bones were discovered.

The door of the farmhouse is framed in granite blocks with a single circular moulding. On both sides the moulding is intermitted with a plain block at the top, inserted apparently to increase the height of the entrance. In the older part of the house there is a granite newel stair of two storeys leading to an attic with an ambry in the north wall. A *Description of the Stewartrie of Kirkcudbright* drawn up in the time of James the Fifth and included in the Sibbald collection of manuscripts gives a list of nine of the most important houses in The Stewartry, and of these Fairgirth is one.

It may be remembered that the cliffs of Colvend have been mentioned twice already. I saw them first from the balcony of the lighthouse at Satterness and nearer from the road below the Bainloch Hill. I was now to walk along the foot of them and see them towering heavenwards, and I may say at once that I consider Sandyhills, Douglas Hall, and the neighbouring coast one of the most delectable parts of seaboard Galloway. Read what the Rev. James Little, minister of Colvend and Southwick, wrote in *The Statistical Account* in 1796: "The sea coast here along the frith is remarkably bold and rocky, forming high and tremendous precipices, from which the tide ebbs, leaving dry a large tract of flat sand, from whence, at low water, may be viewed some picturesque and magnificent scenes: High and pointed spires, at the bases of which are passages through them in form of rude arches; spacious and regular amphitheatres, and mouths of caverns running up under ground into the land, farther than any human being hath ever adventured to explore. In the crevices of the rock, but generally where the precipice is overhanging, or most inaccessible, is found the marine plant *samphire*, well known as a preserve or pickle; to the dangerous expedients for gathering which, as alluded to of old by Shakespeare, the people here are, at this day, no strangers." The account of the parish given by Mr. Little's successor, the Rev. Andrew MacCulloch, is so very brief that I suspect that he thought putting pen to paper a great trouble; but if he has little to say about the parochial history, antiquities, industries, and economy, it is plain that the scenery and the

sensational incidents and possibilities of the coast appealed to him. Much his longest paragraph relates to the "Coves or Caves", and is as follows: "There are a number of these along the 'wild shores of caverned Colvend'. The principal of these is called the Piper's cove, from a legend that a piper undertook to explore it. He carried his pipes with him, and continued to play under ground till he reached Barnbarrach, about four

The Needle's Eye and Cliffs near Douglas Hall.

miles distant from its mouth. The sound then ceased, and nothing was ever heard again of the unfortunate minstrel. It is found, however, to be only a hundred and twenty yards in length. There is a well in the middle, twenty-two feet deep. There are a number of fissures in the rocks along the shore. Close by the Piper's cove, already mentioned, there is a rude

natural arch, about forty feet in height, called the Needle's Eye. Another arch, bearing the same name, and lying more to the eastward, is more regularly formed though not so high."

He singles out two other features for notice. "There is a well called the Murderers' Well, near the Southwick Needle's Eye. According to tradition, it was named from the following circumstance: A set of border reivers came to levy blackmail on the peaceable inhabitants of Colvend. The parishioners rallied, and seizing the leaders of the foray, threw them down this rock to the well below." The other detail is a sand-bank: "The Barnhourie sand-bank, so fatal to vessels, especially to those who are strangers to the coast, runs from the mouth of the Urr to the Nith. Nearer to the English side is another bank called the Robin Rig."

A contributor to *The Gallovidian* has told the stories of two of the ships that have been wrecked on the Barnhourie bank. The *William Levitt* "brought a cargo of timber from the S. Lawrence River to Allonby and Greenock. Having discharged her Allonby portion, she was being towed round to Greenock when the tow-rope broke, and the weather being bad, she drifted on to Barnhourie bank and rapidly became a total wreck." The *Forest Queen*, having been sold to a Norwegian company, "left Dublin to be delivered to her new owners. On the night previous to her sailing, her crew had spent a jolly night among the public-houses. In consequence of this drinking bout the captain's navigation was at fault, and mistaking the Ross for Pladda light, he, carrying full sail, passed Heston and the mouth of the Urr, and thinking he was running up the Firth of Clyde, never learned his fatal mistake until his ship struck on Barnhourie Sands. In a few days the vessel was settled firmly and deeply in the sands and was afterwards sold for a few pounds." The figureheads of these two ships stand in the yard of Messrs. Wilson & Sons, shipping agents, in the Station Road, Dalbeattie.

After hearing about Douglas Hall and being impressed by its high-sounding name, you will be surprised to find how little a place it is. Two or three cottages and a shop or two among trees between the road and the shore are all that there is of it, and you have passed through it before you have realized that you are there. If its name is famous, this is because it lies on the byway leading to the sands that stretch along the

base of those precipices with their caverns and natural arches which aroused the enthusiasm of the writer of the old *Account*.

Of Portling[1] there is nothing to be said save that at the top of the shore there are rows of stakes for drying the nets belonging to a salmon fishery, and that it is overhung by some granite houses like those at Sandyhills. If one walk along the high ground from Portling to Port o' Warren, one's breath will be taken away by the abrupt discovery of the single fisherman's cottage in the depths of the rocky recess. Port o' Warren is connected with the following tale of woe which was communicated by Joseph Train to the author of *The History of Galloway*:

"By the Act 12 Geo. III., salt was allowed to be imported into the Isle of Man from Great Britain duty free, for the purpose of curing herrings; but the boon was turned to the disadvantage of the British Government by the smuggling back into Britain, large quantities of such duty-free salt. A young man of Ramsay, who was on the eve of being married to a respectable girl of that neighbourhood, contrary to the advice of her relations, resolved to run a few bags of fishery salt into some creek of the Solway, where he knew he would meet a ready market, and thereby raise a small sum to assist him in defraying the expense of his wedding.

"In this ill-omened enterprise he was accompanied by the bride's brother only. They had passed the shores of Barnhoury, and were steering up the Solway Frith, near Balcary bay, where the Prince Ernest Augustus Cutter, commanded by Sir John R——, lay at anchor, when they were suddenly surprised by a voice, ordering them through a trumpet to '*lay to*.' The poor Manxmen from not understanding the English language distinctly, disregarding the order, kept on their way towards Port O'Warren, a noted landing place; but they had not proceeded many yards, till a ball from the cutter deprived the bridegroom of life. Panic-struck by such an instantaneous calamity, the surviving lad ran the boat ashore at the nearest point of Colvend, and took to flight lest he should fall into the fangs of the seaguard, as he saw the cruiser bearing down upon him under a press of sail. The corpse, being of little value as a prize, was thrown on the beach by the sailors; but the crazy Scout, with a few bushels of salt on board, was taken in tow and carried away to the custom-house of Kirkcudbright.

[1] Port of the ship.

" Near the lonely spot where the bleeding corpse lay on the strand, several shipwrecked mariners had previously found a

Port o' Warren.

resting place, and there the smuggler was likewise buried by pitying strangers, till under a warrant from the sheriff, the

body was raised and re-interred in the neighbouring churchyard of Colvend.

"Meanwhile the surviving smuggler made his way home to Ramsay, with intelligence of the calamity just related. The father of the deceased had been by the temporary suppression of the illicit trade of the island, which took place at the revestment, reduced from a state of affluence to dependence for support on the last survivor of a numerous family, the account of whose death filled his heart with sorrow. Unable as he was to encounter the dangers of the sea, even for a short distance, he resolved nevertheless on removing the remains of his unfortunate son from Scotland to the family burying place in the Church-yard of Kirk Christ Lezayre.

"The survivor of the former unfortunate voyage, with some other relations, agreed to assist in this frenetic undertaking, and what was more singular still, the distracted bride could not be dissuaded from appearing as chief mourner in the funeral group.

"Permission was obtained to remove the body from the church-yard of Colvend, and the mournful party embarked with it for Ramsay; but ere they had reached the Isle of Heston, a hurricane arose and a foaming breaker engulphed the fragile bark, near the spot from whence the fatal shot was fired, that brought so many relations to a tragical end, and caused lasting grief to a wide circle of surviving friends.

"Sir John R——, the commander of the cutter, was arraigned for the murder of the Manxman, before the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh, and acquitted of the charge. On the lonely shore of Colvend, a little below the farmhouse of Glenstocken, the Manxman's first grave is yet pointed out by the neighbouring peasants, and all the concomitant circumstances connected with it as here related, are feelingly told to the enquiring stranger."

Rather less than two miles from Port o' Warren and just before the coast-line recedes into the estuary of the Urr is the Castle Hill Point, and near it a memorial of another shipwreck, a cairn with a slab bearing this inscription: "The schooner Elbe, Capt. Samuel Wilson, after providentially landing her crew here, backed off the rocks and sank off Rascarrel, December 7th, 1867." The *Inventory* notices a promontory fort here, with the unusual feature of a stone wall about ten feet thick for the main line of defence.

Immediately after leaving Sandyhills, the road passes the Colvend golf-course, and this reminds me that I have not yet told the reader that there is no such place as Colvend. There is a parish of this name, and a Colvend post-office, but no town or village. The clachan beside the post-office is called Lochend, a name derived from the White Loch of Colvend, the wood-girt sheet of water visible from the road. The rugged cliffs of the coast are only a few minutes' walk distant, and to pass from their ruggedness to the beauty of this inland water is like turning

> Abruptly into some sequestered nook,
> Still as a sheltered place when winds blow loud.

"The other evening," writes Mr. W. H. Armistead, a naturalist living in the neighbourhood, "I walked over to the White Loch. . . . Leaving the road and crossing a green field bright with hyacinths and cuckoo flowers, I plunged into a wood of birches bordering the loch. The sun shone brightly low in the west. It would have been difficult to choose a time when the magic of spring was more strikingly exhibited. Beneath the birches ran a small stream over golden gravel. All around flamed clusters of marsh marigold, and the horizontal rays of the sun lit up the broad green leaves of irises till they were fringed with gold. Overhead the delicate and intricate tracery of birch branches against a sky of purest blue, with here and there a white drifting cloud, made a restful contrast to the flaming sunlit colours at my feet. As I looked eastward, the quiet waters of the loch could be seen through a thick cluster of last year's tall feathery reeds (*Arundo phragmites*), and behind, a rugged hill with patches of white and yellow, black thorn and gorse, against a rich brown background, the effect being greatly enhanced by the bright green of freshly opened leaves, and the magic touch of sunlight pouring in golden streams from the summit of Screel. Swallows were flitting over the water, coots and waterhens were splashing in the reeds; from the far shore came the persistent note of the cuckoo. The wild sweet song of the thrush was heard in a thicket near at hand, and almost overhead sounded the gentle cooing of wood pigeons."

The Scaur[1], or Kippford[2], is a village of seamen. Some of

[1] The rock or cliff. [2] The ford of the tree-trunk, from Gaelic and Irish *ceap*, gen. *cip*; or from Dan. *kippe*, a low alehouse.

them are employed on the schooners that pass up the Urr[1] to Dalbeattie to exchange cargoes of manure for granite. There is scarcely any fishing industry; but one man does a business in mussels, which he sends to fisheries elsewhere. Ship-building was carried on here in the earlier, and to a slight extent even in the later, part of the nineteenth century. The product consisted of brigs and schooners designed mainly for the coasting trade. The last vessel built here was the *Balcary*

The Scaur, or Kippford, and the Valley of the Urr.

Lass, of two hundred and forty tons burden. She was launched in 1884 and made two successful voyages, but was lost thereafter in a gale off the coast of Newfoundland. The only work done now is the repairing of wooden vessels. An important industry is in the hands of the women, that of letting rooms and catering for the many visitors who come hither for a quiet holiday.

The Scaur consists chiefly of one irregular row of cottages

[1] *Ur* is the Basque word for water.

including one or two hotels and boarding-houses all facing the little estuary of the Urr. On the other side is a peninsula running into Rough Firth; and behind that, the hills called Screel[1] and Bengairn[2] present a sharp edge against the western sky. The mud banks that are left bare when the tide goes out have no likeness to the clean, hard sand to be found in so many parts of the Solway, but are soft, sticky, and perhaps dangerous. It is all the more delightful to watch the rising tide submerging them, the stranded schooners gradually righting themselves, and the yachtsmen busying themselves with their gaily-painted craft. Then is the time, too, to follow the path to Rockcliffe, not so much for the sake of Rockcliffe itself—a quiet group of houses for visitors spread round a shallow, sandy bay—but for the inland and sea-ward views to be had as one ascends to the higher parts of the track. If you look back after a few hundred yards, you have at your feet the roofs of The Scaur and the estuary itself in a setting of heathery knolls and, for a background, a series of wooded, gibbous hills and the meadows lying along the Water of Urr. On the south there is the long peninsula between Rough Firth and Orchardton Bay, a very paradise of wildfowl; in the midst of the Firth, Rough Island, approachable on foot at low water; and beyond Almorness[3] Point, Heston Island about three miles away on the edge of the outer Firth of Solway. Near Rockcliffe there are plantations, and the medley of green islands, peninsulas and shining waters is beautifully framed among pines.

One of the seamen at The Scaur carries the monthly "light-house letter" from Heston. His boat visits the island almost every day in summer, two or three times a week in winter if wind and weather are favourable, and sometimes not for two or three weeks.

We left The Scaur at a quarter past three in the afternoon. There was a contrary wind, so that we had to tack all the way, and it was not until a quarter to six that the boat was moored at the jetty on the Heston shore. On climbing to the higher part of the island, I saw a magnificent panorama of the mainland, a far-extended chain of broken, rocky hills, sharp peaks, and elevated plateaux. Screel and Bengairn were the most pro-

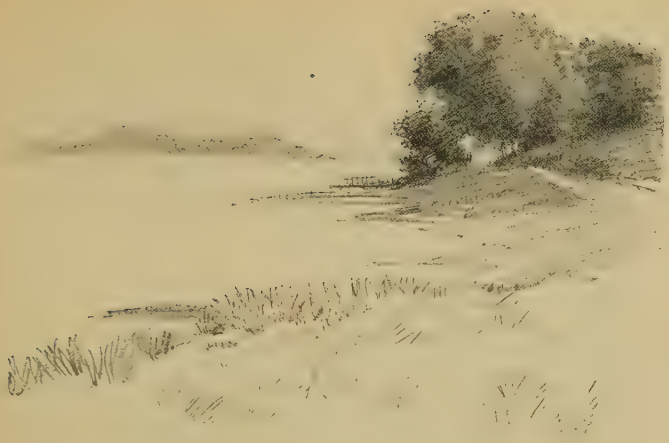
[1] Hill of the screaming, from Gaelic *sgreadail*.
[2] Hill of the cairn.
[3] Pronounced Ámmerness.

minent, because the nearest, hills. Seen thus from the south, they closely resemble their aspect from the north, but with increased grandeur. As the tide was receding, I could not stay here long, and hurried down to the cave which Mr. Crockett magnified and elaborated into " The Great Cave of Isle Rathan "[1] in *The Raiders*. For anyone who had allowed his expectations to be formed by Mr. Crockett's story, the cave would be a great disappointment. It is plain that it was a mere pretext for the drawing of the most soul-satisfying cave of which Mr. Crockett had ever dreamed.

I found in the only dwelling-house on the island an aged lighthouse-keeper, who was about to retire from his office. He told me that he paid £24 as rent for the island and received £25 as lighthouse-keeper. He supplemented the £1 of balance by sheep-farming. There are some slender remains of an old building beside the keeper's house. These may represent Macdouall's castle on " the island of Eastholm ".[2] After the fall of the Douglases, Heston became the property of the monks of Dundrennan Abbey. There was on the shore what was known as " the monks' pool " for confining salmon.

When we left the island, the tide was running out fast, and the wind that would have been so useful now had fallen away to the gentlest puffs, so that we were as much delayed as on the outward voyage. When we came abreast of Rough Island, there was very little water, and presently we were aground in the middle of the bay. There was imminent risk of being stranded until the return of the tide, and the boatman hastily stepped overboard and began to push the boat towards deeper water. We found the channel of the Urr, and the boatman took the oars. I held the rudder, keeping our craft close to the mud-bank, where the strength of the current was least. It was now a night of the deepest darkness; but the lights of The Scaur were shining, and the heather and whins on the scrubby knolls behind the village were blazing as Bainloch Hill had done the night before. So profound was the gloom that the world was almost blotted out, and those points and splashes of red might have belonged to either earth or sky.

[1] " Rathan " is an old name for Heston.
[2] See page 324.



Heston Island from the coast road near Auchencairn.

CHAPTER VI

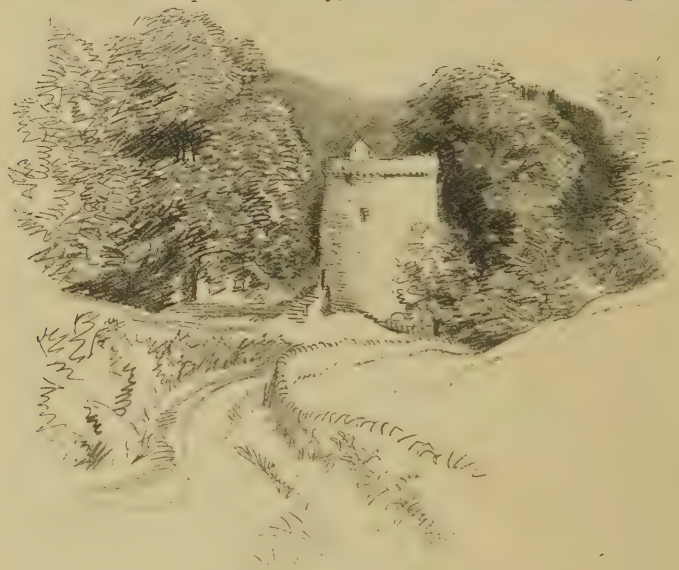
FROM THE SCAUR TO KIRKCUDBRIGHT

The Round Tower of Orchardton—A possible source of *Guy Mannering*—Palnackie—Auchencairn—Messrs. Clark, Crain, and Quirk—The Rerwick coast—Brandy-holes—Smugglers' routes—The racketing spirit of Ringcroft of Stocking—Stone fires—Dundrennan Abbey—Flight of Queen Mary from Langside—Hutton's tradition of her visit to Dundrennan—Port Mary.

A CHILD living at The Scaur and looking towards Bengairn, especially about the time of sunset, might well think that fairyland lay that way. The streak of gold across the estuary, the shadowed mystery of the country beyond, and then the feathered sides of the hill—all of this would make him think that if he climbed up among those distant trees to the sky-line, he would behold a vision splendid.

Whether one has fairyland in view or the more prosaic places lying along the foot of the hills, it is plain that one must pass the barrier of the Urr. So far as I could learn, the nearest bridge was at Dalbeattie, four miles away, and I had no wish to make the *détour* of over eight miles. If I continued my journey by crossing the Urr at The Scaur, I should be doing what few travellers had ever done before, what few would

do again, and should land on a wild and desolate coast. My bicycle, therefore, was bestowed in the bow of a rowing-boat, and in a few minutes I lifted it out on a muddy bank on the farther side, wheeled it over a bog, and found an ancient byway running down one side of the peninsula and up the other after skirting what is called the Castle Hill. Only in the shaded parts did this track preserve the character of a road. Wherever it was open to the sky, it was a narrow ribbon of green



Round Tower of Orchardton.

sward winding among bracken. On consulting the map, I saw that it was an endless byway beginning and ending in Palnackie[1] with a course of about five miles. Summer visitors do not come to Palnackie ; but if they did, I am sure that this would be one of their favourite walks. I had the road all to myself as I travelled onwards looking for the Round Tower of Orchardton.

This old battlemented tower, weather-worn, but scarcely

[1] Probably Gaelic *poll an cnaic*, stream at the fissure.—Johnston.

deserving to be called a ruin, stands on a green slope in one of the quietest corners of the world. A surviving fragment of a mediæval keep, it is something less than impressive, but is unique among Galloway buildings, and is associated with *Guy Mannering* as the scene of one of the traditions on which the romance is believed to have been based. The plan is circular, but in other respects resembles that of the smaller castles of the fifteenth century. The entrance is at the top of an outside stair. The first-floor apartment appears to have been used as a chapel, for wrought in the sill of an ambry is a piscina with a drain. A corbel carved on the north side of the doorway about three feet above the level of the floor may have been used as a lamp-stand. The small gabled cape-house and the projecting parapet supported on moulded corbels redeem the otherwise plain exterior from insignificance. The lands of Orchardton are said to have come into the possession of Alexander Carnys, Provost of Lincluden College, who died in 1422, and John Cairnis is said to have erected a residence on them in the middle of the fifteenth century.

Whether the following story had anything to do with the plot of *Guy Mannering* or not, it is interesting enough in itself. After the Battle of Culloden, some of the rebels who had escaped capture contrived to reach the Galloway coast, hoping to find a ship. They fell into the hands of the military and were brought before the Commissary of Dumfriesshire, John Goldie of Craigmuie in Balmaclellan Parish, the father-in-law of Mrs. Goldie, who sent the narrative of Helen Walker to Sir Walter Scott, and whose daughter wrote a volume of *Family Recollections* containing a version of the Orchardton story. The Commissary had no alternative but to order the captured rebels to military execution ; but as they were being led away, he noticed one of them trying to tear a document, and ordered the officer guarding him to seize it. On reading it, he said, "Why, young man, you were attempting to destroy yourself. This paper is your commission from the King of France as an officer in his army ; and I now detain you as a prisoner of war instead of sending you off to be shot as a rebel." A rumour arose in Dumfries that the prisoner was the long-lost heir of the house of Orchardton. An old nurse who had been in the service of the late Sir Robert Maxwell of Orchardton obtained admittance to the prison, and after some talk with the youth confirmed

the idea. Sir Robert had been educated at the Jesuit College at Douay and had sent his son to the same institution in 1739. He died in the following year, and his brother, who took over the management of the estate, gave instructions that his nephew should be trained for the priesthood, designing thereby to secure the succession for himself. Young Maxwell was unwilling to become a priest and ran away from college. On being brought back he ran away again, enlisted in a French infantry regiment, and fought at Dettingen and Fontenoy. He bore an ensign's commission in the French force sent to aid Prince Charles Edward in 1745 and was wounded at Culloden. His uncle, meanwhile, had died, and his cousin, Sir Thomas, was in possession of Orchardton. Young Maxwell returned to France on being set at liberty, but in 1754 came back to Scotland, took the formula against Popery, and began a law plea against his cousin. He alleged that as a minor he had not been in a position to make a free choice of his religion, and that it was with a sinister intention that his uncle had destined him for the Roman Catholic priesthood. The Court of Session decided the case in his favour. Sir Thomas appealed to the House of Lords and died before a decision was given. Sir Thomas left no family, and the pursuer succeeded as heir at law. Sir Robert Maxwell, who had thus come at last to his own, built a good house on the property and married a daughter of Robert Maclellan of Barscobe. According to Miss Goldie's account, he was "the ornament and delight of the country, uniting all the gentlemanly dignity of the old school with the bland and graceful gaiety of foreign manners". He became a shareholder in Douglas, Heron, and Company's Ayr Bank, which stopped payment in 1773. Sir Robert had to leave Orchardton and live thereafter on a small pittance. He died in 1786 and had no heir.

It sometimes happens that one who is a serious traveller, and not a mere tourist in the restricted sense of one who commits himself to the programmes which railway and steamboat companies dictate or recommend mainly for the reason that they have trains and steamers going to such and such places, will discover in the course of his independent wanderings surprising and memorable effects in places that are hardly named in guide-books and not at all in railway time-tables, scenes that he would be sorry to have missed. As a small instance there might

be mentioned the odd incident, when you are going along a quiet country road among fields and woods, of seeing suddenly in front of you a ship's rigging rising towards the clouds beyond a wayside cottage or two. Palnackie, where you may have this sensation, is a small village about a mile north of the Tower of Orchardton, and might be thought worth visiting for such a reason as this, unless, indeed, in the case of people who revel in harbours and quays of every kind. The port of Palnackie was once the scene of a considerable trade, and when the new *Statistical Account* was written, the accommodation was insufficient for the vessels arriving there. Now you may see but a

Auchencairn.

single ship, and sometimes none at all. The decline of this and some other ports has followed, of course, upon the introduction of the railway into Galloway. There is still a slender import trade. The principal export is granite from the Craignair quarries near Dalbeattie.

What Mr. Crockett has described as "the little, bright, rose-bowered, garden-circled, seaside village of Auchencairn[1]" is about four miles to the south of Palnackie. One detail Mr. Crockett has omitted from his summary description: the village, like Dalry, runs down the steep side of a hill. The main

[1] Gaelic *achadh-an-cairn*, field of the cairn.

street, as in the case of that other more famous village, is bordered with bright cottages, but is not so wide, and, instead of running down into the depths of a green glen, conducts you to the margin of the shallow bay of Auchencairn. In one's recollection of the place the steepness of this principal street comes first, then the white walls of the cottages with their clambering roses and other creepers, and finally the road that sweeps round from the foot of the village and runs along the edge of the bay. As you cycle along here, you have before you for some minutes a fine view across the water to Heston Island. Then the road enters a thick wood that lies along the shore, and you would hardly suspect that you were near the sea at all but for an occasional gleam of shining water beyond the screen of leaves on the left.

Within the great bay of Auchencairn is the secondary one of Balcary, and just opposite the middle of it stands Balcary House, to which this road leads. The origin of the house is more interesting, so far as I am aware, than anything in its later history, for it was built not by the landlord of the estate, nor by a respectable tenant, but by an important company of smugglers. If the names of Messrs Clark, Crain, and Quirk were fictitious, one at least was happily chosen. If the names were real, there can be no doubt as to whose was the brain of the enterprise. While Clark and Crain may have supplied some of the capital, you can imagine how they would learn the wisdom of deferring to the judgment of the subtle Quirk. When the company was in a close corner, everything depended on Quirk. I have no doubt that it was Quirk who designed the underground cellars at Balcary House for the reception of contraband from The Isle of Man. If you lived at Balcary House, you would often picture that lean figure with the eager face pacing up and down the shore on a dark night as he looked for a long-expected lugger that did not come, and muttering maledictions across the waters at the deplorable Clark and the unspeakable Crain.

Between Auchencairn and Dundrennan[1] the road makes an ascent of three miles to a point rather more than four hundred feet above the sea, and after a descent of a mile and a half reaches the latter village. Abundance of time should be allowed for the journey, for one ought really to travel considerably more than four and a half miles between Auchencairn and

[1] Gaelic *dùn draighneanan*, hill of the thorn-bushes.

Dundrennan. There are one or two tempting byways to be trodden, and such digressions usually add enormously to the expenditure of time.

I am not sure that it will be worth the trouble for many people to follow the side road to the farmhouse of Rascarrel[1] and the beach just beyond. The rugged character of the coast can be seen here, also a natural bridge over a little chasm, and a large, beautiful cave. The coast, however, is much grander between the bays of Barlocco and Orroland[2]. A narrow road leaves the highway near the summit, passes a place called the Dons Knowe—formerly the home of a smuggling fraternity—and continues through the pastures of Barlocco farm, where there are many bramble bushes bearing huge, luscious berries. At the west end of Barlocco Bay there begins a series of great cliffs, and beneath them is a shore of an extraordinary roughness. It is rent here and there by deep chasms running into the cliff behind and making narrow caves. Standing near the edge, one can hear the restless water surging and gurgling in the depths and then see it dash up in spray at the cave's mouth. It is better not to go very near, as the sides are formed of conglomerate, and the embedded stones are apt to give way under one's feet. I should say that on account of the chasms it would be almost impossible to make one's way along this shore without a ladder. The great caves of Barlocco might be reached with less difficulty from Orroland Bay; but much the best method would be to take a boat.

These caves were used by smugglers. Secret cellars also were often constructed near the shore for hiding contraband. About fifty years ago some workmen discovered a store of brandy on Barcheskie Hill. They took some friends in Dundrennan into their confidence, and with their help the stuff was transported to more convenient hiding-places near the abbey. One of those who shared in the find concealed his barrel in a field on his farm. Some rumour of the incident went abroad, and the excise authorities at Dumfries came to Dundrennan to make a search. Since coming into possession of the liquor, the farmer had made a daily journey to his cask, and a well-beaten track was the result. The only way in which he could keep the secret was to plough the field, and ploughed it was—a year earlier than the lease conditions required!

[1] Pronounced "Roscarrel." [2] Debatable ground.

The smugglers had not only natural caves and artificial brandy-holes, but also routes of their own into the interior and favourite inns by the way. From Barlocco, Orroland, Port Mary, and Abbey Burnfoot four branches converged on a main line running northwards across the wild moorland spread below Bengairn. About five miles from Burnfoot the

The Coast near Abbey Burnfoot.

road passed one of their inns called Fell Croft. The site is now occupied by a shooting-lodge. Thereafter the road crossed the Dee below Dildawn and went through Clachanpluck and New Galloway. "From Heston, Balcary, and Auchencairn Bay generally, the track led through the vale of Rerwick[1]

[1] "1562, Rerryk. Possibly 'reaver's, robber's dwelling,'; Old English *redfere-wic*."—Johnston.

and over the Barchain Moor to what was once a clachan near the present Buittle Church and onwards by Corsock to join the main track to Clydesdale and the north."[1]

Ringcroft of Stocking in this parish of Rerwick was the scene in 1695 of some racketing-spirit manifestations which are referred to in *The Encyclopædia Britannica* article on that subject. The record was given by Alexander Telfair, minister of the parish, who was ordained in 1689, and the title of his pamphlet is *A True Relation of an Apparition, Expressions, and Actings of a Spirit, which infested the House of Andrew Mackie, in Ring-Croft of Stocking, in the Paroch of Rerrick, in the Stewarty of Kirkcudbright, in Scotland*, 1695. *By Mr. Alexander Telfair, Minister of that Paroch; and attested by many other Persons who were also Eye and Ear Witnesses.*[2] Mr. Andrew Lang, the writer of the *Encyclopædia* article, remarks that Telfair was "a good chronicler" and that he shews "unusual regard for securing signed evidence".

The trouble began in February, 1695, when Andrew Mackie found that some young beasts were "still loosed" during the night in a mysterious manner. He tried the effect of removing them to another place, and "the first night thereafter, one of them was bound with a hair-tedder to the balk of the house, so strait that the feet of the beast only touched the ground, but could not move no way else, yet it sustained no hurt". On another night when the family were all asleep, a large basket of peats was placed in the middle of the floor of the house and set on fire. The smoke awakened the family, and so the house was saved from being burned. All this time nothing was either seen or heard. Stone-throwing began on the 7th of March. It went on all over the house; but it could not be discovered whence the stones came. It occurred at intervals by day and night, but principally at night. It became more serious on Sunday, the 11th of March, especially "in time of prayer", and the stones were directed chiefly at the person praying. Andrew Mackie went to church and told the minister about it after the service. The minister called at the house on the

[1] *Smuggling in the Solway and around the Galloway Sea-board* by Dr. Maxwell Wood.

[2] Defective editions have appeared. A reprint of the original quarto pamphlet will be found in C. K. Sharpe's edition of Law's *Memorialls*.

following Tuesday, stayed for a considerable time, prayed twice, and saw nothing of the trouble. "Then I came out with a resolution to leave the house, and as I was standing speaking to some men at the barn end, I saw two little stones drop down on the croft at a little distance from me, and then immediately some came crying out of the house that it was become as ill as ever within; whereupon I went into the house again, and as I was at prayer, it threw several stones at me, but they did no hurt, being very small; and after there was no more trouble till the eighteenth day of March, and then it began as before and threw more frequently greater stones, whose strokes were sorer where they hit, and thus it continued to the 21st." Besides the throwing of stones there was beating with staves, gripping of people by the hair, dragging of them up and down the house by their clothes. The bar of the door and other objects would move through the house as if someone were carrying them while it was plain that no one was doing so. One night "it lifted the cloaths off the children as they were sleeping in bed and beat them on the hipps as if it had been with one's hand, so that all that were in the house heard it." While prayers were being offered, it whistled, groaned, and cried "Bo, bo" and "Kick, cuck." On the 20th of April "it continued throwing stones, whisling and whisting, with all its former words. When it hit any person and said, 'Take you that till you get more,' that person was sure immediately of an other; but when it said, 'Take you that,' the person got no more for a while."

On the evening of the 26th it was in a communicative mood, and Andrew Mackie, who was sleeping, was awakened by the other people in the house. He heard it say, "Thou shalt be troubled till Tuesday". He asked, "Who gave thee a commission?" It answered, "God gave me a commission, and I am sent to warn the land to repent, for a judgement is to come if the land do not quickly repent." It commanded him to reveal this upon his peril, and added that if the land did not repent, it would go to its father and get a commission to return with a hundred worse than itself and would trouble every family in the land. On the night of Wednesday, the 1st of May, "it fired a little sheep-house; the sheep were got out safe, but the sheep-house was wholly burnt. Since there hath not been any trouble about the house by night nor by day."

The minister relates that one night "as I was once at prayer, leaning on a bedside, I felt something pressing up my arme; I casting my eyes thither, perceived a little white hand and arm, from the elbow down, but presently it evanished. It is to be observed that, notwithstanding of all that was felt and heard, from the first to the last of this matter, there was never any thing seen, except that hand I saw; and a friend of the said Andrew Mackie's said, he saw as it were a young man, red faced, with yellow hair, looking in at the window; and other two or three persons, with the said Andrew his children, saw, at several times, as it were a young boy about the age of fourteen years, with gray cloths, and a bonnet on his head, but presently disappeared; as also what the three children saw sitting at the fire-side." What the children saw at the fireside throws no light on the matter, as it proved to be a four-footed stool set on end with a blanket cast over it.

Telfair's relation is attested "as to what they particularly saw, heard, and felt" by the ministers of Kells, Borgue, Crossmichael, Parton, and Kelton, and others whose testimony would be expected to carry conviction.

Rerwick was the subject of a communication to the Dumfries and Galloway Natural History and Antiquarian Society in the session of 1896–7, when it was stated that "within living memory" "a stone fire" had been laid in a farm-house by a tenant who was leaving. "It was at one time a common custom for a farmer who was evicted, or who was leaving his farm under a sense of grievance, to fill up the fireplace in every room with broken bottles and small stones and to lay on his successor a curse which should never be lifted until these fires burned. When the stone fire had been laid and the curse said, the doors were locked and the tenant made his way out by the window, the curse alighting on the first person who entered thereafter. It was a custom also in such cases to sow a part of the farm with sand and to curse the succeeding tenant until the sand should grow. This form of cursing was carried out in the parish perhaps seventy years ago, and tradition said that the incoming tenant did not thrive; but this was probably due more to the ill-will of his neighbours than to the curse of his predecessor."

Such practices seem incongruous in the neighbourhood of the beautiful Abbey of Dundrennan. It lies in a deep glen, and, whatever its spiritual influence may have done or failed to do,

its buildings do not dominate the countryside. The process of dilapidation had gone far before landlords were aroused from their apathy and the remains placed in the care of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. The nave has disappeared; but large parts of the walls of the transepts and choir still stand, also the *façade* of the chapter-house and some vaults.

The North Transept, Dundrennan Abbey.

Old trees tower up even higher than the walls with an air of guardianship.

Lord Cockburn found the abbey in a pitiable condition in 1839. "Though greatly abridged," he wrote, "it is still a beautiful and interesting mass. But every other feeling is superseded by one's horror and indignation at the state in which it is kept. . . . Not a trace of it will be discoverable in fifty years." An improvement had been effected by 1844, and he wrote, "I have

revisited Dundrennan Abbey and claim the principal merit of its being in the state it now is. The objurgation which I have recorded in 1839 was freely administered verbally. This roused Thomas Maitland, now of Dundrennan, and he roused Lord Selkirk and others; and the result is that the Commissioners of Woods and Forests have cleaned out the rubbish and drained the ground and made some judicious repairs and cleared away the abominable offices of the manse and enclosed the whole." Such is the care now bestowed upon the ruin that you may not even take photographs within the precinct without permission from His Majesty's Office of Works in Edinburgh.

There are many ancient carved stones[1] here, of which the most important and interesting are known as the Abbot's Monument, the Cellarer's Monument, and the Nun's Monument. Of the last, the *Inventory* points out that the effigy is more probably that of "a widow under vows. The inscription seems to show that she was lady of Orchardton . . . this would account for her burial in the abbey church, a circumstance that would be difficult to explain in the case of a nun." Several gravestones of abbots were exposed recently in the floor of the chapter-house, and within a semi-circular arched recess in the north wall of the aisle of the north transept are the remains of what is said to be the effigy of Alan, the last of the Pictish Lords of Galloway.

Little is known of the history of the abbey between its beginning in or about the year 1140 and the visit of Queen Mary in 1568. The foundation is attributed to Fergus, Lord of Galloway. Fordun claims it for David the First. There is a theory that it was founded by both conjointly; but this is merely an attempt to reconcile conflicting statements.

Abbeys were falling on evil days when Queen Mary came this way on her flight to England after the Battle of Langside. The old Galloway tradition is that she rode south through The Glenkens to a place called Queenshill, which was believed to have received its name from her having rested there, and that she then went on in the direction of Tongland and crossed the Dee by an ancient wooden bridge about a mile above that place. Mr. Hume Brown's statement that "she fled south by way of Dumfries to Dundrennan" serves as a summary of the account given in the *Memoirs* of Lord Herries, who says: "So soone

[1] A full description is given in the *Inventory*.

as the Queen saw the day lost, she was carried from the field by the Lords Herreis,[1] Fleming, and Livistoune. Prettie George Dowglas and William the Fundlin escapt also with the Queen. She rode all night, and did not halt untill she came to the

The Chapter-House, Dundrennan Abbey.

Sanquhir. From thence she went to Terregles, the Lord Herreis hous, where she rested some few dayes, and then, against her friends advyce, she resolved to goe to England, and commit

[1] Not the writer of the account.

herselfe to the protection of Queen Elisabeth; in hopes, by her assistance, to be repossessed in her kingdome. So she imbarked at a creek neer Dundrennen, in Galloway, and carried the Lord Herreis to attend her with his counsel; and landed at Cockermouth, in Cumberland. Heer she stayed, and sent the Lord Herreis to Londone in hopes to be receaved with honor."

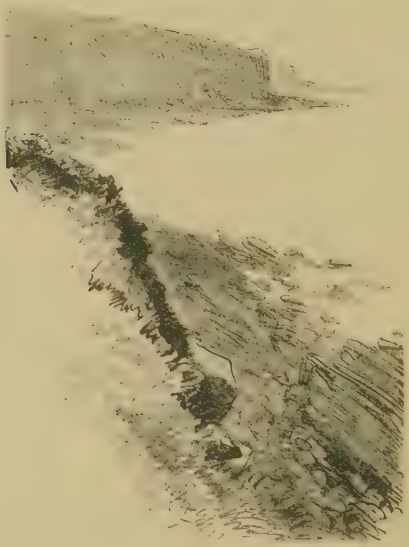
It is usually stated that the Queen spent her last night on Scottish soil under the shelter of Dundrennan Abbey. If this were so, the "some few dayes" of Herries's account must be an exaggeration. The battle was fought on the 13th of May, and if the Queen rode that night to Sanquhar and halted there, she could not reach Terregles until the 14th. It was on the 16th that she crossed the Solway, and if she passed the previous night at Dundrennan, she cannot have remained for two whole days at Terregles.

If she was at Dundrennan on the night of the 15th, the question arises, Did she spend it in the abbey or in some other house? Mackenzie quotes from Hutton's *History of Dundrennan* a tradition with which he says that he agrees. Hutton's statement is as follows: "An impression has long been erroneously cherished that her last sad sojourn on the shores of a country which she never revisited except in dreams . . . . was passed under the roof of the Abbey. The monks, no doubt, bore her true fealty, but they perhaps dreaded the vengeance of her pursuers in the shape of fine or confiscation; and, from whatever motive, a lodging was provided in a private house, which at the period alluded to was occupied by the ancestor of the late Mrs. Anderson of Stroquhan. In the family the Queen observed a fine little boy who attracted her attention to such a degree that she requested he might be allowed to sleep with her during that night; and it was his lot to share the caresses of Majesty and beauty united, unconscious as he might be of the honour thus acquired. After great personal fatigue and distress of mind, the unfortunate Mary passed a comfortable night, as was observed from her looks when the monks waited upon her in the morning; but before departing for the creek from which she embarked she acknowledged her sense of the kindness received by leaving behind a valuable ring and rich damask tablecloth, which formed part of her slender luggage, both of which bore the royal arms. These relics, after remaining for years in the family, were gifted by the grandmother of the lady

whose name we have mentioned to a house of considerable distinction in this county, where in all probability they still remain. The above anecdote, so far as we know, never appeared in print before, and the reader may rest assured that it is not hazarded on slight authority."

Is this pure fiction, or has it some basis of fact? A fugitive queen may very well carry valuable rings with her; but it is scarcely likely that Mary thought about tablecloths before beginning her flight from the battle-field of Langside. There is also an annoying vagueness about the history of the relics.

On the 16th the Queen, accompanied by Lord Herries and some other persons, went down the glen to what has since been called Port Mary, embarked on an open fishing-boat, and sailed across to Workington, where she landed the same day; and no doubt the sentimental traveller, before continuing his journey to Kirkcudbright, will follow her route to the margin of the sea and look upon the place where the unhappy queen said farewell to Scotland—a longer farewell than she dreamed.



Port Mary.

Kirkcudbright.

CHAPTER VII

KIRKCUDBRIGHT

Lord Cockburn's description—Houses in High Street—The Tolbooth—Loch Fergus Castle—Outline history of the Pictish Lords of Galloway—Castledykes—Kirkcudbright Castle—The Lords Kirkcudbright—Tombstones in S. Cuthbert's Churchyard—The Caird of Barullion—Black Morrow—The port of Kirkcudbright—Invasions and rumours of invasion—Royal visitors—Travellers' descriptions—Glimpses of old-world Kirkcudbright from the burgh records—Tongland—The old fort near Torrs Point.

Sea and land breezes blow by turns through the quiet old streets of Kirkcudbright,[1] and ancient trees embower the town. Woods, indeed, fill the whole valley, softening the outlines of shore and sky. In the midst is the estuary of the Dee, an expanse of shining water when the tide is in, an expanse of shining mud when it has receded; so that one may say that there are two Kirkcudbrights: the Kirkcudbright of the flood, when the brimming waters besiege it on two sides, giving it a claim to Lord Cockburn's description, "The Venice of Scotland"—at

[1] Church of S. Cudbert, *i.e.*, S. Cuthbert: pronounced "Kirkóobry".

a high spring-tide, reinforced by a southerly wind, the waters will overflow the river-front and threaten the houses and shops in S. Cuthbert Street—and the Kirkcudbright of the ebb, when, to quote Lord Cockburn again, it looks like " a town surrounded by a lake of bird-lime ".

Lord Cockburn's description is so good so far as it goes that I must set it down here, for *Circuit Journeys* is not in every private library : " To-day I went to Tongueland Hill to have

S. Mary Street, Kirkcudbright.

another view of Kirkcudbright. I doubt if there be a more picturesque country town in Scotland. Small, clean, silent, and respectable, it seems (subject, however, to one enormous deduction) the type of a place to which decent characters and moderate purses would retire for quiet comfort. The deduction arises from the dismal swamps of deep, sleechy mud, by which it is nearly surrounded at low tide. It is a dreadful composition. And what fields, and streaks, and gullies of it ! The tide rises at an average about twenty or twenty-five feet, and often a great deal more—sometimes thirty-five. This great flow fills

up all the bays, making a brim-full sea for three miles above the town, and for six or eight below it. It is then a world of waters. But when the sea, ashamed of its advancement, shrinks back, what a change! It becomes a world of sleech. It is worse than even at Chepstow, where the abomination, though deeper, does not cover so extensive a surface. I believe that painters don't dislike this substance, which they don't require to touch. It is not unpicturesque, of a leaden grey colour, very shiny, in the sun even silvery in appearance; utterly solitary, except to flocks of long-billed and long red-legged sea birds, and to occasionally a heavy fisherman working at a stranded boat in huge boots; with its dull plains interspersed with odd streaks and pools of shallow water, it has hues and objects enough to afford subjects for many pictures. But, Lord, how horrible it is in real life! Think of being surrounded by a dirty substance, impossible to be touched, and most dangerous to be gone upon. A town surrounded by a lake of bird-lime!" I believe that the insistent antipathy of these remarks on the "sleech" is to be explained in part by a personal experience of it. A lifelong inhabitant of the burgh told me that Lord Cockburn had once been stranded on a mud-bank. Since it was "most dangerous to be gone upon", he had found it "horrible in real life" until the rising tide floated him off.

The older streets of the town are full of houses standing end to end with closes here and there that give glimpses of the gardens behind. They are plainly fashioned dwellings, but some have ornamental doorways, and most of them a little fanlight above the entrance. *The Selkirk Arms*, an old hotel abounding in antique sideboards and cupboards, has its front in High Street at the south-east end and is, therefore, close to the line of the vanished wall of the town. Behind the houses here are large gardens held formerly under a "watch and ward" superiority duty; that is, the due exacted from the tenants was that they should watch and defend the wall in time of alarms and danger. The due is represented now by small money payments, in one case by sixpence, the grand total of seven-and-six being collected every fifteen years. Beside *The Selkirk Arms* is the Old Bank House occupied in former days by the agent of the Bank of Scotland and now the residence of the sheriff. It gets an odd look from the slightly convex curves occurring on the front, where the principal windows are, as if these had hoped to be bow

windows and had received an untimely check in this aspiration. Paul Jones, who included that of a Freemason among his *rôles*, was present at the laying of the foundation of this house ; and at the other end of this part of High Street—the street has two parts at right angles to each other—is the old Tolbooth where he was once a prisoner. He had been arrested at the instance of the friends of a sailor whose death he was said to have caused in the West Indies. He was liberated on bail, and there is no record of further proceedings against him. His innocence was attested in an affidavit sworn at the Mansion House, London, on the 30th of January, 1773, by James Eastment, who stated that " Mungo Maxwell, in good health, came on board his vessel, the Barcelona packet, then lying in Great Rockley Bay, in the island of Tobago, about the middle of June, 1770, and in his capacity of carpenter. He was in perfect health for some days after he came on board, after which he was afflicted with fever and lowness of spirits. This continued for four or five days, when he died on the passage from Tobago to Antigua. He never heard Maxwell complain of having received any ill-usage from John Paul, and he believed that his death was occasioned by fever and lowness of spirits."

The beginning of the building of the Tolbooth is attributed to the end of the sixteenth century, and its completion to the middle of the seventeenth. The tower owes its pleasing effect largely to the projecting parapet. This is supported by small corbels connected by miniature arches. At each of the angles there is a pyramidal pinnacle. The little spire is said to have been built of stones brought from Dundrennan Abbey. The market cross of the burgh used to stand in High Street, but was removed in the last century to the platform at the head of the outside stair of the Tolbooth. It bears the date 1610. The old iron " jougs " that closed on the neck of the culprit who was condemned to be exhibited at the cross are now fixed to the north-west angle of the building. Of the two bells in the tower, the larger bears the legend—Soli deo Gloria Michael Byrgerhvys me Fecit Anno 1646, and the smaller, —Quirin de Visser me Fecit 1724 Kirkudbright.[1] The

[1] The Museum in S. Mary Street includes what is known as S. Ninian's Bell. Symson says in 1684, " There is at present a Bell at the Church of Penigham with this Inscription in Saxon letters *Campana Sancti Niniani de Penygham M.* dedicat as it

Plan of old Kirkcudbright.

A, Greyfriars Church; B, Kirkcudbright Castle; C, Auchengool House; D, Broughton House; E, The Tolbooth; F, Claverhouse's Lodging; G, Socket-stones of the "Muckle Yett."

(Reproduced from the *Inventory* with the permission of the Controller of His Majesty's Stationery Office.)

clock has two dials, each facing a section of High Street, and is lighted every evening at dusk, a cheerful detail in the nightly aspect of the town. One of the most haunting impressions of Kirkcudbright, indeed, is given by the old street with the illuminated clock-face overhung by the moon and the evening star.

Broughton House, near the north-east end of High Street, takes its name from the Broughton estate in The Shire. The site belonged at one time to the Murrays, who owned that estate and Cally near Gatehouse. Broughton House is larger than its neighbours, has a paved court and an iron railing in front, and is painted white, giving a very brilliant effect in sunshine. Two domestic buildings in High Street belong to the seventeenth century—Auchengool House, which is believed to have been the town house of the MacCullochs of Auchengool; and Claverhouse's Lodging, where the rooms in the upper storey are panelled from the floor to the ceiling.

In the course of the long history of Kirkcudbright there has been a succession of three castles that have arisen to overshadow humbler dwellings. The first was that of Fergus, Lord of Galloway, built on an island in Loch Fergus near the town. The loch has been drained, but the island remains as a mound. Nothing is known of the parentage and early life of Fergus. He emerges into history on succeeding to the lordship of the province on the death of two chiefs, Ulgric and Dovenald, who were killed at the Battle of the Standard in 1138. The province included Carrick at that time. Fergus was strong enough to assert his independence of the Scottish Crown. The mountains, the morasses, the trackless forests of his country, and the warlike spirit of his people enabled him to resist successfully two invading armies led by Malcolm the Fourth. A third

seems to Saint Ninian in the thousand year after the birth of Christ." According to the account given by the Museum authorities, the bell hung in the old church of Penninghame Parish for several centuries, and when the church was transferred to the growing town of Newton Stewart, was recast. It now bears the following words in large raised letters: "Kirk Bell of Penningham 1750" and the motto, "Awake thou that Sleepest and Christ Shall give thee Life". When the present church was built about 1838, it was provided with a new bell, and the old one was hung in the church which was erected at that time at Bargrennan. It was in use there for sixty years. It became cracked and was then placed in the Museum.

invasion on a more formidable scale, however, broke down his opposition. Forts were erected in Galloway—"most probably", says Dr. Neilson, "those Motes which are so curiously

The Tolbooth and High Street, Kirkcudbright.

important in the archæological remains of the south-west", and "the plantation of these forts was accompanied by the settlement of Anglo-Norman families, at once garrisons and

colonists." Fergus resigned the lordship in 1160, retired to Holyrood Abbey, and died in the following year. He married an illegitimate daughter of Henry of England, and is an ancestor of the British royal family. His liberality as a founder of churches and monasteries is comparable to that of David the First.

His daughter, Affrica, was married to Olaf, King of Man. His sons, Uchtred and Gilbert, divided his dominion between them in accordance with Celtic law. When William the Lion became a prisoner in England, they threw off their allegiance, made war on the Anglo-Norman garrisons in their midst and wrecked the forts, and the Gallovidians shewed their racial hatred by slaughtering "all the Englishmen and French" who fell into their hands.

A quarrel arose between the two lords in the same year. Uchtred was captured by his brother and died in consequence of monstrous mutilations inflicted upon him by Gilbert's orders. While the Scottish King was still a prisoner at Falaise, Gilbert sought to strengthen himself by becoming a vassal of Henry the Second, offering him an annual tribute, with a view to the ultimate assertion of absolute independence. His proposals were declined; and when William recovered his liberty, he invaded Galloway and punished Gilbert by exacting a fine. One of the articles of the Treaty of Falaise was that William and his nobles should do homage to the English King for the realm of Scotland, and accordingly Gilbert accompanied William to the English court in 1176, did homage to Henry without any reservation in favour of the King of Scotland, promised Henry the payment of a thousand pounds, and gave his son, Duncan, into his hands as a pledge for his good behaviour. Gilbert was now less dependent on the Scottish Crown than ever; his wild Celts made frequent raids into the more civilized country on the east of the Nith[1]; and for the rest of the period of his

[1] About 1259 "Galuvet", that is, "Gallovidian", was synonymous with "thief" in the usage of the people of Dumfries. An instance occurs in connexion with the inquest on the body of Adam, the miller. "They say that the above-named Richard and Adam *molendinarius* (the miller) met on Sunday next after the feast of S. Michael at the church of the said saint, and Adam in the cemetery there defamed Richard, calling him a thief, viz., 'Galuvet', and said that he would make Richard clear out of the town. It chanced on the following Thursday that Richard walked in the street, while

rule Galloway was a source of serious disturbance to the central government. Meanwhile, William was in the humiliating position of requiring to ask permission from a superior before taking punitive measures against the Lord of Galloway, and it suited Henry's policy that William's sway over some of his subjects should be of a nominal kind. The royal castles and burghs of Ayr, Lanark, and Dumfries were all founded in William's reign. The leading motive appears to have been that their sites were on or near the Celtic fringe.[1]

Gilbert died in 1185, and the lordship was claimed by Roland, Uchtred's son, who had spent the previous ten years at the Scottish court, had married the daughter of Richard de Moreville, the Hereditary Constable, and become "a Scoto-Norman more than a Galwegian". His title was upheld by the King; but Gilbert's son, Duncan, had a strong party in his favour, and the consequence was that Galloway was convulsed by a fierce war, in which Roland was victorious. Henry called him to order for his forcible seizure of the lordship and marched at the head of an army towards Galloway in support of Duncan.

When he had reached Carlisle, the King of Scotland intervened, and an arrangement was made at that city whereby Roland became Lord of Galloway, that is, of the area represented by The Stewartry of Kirkcudbright and Wigtonshire, while Carrick was handed over to Duncan as an earldom. A condition of this agreement was that Roland should swear fealty to the King of England. Roland became Constable of Scotland in right of his wife, the daughter of Richard Moreville. He is remembered as the founder of Glenluce Abbey. His death occurred in 1200.

Adam stood in the door of a house. A woman said to him 'Withdraw yourself; here is Richard'. Adam said, 'I will not; I have as sharp a knife as he', and then entered the house and drew a knife to disembowel Richard, who in defending himself drew a sword and struck Adam with the flat. Then Adam twisted (*circuivit*) his arm round the sword, and Richard snatching it away, wounded him mortally. Then Richard said, 'I have not killed thee; thou thyself didst it'. The barons jurors concur *in omnibus* with the burgesses jurors. They all say that Richard is faithful, but Adam was a thief and defamer."—Bain's *Calendar of Documents Relating to Scotland.*

[1] "Dumfries: Its Burghal Origin" by George Neilson, LL.D., in *The Transactions of the Dumfriesshire and Galloway Natural History and Antiquarian Society* (1913–14).

His eldest son, Alan, long known as Alan the Great, succeeded him as Lord of Galloway and Constable of Scotland. He assisted King John in his invasion of Ireland in 1211 and was rewarded with a valuable grant of lands in Antrim and elsewhere. He owned large estates in the counties of Northampton and Leicester, and was one of the great barons who extorted the *Magna Carta* from the sovereign. Later, he became Chancellor of the Kingdom of Scotland. He possessed a fleet and made several descents on the coasts of Ireland, The Isle of Man, and the Western Isles, enriching himself with plunder; and Olaf, King of Man, found it necessary to appeal to Haco, King of Norway, for protection. It is said that when Alan received news of this request, he pointed out that the sea was as navigable between Scotland and Norway as between Norway and Scotland and expressed the hope that he might prove that Norwegian harbours were as accessible as those of Galloway; but he did not live to carry out his threat. He died in 1234, the last in the male line of the Pictish Lords of Galloway, and was buried in Dundrennan Abbey. He left three daughters, who were all married to Anglo-Norman lords—Helena to Roger de Quenci, Earl of Winchester; Dervorgilla to John Baliol of Barnard Castle; and Christian to William de Fortibus, Earl of Albemarle. The Gallovidians resented the introduction of these alien lords, among whom Alan's territory thus fell to be divided, and requested that the lordship should be assumed by the Crown. When this was refused, they rebelled in support of Alan's illegitimate son, Thomas, and in vindication of the ancient Brehon law that no female could inherit land or exercise government. The rebellion was suppressed, and feudal institutions were introduced. In later centuries another line of Lords of Galloway were to prove a source of serious trouble to the Scottish Monarchy.

It is not known when the castle in Loch Fergus was superseded by the building that stood on the left bank of the Dee a little below the town. The site is called Castledykes. The fosse can still be seen; and the foundations of two circular towers with traces of a portcullis gateway between them were discovered in 1912, and also a fragment of circular walling on the west. According to the *Inventory*, the towers "have been of exceptional size, each measuring about thirty-five feet in diameter over walls of undetermined thickness." The

castle came into the hands of Dervorgilla's son, John Baliol, the successor of the Lords of Galloway, and was the residence of Edward the First during his stay in Kirkcudbright in the year 1300. It was a stronghold of the Douglases while they held the lordship, and had a visit from King James the Second when he broke their power in 1455. It was in this year that the town was made a royal burgh. The castle became Crown property and was a temporary residence of James the Fourth in 1508. In the following year that sovereign presented it along with some lands to the magistrates of the burgh for the common good of the inhabitants.

The third castle, that of the Maclellans or Lords Kirkcudbright, is within the town, and its walls remain almost intact. It was built by Sir Thomas Maclellan of Bombie, an estate lying on the east of the burgh. The escutcheon above the main door bears the date 1582. Sir Thomas died in 1597, and was buried in an aisle of the old parish church of Greyfriars. The monument above the vault is "an interesting example of the admixture of late Gothic work with the classical forms of the early Renaissance" and bears the following legend:

H DOMINUS SITUS EST T MCLELLANVS ET VXOR
D GRISSELL MAXWEL MARMOR VTRVMQVE TEGIT
HIS GENITVS R D KIRKCVDBRIVS ECCE SEPVLCHRVM
POSVIT HOC CHARI PATRIS HONORE SVI
ILLE OBIIT ANN DOM 1597[1]

His eldest son, Robert, was knighted by James the Sixth and made a baronet by Charles the First in 1629 and a peer in 1633 with the title of Lord Kirkcudbright. His nephew, Thomas, the second Lord Kirkcudbright, was prominently concerned in public affairs, supporting Presbyterianism against Episcopacy and the Monarchy against the Commonwealth. In 1640 he became colonel of the South Regiment, a cavalry force raised chiefly in Galloway and forming part of the army which the Earl of Leven led to victory over the English at Newburn. In 1644 he attended Parliament and succeeded the Earl of Nithsdale as Steward of Kirkcudbright. In the following year he distinguished himself at the Battle of Philiphaugh, where he commanded a regiment recruited in Galloway at his own

[1] "Here is laid Sir T. Maclellan and his wife Lady Grissel Maxwell. The marble covers them both. Their son Robert, Lord Kirkcudbright, behold, placed this tomb in honour of his beloved father. He died A.D. 1597."

expense. Parliament voted a sum of fifteen thousand merks—which was never paid—for distribution among his men in recognition of their conspicuous gallantry.

When he died in 1647, the succession passed to his cousin, John Maclellan of Borgue, who had similar political and ecclesiastical sympathies and ruined the family fortunes thereby.

The Maclellan Monument, Greyfriars Church.

He raised a regiment in Galloway and maintained it during the Civil War. He was one of the deputies sent from the Convention of Estates to negotiate with Oliver Cromwell at Berwick in 1648. After the execution of Charles the First and the proclamation of Charles the Second, his regiment, which had

been sent to oppose the troops of the English Parliament in Ireland, was nearly cut to pieces in an engagement in Ulster. His estates were unable to support the heavy burdens incurred, and the remnants of his fortune were dissipated through his opposition to the appointment of an Episcopal minister to the parish of Kirkcudbright in 1663. The only recognition of his services to the Royalist cause was a place in the retinue of Charles at the Restoration. He died in 1665. His successors did not restore the fortunes of the family. Its representative at the beginning of the eighteenth century kept an ale-house in Kirkcudbright, and a later head of the house sold gloves in Edinburgh, and when the Scottish Peers met to elect their representatives in the House of Lords, used to supply them with those articles. The title is now dormant.

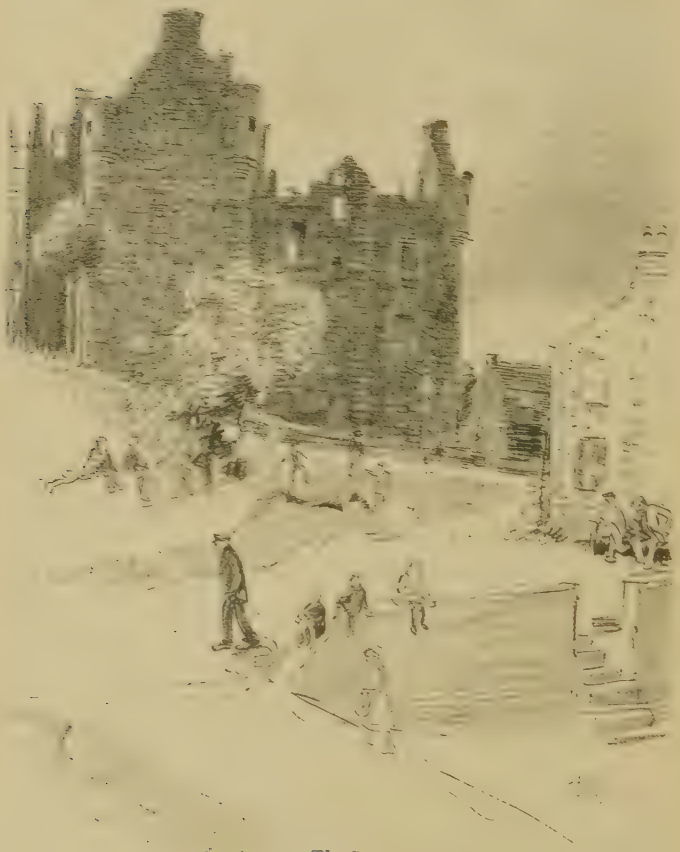
Besides old castles, houses, and municipal buildings, there is another class of memorials of the past in which Kirkcudbright is rich. Some of the martyrs' graves referred to in this book lie far from beaten tracks; but in S. Cuthbert's Churchyard there are two within a few hundred yards of a railway station. The story of the Covenanters who were surprised by Claverhouse and his dragoons on Auchencloy Hill is given in connexion with Carsphairn. The two men who were made prisoners in that affair were brought to Kirkcudbright, where after undergoing a trial they were hanged and beheaded. Their grave is at the east side of the churchyard, and the stone bears this epitaph:

WILLIAM HOUNTURE
ROBERT SMITH 1684

THIS MONUMENT SHALL SHEW POSTERITY
TWO HEADLES MARTYRES UNDER IT DOTH LY
BY BLOODY GRHAME WERE TAKEN AND SURPRISED
BROUGHT TO THIS TOUNE AND AFTERWARD WERE SAIZ'D
BY UNJUST LAW WERE SENTENCED TO DIE
THEM FIRST THEY HANG'D THEN HEADED CRUELY
CAPTANS DOUGLAS BRUCE GRHAME OF CLEVERHOUS
WERE THESE THAT CAUSED THEM BE HANDLED THUS
AND WHEN THEY WERE UNTO THE GIBBET COME
TO STOPE THEIR SPEECH THEY DID BEAT UP THE DRUM
AND ALL BECAUS THAT THEY WOULD NOT COMPLY
WITH INDULGENCE AND BLOODY PRELACIE
IN FACE OF CRUEL BRUCE DOUGLAS AND GRHAME
THEY DID MANTAINE THAT CHRIST WAS LORD SUPREAM
AND BOLDLY OUNED BOTH THE COVENANTS
AT KIRKCUDBRIGHT THUS ENDED THESE TWO SANTS

On the west side of the churchyard there is another martyr's grave, that of John Hallume, a youth of eighteen years. He

was walking along a road in the next parish of Tongland when he saw a party of dragoons at a little distance. Anxious to



The Castle, Kirkcudbright.

avoid them, he stepped aside from the road, but had been observed, was pursued and wounded, first with shot and then

with a sword-cut on the head, while as yet no question had been asked of him. He was taken to Kirkcudbright, where the Abjuration Oath was put. On his refusing to take it, an assize consisting of the soldiers was called, and he was condemned and executed. The epitaph covers the two sides of the stone:

HERE LYES IOHN
HALLUME WHO
WAS WOUNDED
IN HIS TAKEING
AND BY UNJUST
LAW SENTENCED
TO BE HANGED
ALL THIS DONE
BY CAPTANE

MEMENTO MORI
(Skull and
cross-bones)

DOUGLAS FOR
HIS ADHERENCE
TO SCOTLANDS
REFORMATION
COVENANTS NATION
ALL AND SOLEMN
LEAGUE 1685

Other monuments belonging to the seventeenth century are described fully in the *Inventory*. I shall merely give some of the inscriptions. A table stone not far from the south side of the churchyard bears the date, 1626, the carelessly-spelt words, HIC IACET ANDRES CARSANE MARCATOR VIVENS MORINS ET SESVRGENS IN CHIRTO, and the verses:

IN FAITH IN CHRIST I LIVED AND DIED
IN HOPE HAVE LAID MY BODE DOVN
MY SAVL IS ASCENDIT TO ADORE
HIR SAVIOVR IN CELESTIAL GLORE
WITH QVHOM SHE SAL CVM AND RECAL
THESE CORPS AGANE OVT OF THIR GRAVE
AND THEN INIOY TRIVMPHANTLIE
DEVINE DELIGHT PERPETVALI.

The elaborate Ewart monument near the entrance has the following legends:

WELCOM SOFT BED MY SWEIT REPOSE
AND SO FOR CHRIST FROM HENCE AROSE
WELCOM SWEIT SLEIP FROM THE I WAKE
OF ENDLES JOYES FOR TO PARTAKE
WELCOM FAIR NIGHT THY FAIREST MORRO
DRIVES FROM MINE EYES ETERNAL SORRO
WELCOM SOFT BED SWEIT SLEIP FAIR NIGHT TO ME
THRISE WELCOM CHRIST WHO HES SANCTIFIED YOW THR[1]

[1] These lines are attributed to Samuel Rutherford, minister of Anwoth.

I : E : OBIIT · 15 · KAL · FEB · AN · DOM · 1642 · ÆTAT · 24

IOAN HEWART KIRKCVB CONSVL
HOC STRVXIT MONVMENTVM[1]

1644 REPENT IN TYM YOVRE LIVES AMEND I E H E
THAT IN CHRIST IESVS YEA MAY END

MORS SVA SCEPTRA TENET TOTI COMMVNIA MVNDO
PROPERAT CVRSV VITA CITA TE. VIVE MEMOR LETHI.[2]

INCLVSVS LAPIDE HOC QVIESCIT EHEV
EHEV FLOS IVVENVM ANDREAS HAVARTUS
NVPER KIRKCVBRIÆ IVBAR CORVSCVM;
NVNC NOVAE SOLYMAE IVBAR CORVSCANS
QVOD MORTALE FVIT PATER SEPVLCHRO
HVIC DEDIT LACHRYMIS TERENS SENECTAM HIS
MOLE SVB HAC LAPIDVM IVVENEM TE MAESTVS HVMAVI
QVI ME DEBVERAS CONTVMVLASSE SENEM[3]

I GOE TO GRAVE AS TO MY BED TO SLEEP AND RYSE AGAIN
I LIVED IN CHRYST I DIED IN CHRYST I MVST NOT
HEIR REMANE

OVR TYME RVNNES FAST AS WE MAY SIE
WHICH BEING SPENT THEN MVST WE DIE

No professions or ascriptions of religious piety have been carved on the tombstone of William Marshall, the famous Galloway gypsy. It stands near the grave of John Hallume and has this unadorned announcement:

The Remains of
WILLIAM MARSHALL
Tinker, who died
28th Novr 1792
at the advanced age of
120 Years

Two ram's horns and two tablespoons crossed are carved on the other side.

[1] "John Hewart, Magistrate of Kirkcudbright, erected this monument."

[2] "Death holds his sceptre over the whole world alike. Life speeds thee swiftly on its course. Live mindful of death."

[3] "Shut in by this stone rests, alas! alas! the flower of the youths, Andrew Hewart, lately a bright star of Kirkcudbright, now a shining star of the New Jerusalem. What was mortal his father consigned to this tomb, wearing out his old age with these tears. Under this pile of stones I have buried in sorrow thee, a youth, who ought rather to have buried me, an old man."

"The Caird of Barullion" was the high-sounding *sobriquet* of this notorious—one might almost say, distinguished—member of his class. *Caird* means "gypsy", and "Barhullion"[1] is the name of a hill in a wild moorland country much haunted by the gang whom he led. "King of the Gypsies of the Western Lowlands" was the title he claimed, and "Billy Marshall" the more familiar nomenclature. "He was born in the parish of Kirkmichael about the year 1671;" says Sir Walter Scott in a note to *Guy Mannering*, "and as he died at Kirkcudbright, 23rd November, 1792, he must then have been in the one hundred and twentieth year of his age. It cannot be said that this unusually long lease of existence was noted by any peculiar excellence of conduct or habits of life. Willie had been pressed or enlisted in the army seven times; and had deserted as often; besides three times running away from the naval service. He had been seventeen times lawfully married; and besides such a reasonably large share of matrimonial comforts, was, after his hundredth year, the avowed father of four children by less legitimate affections." There was published in *Blackwood's Magazine* for August, 1817, a letter by Mr. James Murray MacCulloch of Ardwall, who wrote as "one of an old family in the Stewartry of Galloway with whom Billy was intimate for nearly a whole century". He states that "he visited regularly twice a year my great-grandfather, grandfather, and father, and partook, I daresay, of their hospitality, but he made a grateful and ample return; for during all the days of Billy's natural life . . . the *washings* could have been safely left out all night without anything from a sheet or a tablecloth down to a dishclout being in any danger". He adds that "for a great part of his long life he reigned with sovereign sway over a numerous and powerful gang of gypsey tinkers who took their range over Carrick in Ayrshire, the Carrick mountains, and over the stewartry and shire of Galloway; and now and then by way of improving themselves and seeing more of the world they crossed at Donaghadee and visited the counties of Down and Derry". In 1723 Billy attained a transitory prominence as a leader of the Levellers.[2]

Scott tells this story about him: "In his youth he occasionally took an evening walk on the highway with the purpose of assisting

[1] Gaelic *barr chuilean*, hill of the whelps.

[2] See page 507.

travellers by relieving them of the weight of their purses. On one occasion the Caird of Barullion robbed the Laird of Bargally at a place between Carsphairn and Dalmellington. His purpose was not achieved without a severe struggle, in which the Gipsy lost his bonnet, and was obliged to escape leaving it on the road. A respectable farmer happened to be the next passenger, and seeing the bonnet, alighted, took it up, and rather imprudently put it on his own head. At this instant, Bargally came up with some assistants, and recognising the bonnet, charged the farmer of Bantoberick with having robbed him, and took him into custody. There being some likeness between the parties, Bargally persisted in his charge, and though the respectability of the farmer's character was proved or admitted, his trial before the Circuit Court came on accordingly. The fatal bonnet lay on the table of the court: Bargally swore that it was the identical article worn by the man who robbed him; and he and others likewise deponed that they had found the accused on the spot where the crime was committed, with the bonnet on his head. The case looked gloomy for the prisoner, and the opinion of the judge seemed unfavourable. But there was a person in court who knew well both who did, and who did not, commit the crime. This was the Caird of Barullion, who, thrusting himself up to the bar, near the place where Bargally was standing, suddenly seized on the bonnet, put it on his head, and looking the Laird full in the face, asked him, with a voice which attracted the attention of the Court and crowded audience—'Look at me, sir, and tell me by the oath you have sworn—Am not *I* the man who robbed you between Carsphairn and Dalmellington?' Bargally replied in great astonishment, 'By Heaven! you are the very man.' 'You see what sort of memory this gentleman has,' said the voluntary pleader; 'he swears to the bonnet, whatever features are under it. If you yourself, my Lord, will put it on your head, he will be willing to swear that your Lordship was the party who robbed him between Carsphairn and Dalmellington!' The tenant of Bantoberick was unanimously acquitted, and thus Willie Marshal ingeniously contrived to save an innocent man from danger, without incurring any himself, since Bargally's evidence must have seemed to every one too fluctuating to be relied upon."

An old Kirkcudbright tradition relates to an alien belonging to a much earlier period, but also classed—inaccurately—as a

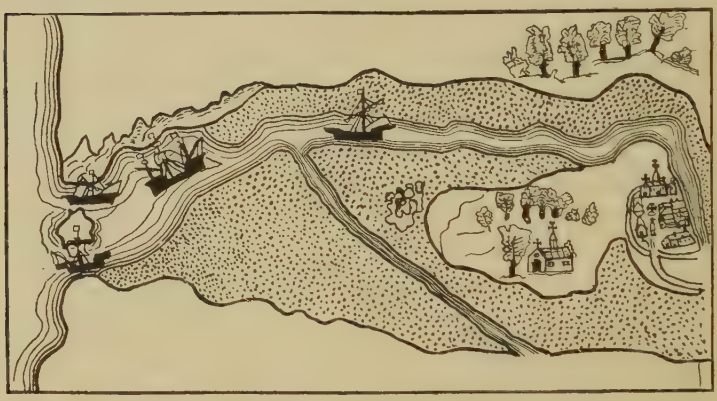
gypsy—a runaway from some vessel which had put in at The Manxman's Lake. He was called Blackimore, Black Morrow, or Black Murray, had his abode near the town in what is still known as the Black Morrow Wood, and used to cross the Dee in a small boat to the opposite coast of Borgue, where he committed many depredations. This obscure figure comes into connexion with the history of the Maclellan family in the way shewn as follows by Sir George Mackenzie, the seventeenth-century lawyer: A crest sometimes "represents some valiant Act done by the Bearer, thus *M'clelland* of *Bombie* did, and now the Lord *Kirkcudbright*, does bear a naked Arm, supporting on the point of a sword a *Mores* head; because *Bombie* being forfeited, his Son kill'd a *More*, who came in with some Sarazens to infest *Galloway;* to the Killer of whom the King had promised the Forfeiture of *Bombie;* and thereupon was restored to his Fathers land, as his Evidents yet testifie."[1] One would like to know what terror thrust this Saracen upon his hunted life on this northern coast, what he thought of its dank woods and heathy crags, how he prayed in his loneliness, and if a vision of burning sands came to him at the end.

The number of inscriptions in the churchyard telling of men "lost at sea" or dying in Colonial or foreign ports points to the old maritime importance of Kirkcudbright. Few, if any, recent epitaphs are of this class; but up till about 1830 Kirkcudbright was visited regularly by so many as sixty vessels, some of them bringing timber from distant ports such as those of Canada, Nova Scotia, and the Baltic Sea, and great raft-like accumulations of logs were then moored in the river. The shipping business has disappeared almost entirely since the coming of the railway and is represented now by a few steamers and schooners carrying foodstuffs from Glasgow and Liverpool. It is long also since *The Countess of Galloway* stopped her coasting voyages in these parts. The older inhabitants still speak of the long strings of carts that awaited her arrival and distributed her cargo all over The Stewartry, even to the remotest places of The Glenkens.

Not only honest shipping, but sometimes smuggling craft furrowed the water of the bay. Scott tells a story of the Dutch

[1] See Mr. David Macritchie's *Scottish Gypsies under the Stewarts* for an interesting discussion of the terms, *Moor*, *Saracen*, and *Gypsy* in connexion with this tradition.

skipper, Yawkins, the prototype of Dirk Hatteraick. "On one occasion he was landing his cargo at the Manxman's Lake near Kirkcudbright when two revenue cutters (the Pigmy and the Dwarf) hove in sight at once on different tacks, the one coming round by the Isles of Fleet, the other between the point of Raeberry and the Muckle Ross. The dauntless free-trader instantly weighed anchor and bore down right between the luggers, so close that he tossed his hat on the deck of the one and his wig on that of the other, hoisted a cask to his maintop



Kirkcudbright in 1566.

(The original drawing is in the British Museum. It illustrates a report by an English officer on the defences of the Western Marches. Block kindly lent by Mr. J. Robison.)

to show his occupation, and bore away under an extraordinary pressure of canvass without receiving injury."

Many more famous people than Captain Yawkins have sailed into or out of the bay. If Blind Harry is to be believed for once, it was at Kirkcudbright that Sir William Wallace embarked for France after the battle of Falkirk in 1298. Two years later an English fleet of thirty ships arrived here in support of Edward the First's invasion of Galloway, and the port was used for bringing in horses from Ireland and sending wheat to be ground at Dublin, Whitehaven, and Workington. In 1507 a Manx fleet under Thomas, Earl of Derby, raided the Galloway coast and nearly destroyed Kirkcudbright, whereupon Cutlar MacCulloch retaliated by raising a Galloway fleet and terrifying

the inhabitants of The Isle of Man by repeated descents. This was the port at which the Duke of Albany arrived from Brest in 1523 with "a fleet of eighty-seven small vessels and a force of four thousand foot, to which were added five hundred men at arms, a thousand hagbutteers, six hundred horse, of which one hundred were barbed, and a fine camp of artillery". Kirkcudbright might have been the scene in 1588 of a still more formidable landing. Lord Maxwell, the principal supporter of the Roman Catholic party in the south of Scotland, was in Spain when the Armada was being prepared, and advised Philip that the Galloway ports should be used. He arrived at Kirkcudbright in April, 1588, mustered his kinsmen and tenants, and fortified the royal castles of Lochmaben, Dumfries, Thrieve, and Langholm and his own stronghold of Caerlaverock, intending to co-operate with the Spanish forces; but his rising was suppressed long before the Armada was seen off the Lizard. In 1690 King William's fleet lay wind-bound here for many days. Kirkcudbright was considered seriously in connexion with at least one of the projected Jacobite invasions. In 1778, during the war with America, Captain Paul Jones, commanding *The Ranger* frigate, sailed into the bay with the intention of kidnapping the Earl of Selkirk, whose house stood on the peninsula called S. Mary's Isle near the town. The Earl was away from home; but the seamen declined to depart without some plunder. With Jones's authority, but much against his inclination, the silver plate was demanded from the Countess, who surrendered it at once. Jones bought it at a high valuation with a view to returning it to its owners; but it was not until 1784 that it actually reached their hands. The burgh records of Kirkcudbright contain little that bears on the general history of the country; but on working through them I found that in 1797, when the air was full of rumours of Napoleon's designs against Britain, a meeting of the town council was called to consider whether, in the then alarming state of the country, it might not be necessary to have one or more men stationed at or near the mouth of the harbour to keep a constant look-out and report on the appearance of any of the enemy's ships, and that it was decided to place men on the headlands at the mouth of the bay to watch the coast both day and night.

It was not only from the sea that Kirkcudbright was exposed to alarms and attacks. At least twice in its history it saw

an English army. Edward the First's invasion of 1300 has been referred to already. He entered Galloway on the 17th of July by way of Lochrutton and Hills Castle, where he spent a night, reached Kirkcudbright on the 19th, and remained here for ten days. The Gallovidians regarded him with favour as the patron of Thomas, the son of Alan; were impressed by the size and equipment of his army—one of the strongest ever led against Scotland; and did not seriously oppose his advance. It was otherwise in 1548, when an English force under Sir Thomas Carleton captured Dumfries and attacked Kirkcudbright, but met with such an effectual resistance that they had to retire and content themselves with lifting cattle, sheep, and horses. A force of "Galloway folks from beyond the Water of Dee" came upon the invaders and compelled them to leave the sheep behind. A little later, when Annandale and Nithsdale had come under the rule of the English, and The Stewartry was overrun by their troops, Kirkcudbright fell into their hands for a time.

There have been a few royal visitors who came on peaceful errands. James the Fourth, travelling to Whithorn, came this way in 1501 and 1509. James the Sixth was here in 1587 and presented the burgh with a small silver gun to be shot for by the Incorporated Trades "to encourage them in the use of fire-arms". This gun has been shot for in recent times on such important occasions as the Coronation of Edward the First and Seventh.

Some visitors have recorded their impressions of the burgh. Boece described it in 1526 as "ane rich toun and full of merchandise". Andrew Symson's description belongs to the latter half of the seventeenth century. "Kirkcudburgh", he says, "is the headburgh of the Stewartry being about twenty four miles from Dumfreis Westward, and about sixteen miles eastward from Vigton. It is a burgh royal, having a weekly mercat much frequented, together with some other annual faires. It is situated in a very pleasant place, in a flexure of the river of Dee, more than a large mile from the mouth of that river. It hath an excellent natural harbour, to which ships of a very great burthen may at full sea come, and ly safely from all stormes, just at the side of the Kirk wall."

An anonymous work entitled *A Journey through Scotland. In Familiar Letters from a Gentleman Here, to his Friend Abroad.*

Being the Third Volume, Which Compleats Great Britain. By the Author of The Journey thro' England was published in 1723. Bibliographers have traced the authorship to John Macky, a secret agent of the British Government in the Revolution period, who should be more widely known both in England and in Scotland if only for the excellence of his observations on the latter country, as where he says, "The Scots have made a greater Figure Abroad, than any other Nation in *Europe;* this hath been generally ascribed to the Barrenness of their Country, as not being able to maintain its Inhabitants: But this is a vulgar Error, for it's entirely owing to the Fineness of their Education. A Gentleman in *Scotland,* that hath Four or Five Sons, gives them equal Education. The eldest Son, though often not the finest Gentleman, succeeds to the Estate; and the others being bred above Trades, go to seek their Fortune in Foreign Countries, and are thereby lost to their own:" and "Since their Kings came to be Kings of *England,* they were always govern'd as a distant Province, under the Direction of a Secretary of State. Although they had Parliaments of their own, those were generally influenced by an *English* Ministry, till now, by the *Union,* they represent themselves in the Parliament of *Great Britain*: and yet the Number seems too few, for so numerous a Nobility, and so populous and large a Country."

Macky's account of Kirkcudbright is the fullest that has come down to us from any period before the end of the eighteenth century, when Heron wrote. He had sailed over from The Isle of Man. "I arriv'd here", he says, "on Saturday Night, at a good Inn; but the Room where I lay, I believe, had not been washed in a hundred Years. Next Day I expected, as in *England,* a piece of good Beef or a Pudding to Dinner; but my Landlord told me, that they never dress Dinner on a *Sunday,* so that I must either take up with Bread and Butter, a fresh Egg, or fast till after the Evening Sermon, when they never fail of a hot Supper. Certainly no Nation on Earth observes the Sabbath with that Strictness of Devotion and Resignation to the Will of God: They all pray in their Families before they go to Church, and between Sermons they fast; after Sermon every Body retires to his own Home, and reads some Book of Devotion till Supper, (which is generally very good on *Sundays*), after which they sing Psalms till they go

to Bed"—a picture suggesting an odd mixture of piety and the flesh-pots of Egypt.

Macky was struck with the situation of the town, "a perfect Amphitheatre, like the Town of *Trent* on the Confines of *Italy*, and like it not surrounded with high Mountains, but a rocky stony Crust, which in this Country they call Crags. . . . In the middle of this craggy Country lies this little Town, which consists of a tolerable Street, the Houses all built with Stone, but not at all after the Manner of *England;* even the Manners, Dress, and Countenance of the People, differ very much from the *English*. The common People wear all Bonnets instead of Hats; and though some of the Townsmen have Hats, they wear them only on *Sundays*, and extraordinary Occasions. There is nothing of the Gaiety of the *English*, but a sedate Gravity in every Face, without the Stiffness of the Spaniards: and I take this to be owing to their Praying and frequent long Graces, which gives their Looks a religious Cast." The Dee he thought "the prettiest navigable River" that he had seen in Britain.

Defoe, who wrote about the same time, says, "Though its Situation is extremely convenient for carrying on a very advantageous Commerce, we saw nothing but a Harbour without Ships, a Port without Trade, and a Fishery without Nets. This is owing partly to the Poverty, and partly to the Disposition, of the Inhabitants, who are indeed, a sober, grave, religious Sort of People, but have no Notion of acquiring Wealth by Trade; for they strictly obey the Scriptures in the very Letter of the Text, by *being content with such Things as they have*."

Robert Heron discourses on Kirkcudbright for about fourteen pages of his *Observations made in a Journey through the Western Counties of Scotland in the Autumn of* M.DCC.XCII, but does not provoke quotation. More interest attaches to the visits of his friend, Robert Burns, who was sometimes the guest of Lord Daer at S. Mary's Isle. Another poet, John Keats, made a walking tour through Galloway in July, 1818, and says in one of his letters, "Kirkcudbright County is very beautiful, very wild, with craggy hills, somewhat in the Westmoreland fashion. We have come down from Dumfries to the sea-coast part of it. . . . Yesterday was passed in Kirkcudbright, the country is very rich, very fine, and with a little of Devon."

The burgh records give more intimate glimpses of old-world

Kirkcudbright than the notes of travellers usually afford and shew the great variety of matters coming within the cognizance of the Town Council. For instance, a minute dated the last day of July, 1697, tells of the judgment passed by the magistrates and council on a highly unpopular character, Janet Corbie. The accusations brought against her were that she had been in the habit of abusing her neighbours with scandalous expressions, on account of which she had been fined more than once already; that her conduct in this respect shewed no signs of improvement; that she had been endeavouring to dissuade Elspeth MacEwen, then in prison as a witch, from confessing her crime and "said that people sinned their souls wha said she was a Wutch"; that she abused the Lord's Day constantly, stealing her neighbours' goods "sic as onyons and bowcale" (no doubt, when they were in church) and carrying her booty into the country, where she sold it; and that she was a person who lived by "pickery and steeling". Besides all this—not to condescend on too many particulars—there were "several other things" to confirm the opinion that Janet Corbie had been suffered to live in the place far too long and that her presence could be tolerated no more. The magistrates and council, therefore, ordained that the said Janet should remain in the Tolbooth until the following Monday morning at ten o'clock and then be taken forth by the officers and with tuck of drum be "transported over the Ferry-boat" and so expelled for all time coming from "the society or conversation of all guid Christians and indwellers in the place". Any person holding communication with her was to be liable to a fine of forty pounds.

The disturbers of the peace of Kirkcudbright were not confined to one class. The minutes describe how Lady Auchlane had come "in the dark cluds and silence of the nicht" to the house of Jean Kirk and taken away a pot which did not belong to her. She had given this pot to her son, the Laird of Auchlane, and he was put into prison until he should find caution for its restoration.

The town-clerk and several country gentlemen from S. Mary's Isle, Orroland, and other estates in the neighbourhood assaulted a messenger-at-arms on a market-day and paraded the streets with drawn swords, and when Bailie Meek, with much boldness, called on them to surrender themselves as

prisoners; "they all came in ane furious maner and did assasinat and fall upon the said bailyie by cutting and wounding his heid with drawn swords (some whereof was bruk upon his head) as also cutt the jaylour's heid and persewed the assistants with drawen swords."

David Corrie, a jailor, having been brought before the council to explain how a prisoner, Thomas Anderson, had been allowed to make his escape the previous night, met the situation with an air of bewildered innocence. He stated that Hellen Anderson, the prisoner's daughter, and two other persons had been in the jail (making a friendly call, apparently, on the prisoner); that he had gone to the jail at eight o'clock at night, locking the outer door behind him, and entered the place where the prisoner was, carrying two candles for Anderson's use. Anderson had lighted one of the candles, gone out of the prison into the court house along with his daughter, and shut the door behind him. Hellen Anderson had returned in less than two minutes without her father and, when she was asked where he was, answered that he was standing at the door. Thereupon, Corrie, awaking, it would seem, to a sense of his responsibility, had gone out immediately and found "nothing but darkness". As his eyes became accustomed to the gloom, however, he had perceived that the outer door was standing partly open and, going down, found a key in it, "with which he supposes the prisoner had opened the door and made his escape". This key he had secured with admirable promptitude and now produced declaring that he knew no more of the matter and adding that, when he had locked the outer door behind him, he had put the key into his pocket. The council compared the false key with the true and found that they corresponded exactly. A close inspection of the latter discovered "something like dried Clay" adhering to it, whence they concluded that the prisoner or his friends had had it in their hands and taken an impression on "some sort of paist". Considering the jailor's careless conduct, by which he had given the prisoner "full liberty to have made the Jaylor himself a prisoner and to use what freedom he pleased The Magistrates and Councell Do . . . Dismiss the Jaylor from his office and Declare him Incapable of any Trust in the Toun in time coming, without prejudice always to the Toun in sueing the Jaylor and his Cau[r] for what Damages they may Incurr by the prisoners Escape."

The prison is referred to in another minute containing a representation from the Deputy Steward that two smugglers, "Samuel Campbell and James Crosbie in Claycroft were Incarscerate within the Tolbooth . . . for the Crimes of violently Resisting and Assulting James Ramsay and other officers of Execise and Attacking them with fire Arms and other offensive Arms in order to preventing their Seizing a parcel of Uncustomed Goods or to Rescue them after they were Lawfully Seized", that these crimes are punishable with death, and that "the prison of this Burgh is altogether insufficient for the safe Keeping of any prisoners, especially those above mentioned incarscerate for the Crime of so high a Nature".

On the 26th of June, 1750, John Newall, being called before the council, accepted the office of executioner for the town and county of all corporal and capital punishments inflicted by the magistrates, sheriff, and justices of the peace. In particular, he became bound to execute the capital sentence on Henry Greig, *alias* John Wilson, on the approaching 6th of July. The page of the minutes-book registering the agreement is signed with Newall's initials witnessed by two of the bailies.

Greig belonged to a gang of gypsies or tinkers who had made themselves a general nuisance. On the 31st of May Henry Greig, Margaret Stewart, and Anne Gibson, a daughter of Billy Marshall, were imprisoned. Their agent admitted some of the charges brought against them and stated that "in order to save the Court from further trouble they were willing to subject themselves to transportation to any of His Majesty's plantations, never to return". The proposal was accepted in respect of the women; but there was to be no mercy for Greig, who was accordingly found guilty of "theft, robbery, and house-breaking" and condemned to be taken "from the Tolbooth of Kirkcudbright to the ordinary place of execution of the burgh and there between the hours of two and four o'clock of the afternoon to be hanged by the neck on a gibbet until he should be dead".

In 1726 a complaint was made to the council about the intolerable grievance caused to the merchant burgesses by the malpractices of itinerant merchants who were in the habit of selling their goods freely through the burgh, and it was enacted that in future no "forreign Pedlar Chapman Travelur Traffiquer

or Merchant" should expose his goods for sale except in the public market-place and at the lawful market hours.

In 1761 the magistrates and council took into consideration the great number of people in the burgh who sold ale, brandy, and other kinds of spirits "without keeping proper accommodation for either man or horse" and at the same time followed no other occupation. They regarded this as a great nuisance, since it tended to "discourage industry and promote idleness"; but to avoid rash measures for remedying the evil, they recommend "every member of the Councill to prepare and bring in his thoughts on this subject against next Councill day And also on the Nusance of people keeping cattle who have no visible way to subsist them". At the next meeting it was represented that many of those who sold ale had no other way to support themselves and their families, and the majority of the council were of the opinion that they could not well reduce the number of such people. It was considered that the retailers of spirits were a much greater nuisance. The council, therefore, "unanimously Enact Statute and ordain That whoever shall be convicted of Retailing of forreign Spirits, who are not duly Licenced for that purpose, and not prosecuted by the proper officers, shall upon such conviction before the Baillies of the Burrow at the instance of the pro^{r} fiscal or any Licenced dealer in Spirits be fined in terms of the act of parliament."

On the 2nd of June, 1768, the magistrates and council approve of the action of the provost in giving ten guineas in their name to "a fund to repair the high road from Rhoanhouse of Kelton by Tongland Bridge to Kirk of Twynholm so as to Join at both places to the Great Military Road from Sark to Portpatrick".

On the 2nd of November, 1789, "It being Represented That it is impossible to furnish the two Companies of Soldiers presently lying here with quarters without distressing the Inhabitants beyond what they can bear The Council request the Magistrates to write the Commander in Chief for Scotland desiring that he will remove one of the Companies within three weeks otherways after that period Billets will only be issued for one of the Companies."

The parish was greatly excited in 1761 by the appointment of Thomas Blacklock as its minister. Blacklock was a friend of Burns, who says in a well-known letter, "I had taken the last farewell of my few friends; my chest was on the road to

Greenock ; I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia, *The gloomy night is gathering fast,* when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition ". " This morning," says Dr. Samuel Johnson in a letter dated 1773, " I saw at breakfast Dr. Blacklock, the blind poet, who does not remember to have seen light, and is read to by a poor scholar in Latin, Greek, and French. He was originally a poor scholar himself. I looked on him with reverence." The parishioners of Kirkcudbright were unwilling to have a blind man as their minister, and opposed the settlement with all the vehemence that the Scottish people are wont to shew in their ecclesiastical affairs. Their anxiety was so great as to lead to a step which must surely have few parallels. The appointment was made by the Crown, and among other opposition measures the council, " encouraged by your Lordship's honour, piety, and tender regard for the welfare of the Christian Church ", appeal to the Bishop of London to use his influence in high places on their behalf. They state as the ground of their opposition that Mr. Blacklock is, by reason of his stone-blindness, " unfit in many, if not in all respects, for Discharging the most important of all dutys, That of a minister of Jesus Christ, in any parish at all, and more so in a Royal Burrow, to which a large parish is annexed. The extreamitys thereof are about five miles distant from the parish church and minister's residence and where there are about 1500 souls or thereabout." The ordination took place in 1762 ; but Blacklock found it advisable to arrange for the appointment of an ordained assistant within two or three years and retired to Edinburgh. Besides the works published during his life, he wrote a long lampoon on his leading opponents in Kirkcudbright. It was entitled *Pistapolis : An Hyperpindaric Ode with Notes by Scriblerus Redivivus. Written in* 1765. It was published *sub cura* Mr. Frank Miller in *The Scottish Historical Review* for January, 1907.

In consequence of Blacklock's settlement, the elders of the kirk were about " to cease acting as such ", and it was " more than probable that some of the Inhabitants of the Toun may not resort to Church for publick worship as formerly ". The council, therefore, requested the session-clerk and kirk-treasurer to keep the account-book and cash as heretofore and resolved that " one of them along with one of Mr. Garthshore's

elders[1] in the Toun shall attend at the east and west gates of the Church to Collect the poors money every day of publick worship and that every Munday they call at the houses of such Inhabitants as have not been at Church for their Charity to the poor ".

After these extracts from the musty folios of the town council records, it is pleasant to return to the open air and advise the reader about some little journeys in the neighbourhood. I strongly recommend the walk to Tongland by the path on the left side of the river. In about a mile it brings one opposite the house and woody grounds of Cumstoun.[2] Here the Tarff joins the Dee, and on the wide banks of sand and mud sea and land birds feed and fight, filling the air with screaming or plaintive notes. A patient watcher may behold here the grave and gay incidents of bird-life—an infuriated drake driving a flock of gulls away from his young family or a duckling falling a victim to the ravenous assault of a gull. At Tongland Bridge and for a mile upstream, the Dee is at its grandest, a deep, dark, foam-flecked flood between precipitous, thickly-wooded banks—the most impressive bit of river scenery in the whole of Galloway.

The Statistical Account of the parish of Tongland was written by the minister, the Rev. Dugald Stewart Williamson, a keen naturalist; and had not the exigencies of space forbidden, I should have quoted a good deal of the very readable pages in which he discourses on the missel-thrushes that built in the manse garden, the wagtails, the sheldrakes, the cuckoos, the rooks; on otters, salmon, and trout, and the ways in which they are taken. Of other beasts and birds seen in the neighbourhood he mentions the fox, the badger, the polecat, the weasel, the stoat, the bittern, the king-fisher, the heron, the cormorant, the curlew, the lapwing, the dorhawk, the corncrake, the tern, the white owl, the golden plover, the water-hen, the stock dove, the fieldfare, the starling, the golden-crested wren, the corn-bunting, the snow-bunting, the speckled diver, the long-tailed " titmouse ", the little grebe, the bullfinch, and all the kinds of game birds with the exception of the ptarmigan.[3]

[1] George Garthshore was Blacklock's predecessor as minister of the parish.

[2] The tradition that Alexander Montgomerie, the sixteenth-century poet, lived for a time at Cumstoun Castle, and that his poem, *The Cherrie and the Slae* refers to the river Dee lacks evidence.

[3] There is a collection of the local *fauna* in the Kirkcudbright Museum.

On the right bank of the river there are some remains of the Premonstratensian Abbey of Tongland founded by Fergus. The most famous person associated with it in later times was

The Dee at Tongland.

the Lombard, John Damian, who was Abbot in the reign of James the Fourth. He was a believer in the possibility of human flight, and fitting himself with wings made of birds' feathers,

tested his theory by launching himself from the battlements of Stirling Castle. He had the good fortune to fall on a dunghill and escaped with a broken thigh. His failure was satirized by William Dunbar in *The Fenziet Freir of Tungland*; but perhaps his spirit was joyfully aware of airships and airplanes patrolling the Galloway coast in 1915!

If I may lapse once more into personal impressions, I must record that the most delightful of all the journeys which I made around Kirkcudbright was to the old fort between the farmhouse of Drummore[1] and Torrs Point. It is very rarely that from a height above a sea-shore one can see so much of the land. The fort looks down upon all its immediate neighbourhood, and commands such an extent of country as I should have thought incredible from a cursory glance at the map. Down at my feet were The Manxman's Lake and the estuary with their wooded shores. Barstobrick Hill, which fills the sky-line as you look northwards from the town, was now sunk to a mere hummock in the middle distance. Filling the horizon throughout the huge semi-circle beginning with the Mull of Galloway and ending near Dumfries were series of blue and grey hills, some distant, but clear, and others just perceptible—Cairnharrow, Cairnsmore of Fleet, the hills north of Newton Stewart, Merrick and its neighbours, Cairnsmore of Carsphairn and the Cumnock Hills, Queensberry in Dumfriesshire, and Criffel near New Abbey—an immense prospect containing here and there groups of squares like those on a chess-board, but really great fields where men would soon be reaping corn; plantations contracted to the appearance of small shrubberies; brown patches the size of a finger-nail that were wide moors with scores of sheep; and streams like faint silver threads.

[1] Gaelic *druim mór*, great ridge.

The Murray Arms Hotel, Gatehouse-of-Fleet.

CHAPTER VIII

BORGUE AND GATEHOUSE-OF-FLEET

The old ferry at Kirkcudbright—The road to Borgue—Senwick Churchyard — The Frenchman's Rock — Borgue — The old church of Girthon—Gatehouse-of-Fleet—The Fleet canalized—The glen of Fleet—Castramont—Rusco Castle—Anwoth and Samuel Rutherford—Archbishop Ussher's visit—Mrs. Cousin's verses—Epitaphs on the Gordon monument—John Bell of Whiteside, the martyr—The old road to Creetown.

PEOPLE travelling on foot from Kirkcudbright to the parish of Borgue[1] crossed the Dee by a ferry-boat until 1868. Mr. Harper gives the following incidents of the ferry traffic in his *Rambles in Galloway*: "William Ireland of Barbey, steward-substitute of Kirkcudbright, was drowned when crossing in the ferry-boat in his carriage in 1845. Towards the end of the eighteenth century the Provost of the burgh of Kirkcudbright went in an afternoon into the parish of Twynholm, where he had a property. He returned after nightfall to the ferry on

[1] "Old Norse, Swedish, and Danish *borg*, Old English *burg*, *burh*, a fort, 'shelter place', a 'burgh'."—Johnston.

the Twynholm side of the river and hailed 'the boat.' The boatman answered by asking him if he had a horse. Carriages in those days were few and far between. He made the inquiry to guide him as to taking the 'big boat' or the 'wee boat.' Not liking the prospect of pulling the small boat, it might be, across an ebbing tide, *plus* a spate, for the small fare of a 'bawbee,' the boatman told the Provost (not recognised) to wait 'till he got a neebour.' The Provost did wait, 'nursing his wrath to keep it warm.' Another passenger having cast up, the Provost and he were taken over. On the Provost landing, he went direct to the burgh officer and ordered him to apprehend the boatman and put him into the Tolbooth, to which place the Provost went to see the boatman shut up. On this being done, he, on bended knee, implored the Provost to pardon and liberate him, whereupon his honour told the boatman to wait 'till he got a neebour'."

When the iron bridge spanning the Dee at the point where the ferry-boat used to cross was erected, a section of it was designed to swing back in order to allow of the passage of the ships that used to go up the stream to Tongland. It is scarcely ever opened now, however, and the wheels must be very rusty.

The way to Borgue appeals to the *connoisseur* in roads. If one were to make a list of the pleasantest roads in Galloway, this would be one. Running along the tree-clad bank of the estuary of the Dee and following closely the gentle windings of the shore, it keeps you ever between the dark wood and the shining water. The pity is that there is not more of it, for one could travel happily on it for a whole day.

Just at the point where it veers away from the estuary towards the village of Borgue there is the beginning of Senwick Wood. The wood holds close by the shore of Kirkcudbright Bay for a mile or two farther south, and in the midst of it is the churchyard of the old parish of Senwick[1] with some slight remains of the church and manse, all on a steep slope falling away to the edge of the bay and surrounded by tall trees. Here lie the dead of bygone centuries with few sounds heard about their resting-place save the whispering of the wind in the leaves and the washing of the water on the pebbly beach.

There is a rock in the bay called The Frenchman's Rock, and the name is connected with an incident in the history of

[1] Norse, *sand vik*, sandy bay.

Senwick Church. The tradition is that a gang of French pirates had landed here and carried off the silver plate. Guilty of both sacrilege and robbery, they met what was regarded as a just doom before they had sailed far from the scene of their crime. A storm arose, the ship struck on the rock, and all were drowned.

Borgue Church.

The parish of Senwick was merged in that of Borgue in 1618.

The road running southwards past Senwick Wood ends on the shore of Ross Bay under the slope of the Meikle Ross or "Great Headland". The cliffs fronting the sea on the south side of the promontory are very steep and are surmounted by some remains of ancient forts. The name of the Little Ross

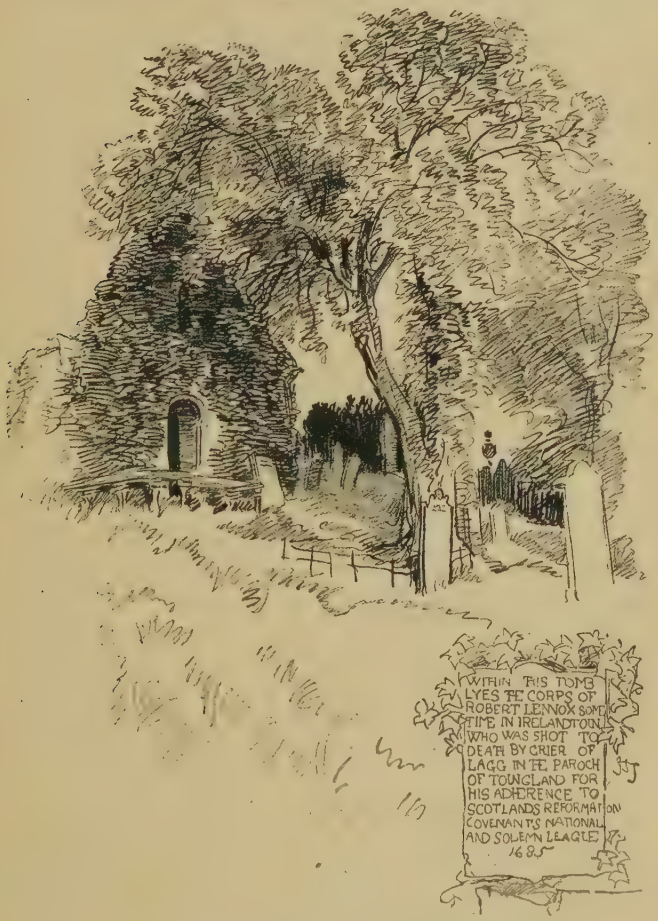
Island immediately to the east points to a time when it formed part of the mainland. In the early years of the nineteenth century it was possible to walk over to the island at low tide. The lighthouse was built by Thomas Stevenson, the father of Robert Louis.

It may be said of Borgue that no other parish in Galloway has so quiet a village for its centre. There is no hotel, nor is there a public house in the parish. In the middle of the village—if, indeed, one may speak of the middle of a place that ends before it has really begun—there is a "Coffee House". A cheap and clean lodging may be had here, and the range of beverages supplied is not confined strictly to coffee. Borgue is proud of its Academy, an institution founded by a native of the parish, Thomas Rainy, who left this country about the middle of the eighteenth century and made a fortune in the Island of Dominica; of its handsome church standing on a little hill—one of its ministers, the Rev. Samuel Smith, was the author of a well-known book, *A General View of the Agriculture of Galloway*, published in 1810; of its great wealth of flowers and famous honey; and although it is not mentioned by name, it is plainly the principal scene of Stevenson's *The Master of Ballantrae*. The village on the Carrick coast supplied the author of that romance with no more than a musical name. The story belongs to "Solwayside", and it was on "the Muckle Ross" that the excellent Mackellar once saw the smoke of a beacon fire.

Close to the Academy there is a monument erected in honour of William Nicholson, the author of *The Brownie of Blednoch* and other poems, who was born in this parish in 1783 and died in 1849. The poem on which his reputation chiefly rests will be quoted in a later chapter.[1] Nicholson was buried in the churchyard of Kirkandrews, about two miles west of Borgue village. There was formerly a separate parish of Kirkandrews; but in 1657 it became, like Senwick, a part of Borgue. In the same churchyard there is the grave of a martyr, "Robert M'Whae who was barbarously shot to death by Grier of Lagg in the Paroch of Tongland for his adherence to Scotlands Reformation Covenants National and Solemn League 1685". The stone bearing this inscription is not the original one, but a facsimile.

[1] See page 281.

As one goes north towards Gatehouse-of-Fleet, one sees on the right hand the remains of Plunton Castle, which is



Old Church of Girthon and a Covenanter's Tombstone.

said to be the scene of that dull work, *The Doom of Devorgoil*, and just before reaching the farm of Lennox Plunton on the

left, a gate opening upon a byway to the old church of Girthon Parish. The digression should be made if only for the pleasure of going along a road that is scarcely used at all.

Girthon[1] Church is very old and is classed as belonging to either the Norman or the First Pointed Period. It ceased to be used as a place of worship in 1817, when the present church was built in Gatehouse. Near the entrance is the grave of Robert Lennox, a Covenanter. The inscription, which runs as follows:

WITHIN THIS TOMB
LYES THE CORPS OF
ROBERT LENNOX SOME
TIME IN IRELANDTOUN
WHO WAS SHOT TO
DEATH BY GRIER OF
LAGG IN THE PAROCH
OF TOUNGLAND FOR
HIS ADHERENCE TO
SCOTLANDS REFORMATION
COVENANTS NATIONAL
AND SOLEMN LEAGUE
1685

is attributed to "Old Mortality". The lettering is smaller than in the case of the stone in Glentrool, but is in the same style.[2] At the end of the "Introduction" to *Old Mortality*, Scott gives a curious anecdote about the old man, who was working "in the churchyard of Girthon". The farmhouse of Girthon Kirk, just outside the churchyard, was formerly the manse, and was occupied at one time by the Rev. John MacNaught, in whose case Scott was concerned as an advocate in 1793.

There are one or two nooks in Gatehouse where an artist might sit down to compose a picture, little *culs-de-sac* at right angles to the streets; but it would be the splendour of the overshadowing trees rather than any beauty in the houses that would attract him. Apart from such corners, the village is of a deplorable dullness. The main street, perfectly straight and full of houses of an almost uniform plainness, does not harmonize with the noble curves of the great trees or with the gentle outlines of the hills. The secondary streets running

[1] "Icel. *garðr*, Middle English *garth*, *girth*, 'yard, garden', with suffixed Norse article."—Johnston.

[2] Mr. Thomson's drawing on page 119 shews the ligatures.

parallel with it are plainer still and dingy besides, for Gatehouse has been a place of factories, and the humbler dwelling-houses have been built after the manner of industrial towns. This, however, is all that can be said against the village: that it is a dull stone in a glorious setting.

The Angel Hotel [1] commends itself to me on account of its

Gatehouse-of-Fleet.

open view to the south-west. The windows of the upper storeys clear the roofs of the cottages on the same side of the street. Straight in front and at the distance of about a third of a mile,

[1] *The Murray Arms Hotel* boasts of a room in which Burns is said to have committed *Scots wha ha'e* to writing. The verses had been composed during a walk over the moors from Kenmure Castle.

there is the woody height where the walls of Cardiness Castle, a severe note amid the surrounding softness, overtop the trees. Below it on the left is the gleaming streak of the canalized Water of Fleet[1] with the little Fleet Bay beyond it and, farther off, the faint line of the Wigtonshire coast. A little more to the left, meadows and a stretch of woodland border the bay. This view is the subject of Mr. John Faed's[2] picture hanging in the town hall, with the difference that the artist has included the village in the foreground.

I strolled round one evening to the northern edge of the village and was confronted with another pleasing vision presented by the glen of Fleet. The river wound between banks shaggy with willows, elders, and young beech-trees, skirting meadows where cattle grazed. Running back towards the north was a soft fairyland of wooded hillsides, pastures dotted with single trees, and the shadowed sides of fir and larch plantations breaking the high moorland spaces and standing clear-cut against the cold light of the sky. Three or four miles away, the hills of Castramont and Culreoch stood full in the sunshine, while the details of the glen itself made a tangle of streaks and masses of shadow and of sunlit patches. The scene was full of the spirit of pastoral evening peace, and I should never visit Gatehouse without coming towards sunset to look at the "intermingled pomp of vale and hill."

The name of the village seems to mean the house on the *gait* or road. This certainly was the significance of the place in 1642, when the earliest known allusion occurs. "In that year," says Mr. Alexander Bryson, a diligent student of the history of the Gatehouse district, "a rebellion raged in Ireland, and the English Parliament, wishing to keep in closer touch with the army there, established a line of posts between Carlisle and Portpatrick. The local appointments were—'Andrew McMinn, from Dumfries to the Steps of Orr, twelve mile; Ninian Muir, betwix the Steps of Orr and Gatehouse-of-Fleet, twelf mile; George Bell, from thence to Pethhouse, eleven mile; John Baillie, from thence to the Kirk of Glenluce, thirteen mile; and John Kaig, from that to the Port.' These men were looked upon as the 'only ones fit for that employment, as being innkeepers and of approved honesty'." The next notice belongs to 1661,

[1] Icelandic *fljót*, a stream.

[2] The Faed family belong to the Gatehouse district.

when Richard Murray of Broughton procured an Act of Parliament enabling him to rebuild a bridge over the Fleet and to levy pontages to meet the cost and keep the structure in repair. "I claim", says Mr. Bryson, "that this bridge built by Richard Murray still stands and is probably that portion nearest the sea. This, the original bridge, was about eleven feet wide, which, with parapet walls off, would give a roadway of about nine feet. This would be ample at a time when no wheeled vehicles were in use for farm work. However, after a time it was found insufficient, and another bridge, five feet wide, was added. So we have now three bridges in one."

Gatehouse continued to be "the house on the road" long after Murray's bridge was built, and it was not until considerably more than a century later that there was much of a village here. Heron says that there were people living in 1792 who remembered the time when there was only one house. James Murray of Broughton and Cally, who built Cally House, was responsible for the uprising of Gatehouse as a place of cotton factories towards the end of the eighteenth century. When Heron made his journey through Galloway, he found the new industries attracting the people like a freshly discovered gold district. "The ploughman forsakes his plough, the schoolmaster lays down his birch, the tanner deserts his tan-pits, the apothecary turns from the composition of pills and the mixing of unguents; and all earnestly commence spinners of cotton-yarn or weavers of cotton-cloth." There were six cotton mills, a muslin factory, a soapery, a brewery, a tannery, a branch of the Paisley Bank, and, later, a shipbuilding and repairing yard. "The principal firms in cotton manufactures", says Mr. Bryson, "were Messrs. Birtwhistle and Messrs. Thomas Scott and Company, and it was the latter firm whose name and illustration of the mill appear on the trade token known as the Gatehouse halfpenny, a coin which holds the unique position of being the only trade token issued in the south-west of Scotland, the nearest approach being the Edinburgh halfpenny payable at Dumfries." The only factory in Gatehouse now is a bobbin mill.

Besides the erection of the grim buildings where the cotton, leather, soap, and other goods were made, the industries of Gatehouse led to two alterations in the neighbouring country. As the Fleet ran too low to drive the mills, a water-supply had to be obtained from Loch Whinyeon, three miles away. Its

effluent ran towards the Dee ; but the outlet was stopped, a tunnel cut through a hill, and the water conveyed by an aqueduct to the factories.

The story of the canalization of the Fleet given in *The Statistical Account* of Girthon Parish in 1844 by Dr. Alexander Murray, the author of *The Literary History of Galloway*, is interesting enough to be quoted : " In order to facilitate the navigation to Gatehouse, and to reclaim a considerable portion of land which at high water was covered by the sea, Mr. Murray of Broughton has constructed a canal which, besides gaining the two objects in question, has greatly shortened the distance between the Fleet Bay and the town. Of this canal, which was begun on the 17th of June, 1824, and opened on the 3rd of October following, the length is fourteen hundred yards. The cost was calculated by an eminent engineer at about £5000, and the time required for constructing it to be two summers. But Alexander Craig, Esq., then Mr. Murray's factor, whose ingenuity is well known, setting his local knowledge in opposition to the science of the engineer, cut a narrow trough along the centre of the projected line of the canal, and of nearly the depth to which it was to be excavated, into which he forced the water of the Fleet. The result corresponded with Mr. Craig's anticipations ; for, in the course of only two days, the river formed a channel for itself of the exact width and depth required ; and the total expense instead of being £5000, was greatly under the half of that sum—being only £2204 3s. 5d. ! Nor is this all : no repairs have since been necessary to maintain or secure the banks of the canal so rapidly and singularly formed. There is another remarkable circumstance in connection with the construction of this work. A rock on each side of its banks, directly opposite each other, and nearly level with the bottom, jutted out ; and on these rocks the pins of a swing bridge have been erected, which affords great convenience to the neighbourhood, and has enabled Mr. Murray to remove the parish road from his domain. Thirty-six acres intervened between the line of the canal and the bed of the river, of which fifteen belonged to Anwoth ; and the quantity of land reclaimed is no less than a hundred and seventy acres, now forming one of the most fertile and productive farms in Girthon."

On the Cally estate there are some remains of an old castle, including an arched fireplace ten feet wide and three deep in

the north gable; but there are no features to decide the date. There is also a well-preserved mote in a park about half a mile north-east of Cally House. When Lord Cockburn was here in 1839, he wrote, "The *place*, with its wood, its well-kept home ground, its varied surface, its distant, bounding hills, and its obvious extensive idea of a great and beautiful domain, is one of the finest in Scotland. As to the house—granite and marble though it be—and though its portico be designed by Papworth and admired by Playfair, I was disappointed", and he gave his reasons; but after another visit in 1844 he wrote, "I retract much of what I have formerly said of that house. It is not too small; and, indeed, being in just proportions, size is not very material. . . . On the whole, it is a beautiful portico; and Papworth's taste may be observed in all the internal details." On the earlier occasion he wished that he had "the two busts of Napoleon and Washington". He thought Gatehouse "clean and comfortable, but too visibly the village at the Great Man's Gate".

The northward view referred to earlier in this chapter left me doubting whether I should explore the glen or be content with the delicate beauty of that evening impression; but when a fine, sunny morning found me with no definite plans for the day, I yielded to the invitation of the tree-embowered road entering Gatehouse on the eastern side of the valley. After passing the Castramont woods and one or two farmhouses, it climbs up to the moors of the Little Water of Fleet and ends within a few miles. One has here, therefore, the real seclusion of the byway that stops, in contrast to the publicity of the highway, where every passing pedestrian, cyclist, and motorist reminds one of the openness of the road before and behind and of all the world's travelling and trafficking. For the former half, indeed, this is little more than a private approach to Castramont House, and then come three lonely, uphill, moorland miles and the end, where one lies down on the heather, surrounded by black moss-haggs and tiny rills tinkling among granite stones, while the air is tremulous with the cries of moorfowl and sheep.

The Latin look of the name, "Castramont", led some antiquarians to suppose that there had been a Roman camp here, and they thought that they had found one. MacKerlie, for instance, says, "That a Roman camp did exist at Castramont, or Castramen, is certain, and a very fine and large one it is

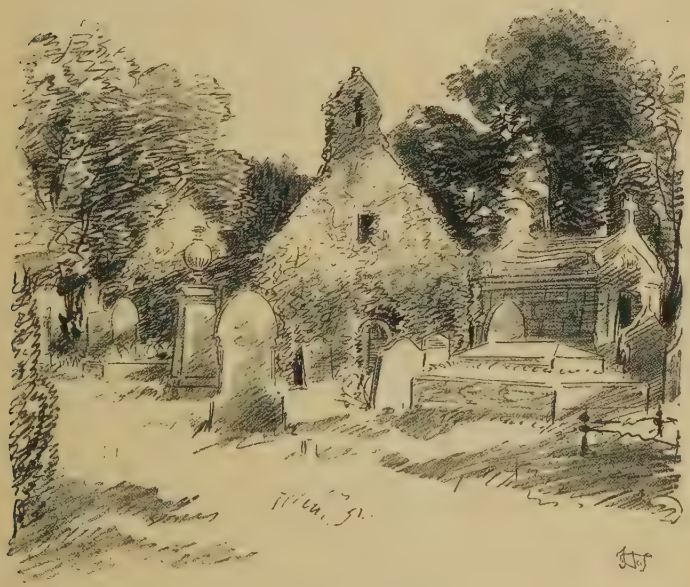
believed to have been ", and he proceeds to give its measurements, but Mr. Coles refers to " this so-called ' Roman camp ' ", and remarks that it " has been the fruitful source of much of that theorizing on matters of archæology which a generation back

Rusco Castle.

passed for scientific research ". It is only recently that the name has taken its present form. Sir Herbert Maxwell thinks that it may represent the Gaelic *cas tromain*, " the foot of the elder tree ". There appears to have been some kind of ancient fortification here ; but serious antiquarians hesitate to say

" how much of the appearance of the ground is due to it, and how much to the levelling when the present mansion-house was built ".

Rusco [1] Castle on the other side of the glen has some points of architectural interest. " The projecting parapet is supported by a double row of moulded corbels placed chequer-wise. On the exterior an unusual feature is to be seen in the splayed and weathered projections of stone over the lintels of the large win-



Old Church of Anwoth.

dows. Their purpose has obviously been to throw the rain off the walls at these points. The entrance doorway is somewhat unusual in form. The arch-head is almost straight, formed of joggled arch-stones and rounded at the angles. Above is a moulded panel containing two shields placed one over the other ; the upper shield bears the royal arms of Scotland carved in

[1] Gaelic *riasgach*, marshy land.

relief beneath a crown with supporters. . . . . [and] in the sinister corner a figure 'four' presented in the early Arabic form of numeral." The charge on the lower shield is almost entirely obliterated. The castle belonged to the Gordons of Lochinvar throughout the sixteenth and the earlier half of the seventeenth centuries.

I believe that a considerable number of visitors come to Gatehouse, and I am certain that I have seen advertisements of "apartments to let". It may be news to some of these visitors and to some readers of this book that there are travellers who halt at Gatehouse for no other reason than that it is near a little ruined church where a certain man exercised a Christian ministry nearly three hundred years ago. A footpath begins at the south-west end of the village, undulates over some scrubby heights, and brings you down within a mile into one of the quietest nooks in Galloway. The old church is so thickly covered with ivy that it does not stand out sharply from the neighbouring trees and background of green slopes, but suggests a humility and a reticence that are in keeping with its finest associations. It was not because the minister of Anwoth was previously Professor of Latin in Edinburgh University, nor afterwards Professor of Divinity in S. Andrew's, that he made Anwoth known to the world, but because whether he trod the lonely hill-tracks of Galloway on his pastoral errands or ministered in his sanctuary or, driven from his charge by Episcopal tyranny, lived in banishment at Aberdeen—

Quod Chebar et Patmos divinis vatibus olim
Huic fuerant sancto claustra Abredaea viro—

or sat a grave counsellor in the Westminster Assembly of Divines, or bore the many griefs of his private life, his spiritual affections were incandescent and provided the driving force for a mind the extraordinary keenness and erudition of which were revealed when it was brought to bear upon the theological disputations of the day.[1]

Narrowness of sympathy is often the penalty of intensity,

[1] "The discussion of Predestination by Samuel Rutherford . . . is justly famed as a masterpiece of profound thought, recondite learning, and metaphysical argumentation, not unworthy of Calvin and Beza themselves."—*The Theology of the Reformed Church in its Fundamental Principles* by William Hastie, D.D.

and it was so with Samuel Rutherford. His controversial methods are not admirable; but it was an age when men were willing to give their lives for some refinement of dogma or policy and it was thought that words ought to cut like swords. In *Lex Rex, a Dispute for the Just Prerogative of King and People*—a work which had the distinction of being burned by the common hangman—he expressed the best political convictions of his time.[1]

It is not for his controversial writings that he is remembered to-day, but for his letters and, in a less degree, his sermons. The former are a sort of spiritual *Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla*, expressing the ravishing joys of an intense mystical experience and revealing an apostolic eagerness for the welfare of his correspondents. His indulgence in erotic imagery when he is dealing with spiritual relations and affections offends modern minds that are in fundamental sympathy with him; in spite of their blemishes, however, the letters hold an enduring place in devotional literature.[2]

A pleasant story is told of a visit which Rutherford received from Archbishop Ussher, the prelate who was of so catholic a spirit as to assure the leaders of the Ulster Presbyterians that "it would break his heart if their successful ministry in Ulster were interrupted". He was travelling from England to his Irish diocese by way of the Galloway coast. Passing near Anwoth on a Saturday afternoon, he resolved to adopt the guise of a poor wayfarer and seek a lodging for the night at the manse. He was kindly received. In the evening Rutherford retired

[1] Livingstone says in his *Memorable Characteristics*, "It is reported that when King Charles the First saw it, he said that book would hardly ever get ane answer."

[2] "It is not easy to find any one in Church history with whom to compare this remarkable man (though I have sometimes thought of Bernard of Clairvaux), a man of power, I may say of genius, fresh, bold, penetrating, to whom no subject came amiss, teeming with intellectual energy, distinguished for his learning, but never cumbered by it, the greatest scholastic of our Presbyterian Church, and yet we are told, the plain and faithful teacher, the fieriest of Church leaders and the most devout of saints, equally at home among the tomes of Aquinas, and writing letters to a poor congregation. . . . He is one of our highest names. And it was not only his countrymen that thought thus of him; he was twice over invited to occupy a chair in the Low Countries."—*The Theology and Theologians of Scotland* by James Walker, D.D.

to his study to prepare for the services of the next day, and Mrs. Rutherford, following the custom of the household, gathered the family about her for the purpose of catechizing them on Christian doctrine. The lowly stranger was included in the circle. Mrs. Rutherford questioned him on the number of the Commandments. He answered that there were eleven. Later in the evening Mrs. Rutherford expressed to her husband her regret that their visitor was deplorably backward in religious knowledge, mentioning that he did not even know the number of the Commandments.

On the Sunday morning Rutherford rose early to go to pray in the church. He was surprised to find his guest already there [1] and to hear him praying aloud. From the tenor of the prayer it was plain that the stranger must have a cure of souls. When the suppliant rose from his knees, Rutherford assured him that he believed he was not the obscure traveller that he seemed. Ussher was not unwilling to make his real character known. He agreed to Rutherford's request that he should conduct the service in the church that day and used for once the Presbyterian form of worship. When he announced the text of his sermon, it was "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." This explained the stranger's heresy. "There", Rutherford whispered to his wife, "is the eleventh Commandment." The truth of this story has been doubted; but it has no inherent improbability.

The popular hymn beginning, "The sands of time are sinking", consists of a selection of verses from Mrs. Cousin's poem [2] based on the last words and other characteristic sayings of Rutherford. Some of the verses are not found in hymn-books on account of their unsuitability for common worship, but deserve quotation here.

[1] According to another version this meeting took place on a foot-path called Rutherford's Walk. The path ran among trees between the church and the old house known as Bush o' Bield, which Rutherford occupied. The house was removed in 1826.

[2] Anne Ross Cousin, *née* Cundell, was the wife of the Rev. William Cousin, minister of the Free Church, Melrose. "Her most popular hymn, 'The sands of time are sinking', was first published in *The Christian Treasury* for 1857, and gives its title to the collected edition of her poems published in 1876, as *Immanuel's Land and other Pieces by A. R. C.*"—*A Dictionary of Hymnology* edited by John Julian.

Oft in my sea-beat prison
My Lord and I held tryst;
For Anwoth was not Heaven,
E'en preaching was not Christ.
And aye my murkiest stormcloud
Was by a rainbow spanned,
Caught from the glory dwelling
In Immanuel's land.

But that He built a Heaven
Of His surpassing love,
A little new Jerusalem
Like to the one above:
"Lord, take me o'er the water,"
Had been my loud demand;
"Take me to love's own country,
Unto Immanuel's land."

But flow'rs need night's cool darkness,
The moonlight and the dew;
So Christ from one who loved Him
His shining oft withdrew:
And then for cause of absence
My troubled soul I scanned;
But glory, shadeless, shineth
In Immanuel's land.

The little birds of Anwoth,
I used to count them blest;
Now beside happier altars
I go to build my nest:
O'er these there broods no silence,
No graves around them stand;
For glory, deathless, dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

Fair Anwoth by the Solway,
To me thou still art dear!
E'en from the verge of Heaven
I drop for thee a tear.
Oh! if one soul from Anwoth
Meet me at God's right hand,
My Heaven will be two Heavens
In Immanuel's land.

The oblong monument near the east end of the church [1] bears the epitaphs of three members of the Gordon family. The first

[1] "There is preserved at Anwoth the bell of the parish church, which is a fine example of a small mediæval bell, probably of late fourteenth-century date. It is 10⅝ inches in diameter, and is

is that of Mariovne Mvre, Goodwife of Cvllindach, Depairted this life Anno 1612.

WALKING WITH GOD IN PVRITIE OF LIFE
IN CHRIST I DIED AND ENDIT AL MY STRYFE,
FOR IN MY SAVLE CHRIST HEIR DID DWEL BY GRACE.
NOW DWELIS MY SAVLE IN GLORIE OF HIS FACE.
THAIRFOIR MY BODIE SAL NOT HEIR REMAINE
BOT TO FUL GLORIE SVIRLIE RYSE AGAINE.

The second concerns Margrat Makclellane, Goodwife of Ardwel, Depairted this Life 2 Apprile 162–, Aetatis Sva 31.

DVMBE SENSLES STATVE OF SOME PAINTED STONES
WHAT MEANES THY BOAST THY CAPTIVE IS BOT CLAY
THOW GAINES NOTHING BOT SOME FEW LIFLES BONES
HIR CHOYSEST PAIRT HIR SOVLE TRIVMPHIS FOR AY.
THEN GAZENG FREINDIS DO NOT HIR DEATH DEPLORE,
ZOW LOSE A WHILE, SCHE GAINES FOR EWERMORE.

The third relates to Christen Makcaddam, Lady Cardynes, Depairted 16 ivny 1628 Aetatis Svae 33.

ZE GAIZERS ON THIS TROPHEE OF A TOMBE
SEND OVT ONE GRONE FOR WANT OF HIR WHOIS LYFE
TWYSE BORNE ON EARTH AND NOW IS IN EARTHIS WOMBE
LIVED LONG A VIRGINE NOW A SPOILES WIFE.
CHVRCH KEEPIS HIR GODLIE LIFE THIS TOMBE HIR CORPS
AND EARTH HIR FAMOVS NAME.
WHO THEN DOES LOSE HIR HVSBAND NO SINCE HEAVEN
HIR SAVLE DOES GAINE.

In the churchyard, near the south-west corner of the church, is the grave of John Bell, the proprietor of Whiteside in Anwoth, who suffered many things for the Covenant. He was a hunted fugitive for several years and had several narrow escapes from his persecutors. At last in February, 1685, Grierson of Lagg learned that he was hiding on Kirkconnel Moor with four other Covenanters and came upon him with a troop of horse. Promise of quarter was given, the fugitives surrendered, and

inscribed on the shoulder † M (crown) A (crown) R (crown) I : A."—The *Inventory*. The church was built in 1627; but a cross-slab unearthed in the churchyard about twenty years ago and now placed close to the interior of the north wall suggests that the site is one of considerable antiquity.

were immediately shot. The inscription on the stone runs thus:

OF WHITESYDE WHO WAS BARBOUROUSLY SHOT TO
HERE LYES JOHN BELL
THIS MONUMENT SHALL TELL POSTERITY
THAT BLESSED BELL OF WHITESYDE HERE DOTH LY.
WHO AT COMMAND OF BLOODY LAG WAS SHOT,
A MURTHER STRANGE WHICH SHOULD NOT BE FORGOT.
DOUGLAS OF MORTON DID HIM QUARTERS GIVE,
YET CRUEL LAG WOULD NOT LET HIM SURVIVE
THIS MARTYRE SOUGHT SOME TIME TO RECOMEND,
HIS SOUL TO GOD BEFOR HIS DAYES DID END.
THE TYRRANT SAID WHAT DEV'L YE'VE PRAY'D ENOUGH
THIS LONG SEVEN YEARE ON MOUNTANS AND IN CLEUGH
SO INSTANTLY CAUS'D HIM WITH OTHER FOUR,
BE SHOT TO DEATH UPON KIRCONNEL MOOR.
SO THUS DID END THE LIVES OF THESE DEARE SANTS
FOR THERE ADHERENCE TO THE COVENANTS.
DEATH IN THE PAROCH
OF TONGLAND AT THE COMMAND OF GRIER OF LAG ANNO 1685

Anyone who is curious to see by what sort of route people travelled through Galloway in the eighteenth century ought to go from Anwoth to Creetown by the Corse o' Slakes.[1] The road climbs up steeply to high, open moors and follows in parts the line of the old military road constructed about 1760. Before that time the road through Galloway was almost impassable for carriages. The reform is said to be due to the first Marquess of Downshire, who "being on his way from Ireland to London, was overtaken on the Corse of Slakes by a storm, when he and those who were with him, owing to the badness of the road, found it impossible to proceed and had to remain in their carriages during the night. When he reached London, he stated the circumstance to the Government, who sent military parties from various quarters to make a new road. In 1800 the line of this road was changed in many places, and the road itself much improved."

Bishop Pococke, who visited Galloway in 1760, says that after reaching "Ferrytown," that is, Creetown, "we turned to the east and came among disagreeable mountains, travelled over a hill to a vale, and over two more to that pleasant romantic country through which the river Flete runs into the bay, and came to the inn called Gatehouse of Flete."

[1] The crossing of the dells.

CHAPTER IX

FROM GATEHOUSE-OF-FLEET TO NEWTON STEWART

The road—Ardwall—The wicked Laird of Cardiness—*The Beech Tree's Petition*—Early records of the MacCullochs—Sir Alexander MacCulloch of Myrton—Sir Godfrey MacCulloch—Younger sons—The country of *Guy Mannering*—Dirk Hatteraick's Cave—How to find it—Cassencarie—Antiquities in the parishes of Anwoth and Kirkmabreck.

SOME time ago a distinguished writer entered a plea for "an austere regimen in scenery" as being "healthful and strengthening to the taste". In such a landscape as will provide this regimen it may be said that there will be no striking stage effects and no garden-like prettiness. Rather will the scenery be of the rugged, spacious order of the upland parts of the south-western counties. In the rocky, ice-worn, treeless heights of Galloway; in its brown, swelling moorlands drained by deep, narrow, ink-black, unkindly-looking burns; in its wide, barren glens with tempestuous streams swirling and breaking among their multitudinous granite boulders, may be found a fine tonic prescription for the jaded *connoisseur* in landscape. No more austere kind of scenery, indeed, than that of the Galloway Highlands could well be conceived, unless it be the deserts of Turkestan, or the icefields of the Antarctic.

This grim background gives an especial piquancy to the more gracious scenery of the Stewartry coast-lands—the transition is so sharp. Between New Galloway station and Creetown the railway crosses one of the most desert tracts of moorland in Scotland, and I have seen travellers to whom such scenery is distasteful shudder at the recollection. A little more than half-way along this section of the line is the station for Gatehouse-of-Fleet, a mere alighting-place for passengers. There is no vestige

of a village here, nothing but surrounding miles of moor and bog and granite crags. It is from this point that the transition just referred to is made most abruptly, for a swift descent of about six miles down the valley of the Water of Fleet brings one into the midst of the pastoral and woodland prettiness of the Gatehouse neighbourhood.

Here one comes upon the magnificent coast road connecting Gatehouse with Newton Stewart. Sir Herbert Maxwell has told of a cycling friend who rode from London to Monreith, and held that the section of the road from Dumfries onwards was the best in the whole route. The scenic attractions of the part between Gatehouse and Newton Stewart are also great. The wooded heights on the right; on the left, the wide prospects across Fleet Bay to the Isles of Fleet, and across Wigton Bay to the coast of The Machars, or, farther still, to The Isle of Man; the striking rock scenery at Ravenshall; the cave of the smuggler, Dirk Hatteraick, near the foot of the Kirkdale[1] Glen; here a closely wooded tract where, through the leafy veil on the left, one can just detect the shimmering waters of the Solway; there another opener stretch presenting one again with a broad vista; the ruined castles of Cardiness, Barholm, and Carsluith, with their old-world stories, in turn engage and divert the mind and eye.

Within a mile and a half of Gatehouse the road passes the grounds of the Ardwall estate. The intervening part of the way is shaded by many great old trees, especially where it skirts the high knoll crowned by the castle of Cardiness. At this point one catches a glimpse through the trees around Ardwall of its pale yellow rough-cast front, its gleaming windows and steep roof, and with another bend one has reached the lodge and the beginning of the short avenue.

Perhaps there is no other house in Galloway so delightful as Ardwall; certainly there is none more delightfully situated. Standing among trees on a little plateau from which the ground slopes away on three sides, it has on the remaining one a dense tract of woodland screening the house from the road. In his essay on *The Ideal House*, Stevenson, who has been quoted already at the beginning of this chapter, has postulated that "the house must be within hail of either a little river or the

[1] Pronounced "Kirdle"; Norse for "valley with the church." "Glen" is tautologous. Kirkdale was formerly a parish.

sea". Here you have both; for the little river of Fleet and the Skyre Burn[1] are near, and from the garden you could throw a stone over the wall into the salt water of Fleet Bay. Another amenity of Ardwall is the unusual proximity of sea and woodland. Immense trees grow right down to the top of the beach, and at a high tide their branches almost overhang the waves. The pungent odours of the sea contend with the delicate scents of the forest, and the cooing of wood-pigeons is interrupted by sea-birds' cries.

The house was built of whinstone quarried from the beach. The walls are rough-cast, and the windows and corners faced with freestone. The old part, dating from the Georgian period, is flanked by modern wings, adding dignity and grace to the original structure. Ascending a long flight of whinstone steps leading above the level of the basement, one looks into the hall, and is confronted by two narrow, graceful archways, with a stair rising to the upper storeys from that on the left, and a second stair leading down to the basement from the other. An old-fashioned feature of the former stair is that, where it takes a bend half-way up, the separate under sides of the steps become visible through the right arch. A very old clock is enclosed in the column between the archways, with its dial between the capital and the cornice of the hall.

The front windows command a view of a great park where stalwart trees stand at intervals. Through a break in the foliage may be seen at a little distance the severe outline of the tall ruin of Cardiness Castle, softened usually, and made mysterious-looking, by the haze from the sea. Out of the south window one looks across a greensward to such towering masses of foliage as shut out the whole landscape in that direction. But, as Stevenson said, "a great prospect is desirable", and among its many attractions Ardwall has this. By ascending to the attic storey one rises above the level of the surrounding tree-tops, and can look down the Bay of Fleet, and past the Isles of Fleet and the irregular coast of the parish of Borgue, into the wide, dim distances of the shining Solway. The isles may be reached by riding over the sands when the tide is out. Ardwall Isle has some excavations—Norse graves originally,

[1] Burn of the cliff. "A Skyreburn warning" is a proverbial phrase occasioned by the suddenness with which the burn comes down in flood.

it is believed, but used later by smugglers for concealing contraband.

The story of how Cardiness came into the hands of the Mac-

Cardiness Castle.

Cullochs is related thus in *The Hereditary Sheriffs*: "A Border ruffian, having built up his house by violence and rapine, took to

himself a wife to perpetuate his name. His spouse presented him with nine daughters in succession, each new comer more unwelcome than the last. After a long pause his wife was again as ladies like to be who love their lords. Just before her lying-in, he burst into her bower and brutally declared that, unless she produced a son, he would drown her and her whole progeny in the Black Loch. So capable was he thought of acting on his threat that great was the joy of the whole countryside, as of the old rascal himself, when a boy was actually born. It was midwinter, and the laird, in jovial mood, ordered a feast to be prepared on the frozen surface of the loch. The neighbours were bidden, and on a bright Sunday they and his household assembled on the ice, the lady and her precious babe being carried thither. The glass went merrily round, fun was at its highest, when suddenly the ice collapsed; wife, son, and the whole bevy of daughters save one, who was ill and had been left at home, sank fathom deep in the dark waters, the devil claiming the wicked laird as his own.

"The little heiress, on growing to womanhood, gave her hand to a MacCulloch, carrying to that family the lands and tower, which thenceforth had the name of Cardoness, 'the castle of ill-luck.'"

Until recently there stood in the park a famous tree. Its threatened destruction in 1800 led to the writing of Thomas Campbell's lines, *The Beech Tree's Petition*,[1] often confused, by the way, with Southey's verses beginning, "Oh! woodman, spare that tree". "The Poet's Beech" grew in what was then the Ardwall garden. On account of the hurtful effect of the wide-spreading branches the gardener sought permission from Mr. MacCulloch to cut it down, and this was granted. A few days later, however, a party of visitors, including Miss Campbell, sister of the poet, were being taken through the garden, when, on their remarking upon the beauty of the beech tree, Mr. MacCulloch told them that it was about to be removed. They remonstrated upon this drastic measure, and Miss Campbell promptly sent her brother an account of the tree, informing him of its imminent fate, and invoking the aid of his eloquence on its behalf. In response to this appeal Campbell wrote

[1] The Oxford edition of Campbell's works mistakenly indicates that Ardwall is in Dumfriesshire.

THE BEECH TREE'S PETITION.

Oh ! leave this barren spot to me !
Spare, woodman, spare the Beechen Tree !
Though bush or flow'ret never grow
My dark, unwarming shade below,
Nor summer bud perfume the dew
Of rosy blush, or yellow hue—
Nor fruits of autumn blossom-born,
My green and glassy leaves adorn—
Nor murm'ring tribes from me derive
Th' ambrosial amber of the hive—
Yet leave this barren spot to me ;
Spare, woodman, spare the Beechen Tree.

Thrice twenty summers I have seen
The sky grow bright, the forest green ;
And many a wintry wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood, in my rustling bower,
First spent its sweet and sportive hour ;
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture made—
And on my trunk's surviving frame,
Carv'd many a long-forgotten name.
Oh ! by the sighs of gentle sound
First breathed upon this sacred ground—
By all that love hath whisper'd here,
Or beauty heard with ravished ear,
As love's own altar honour me—
Spare, woodman, spare the Beechen Tree.

It was decided ultimately that the garden, instead of the tree, should be removed, and it has occupied since then a site a little farther to the south.

Copies of Campbell's verses were printed at the time for private circulation, with a note by Mr. MacCulloch narrating the circumstances of their inspiration, and concluding with the following injunction : " Although the tree cannot be so lasting as the fame of him who composed its poetic, pathetic, and beautiful prayer, nevertheless the present owner hereby fervently solicits his successors to let their tenderness and taste be marked by giving a life-rent lease to this magnificent plant ; or to spare this little spot until the ruthless hand of time, which spareth not either *man* or *things*, may terminate the existence of the ' Beechen Tree.' "

Thereafter the tree had never been threatened with the axe,

but it has been laid low at last by " the ruthless hand of time ". Signs of decay had appeared recently—the tree was about a hundred and seventy years old—and the moderate gale of the 12th of November, 1909, was sufficient to blow it down. The trunk was only fourteen feet high, but above it the tree divided into " many large and fairly equal-sized branches bearing a vast crown of smaller branches and twigs ". At the height of four and one-third feet from the ground the girth of the trunk was fourteen feet and six inches. There will be general agreement in the opinion that it is better that it should have been " blown down than remain a decayed trunk, for in view of ' The Petition ' it would never have been cut down even when dead, and a dead tree is a melancholy sight ".

Another accident was the cause of the curious shape of an enormous fir-tree standing on one side of the avenue. The top was blown off in 1839. The tree then put forth a great shoot on either hand. The girth of the shoots is little less than that of the trunk itself, and, as they sought and presently achieved the perpendicular direction, the shape of the tree resembles closely that of a chandelier.

The early records of the MacCullochs, who are represented by Lady Ardwall, are, as in the case of all of the very old families, slight and intermittent, but give evidence of a spirited, warlike, and sometimes unscrupulous race. Tradition states what is equally beyond proof and disproof, that they are descended from Ulgric, a Galloway lord, who fell at the Battle of the Standard in 1138. During the War of Independence they are found siding with the English king. In this, of course, they were with the rest of the Galloway families, among whom Bruce was unpopular on account of the murder of the Red Comyn.

Cardiness Castle seems to have been built about 1450 by Gilbert MacCulloch, who was succeeded by James, his son. James was outlawed in 1471, no doubt for sufficient reasons, if his earlier deeds were in keeping with his later record. In 1480, for instance, the Court ordered him, as the result of a suit brought against him by the Vicar of Cally, " to pay six cwt. of bere (barley) of the measure of Galloway for his wrongous occupation of the lands of Marybute and Marytown, and [the finding] to be published because it stood as a redding of the marches "; and again, three years later, Agnes Spot was

successful in a lawsuit against him " for the wrongous occupation of the lands of Kirkcok ".

Ninian MacCulloch, the next of kin to James, seems to have been of a similar disposition. After James's death it appeared to him a poor thing that a widow should hold her lawful share of the property, and in consequence of his acts of spoliation and violence he was made to compound to Elizabeth Lennox in 1508 for " reiving from her 1,500 sows, wedders, and younger sheep, for taking rents which were by right due to her, and for breaking in her barn doors ".

Sir Alexander MacCulloch of Myrton, who received the wardship of Cardiness during the minority of Thomas, the son of Ninian, was a more pleasantly distinguished member of the clan. He was a friend of James the Fourth, and in 1505 held the office of Keeper of the Palace at Linlithgow. He was custodian also of the King's falcons, made journeys to Orkney for the purpose of getting hawks for the royal falconry, and received moneys from the Exchequer for the expenses thus incurred. The King visited him at Myrton when on a journey to the shrine of S. Ninian at Whithorn, and, in recognition of the hospitality then received, created Myrton a barony. Sir Alexander, however, appears also in another character than that of the valued official and friend of the king; for, " having a feud with the Adairs of Garthland, he attacked them and starved them into submission at Dunskey Castle, and later in the same year he fell upon his clansman, MacCulloch of Ardwell (Wigtonshire), and drove him from his own house, which he gutted, plundered, and then burnt." For these doings he obtained, with perhaps little difficulty, the royal pardon. He fell at his sovereign's side at Flodden.

The old line of the MacCullochs ended with Sir Godfrey, who was executed in 1697. The estates had been mismanaged before his day and were heavily encumbered, Cardiness Castle had passed into the hands of the Gordons early in the century, and Sir Godfrey succeeded to " little more than a few doubtful rights ". There was an old feud between the Gordons and the MacCullochs, and it was this that led to his ruin. He went on a certain day in the autumn of 1690 to Bush o' Bield, the residence of William Gordon, to secure the release of some cattle that had been impounded. He sent a servant to the house to ask Gordon to speak with one who had business with him. When Gordon

appeared at the door with a gun in his hand, Sir Godfrey fired at him, breaking his thigh-bone and inflicting other wounds, whereof he died in a few hours. When Sir Godfrey learned that the shot had been fatal, he fled abroad, making his home in England. After six years he ventured to return to Scotland, and one Sunday he was in a church in Edinburgh. A man from Galloway recognized him and shouted, "Steik the door; there's a murderer in the house!" Sir Godfrey was arrested, tried, and condemned to be beheaded. He was the last criminal to be executed by means of The Maiden, an instrument which may be seen in the Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh.

An old tradition records a variant version of Sir Godfrey's end. He was cutting a drain through the mote-hill on which the old tower of Myrton stands when a little man in a green coat appeared and informed him that he was interfering with a fairies' dwelling-place. He promised Sir Godfrey that if he would give up his plan, he would meet some day with a great reward; otherwise, he would be visited with the fairies' displeasure. Sir Godfrey yielded, and the promise was made good on the day appointed for his execution, for the little man in the green coat came riding along on a white horse, lifted Sir Godfrey out of the cart, and bore him off to no man knows where.

Until the time of Mr. Walter MacCulloch, who died unmarried in 1892, Ardwall had passed from father to son for many generations, save in three instances, when it went to a brother. Mr. Walter MacCulloch was succeeded by his niece, the wife of Sheriff Jameson, who, on being raised to the bench in 1905, took the title of Lord Ardwall.

One cannot survey the records of any old family without being struck by the varied destinies of men—especially of younger sons—offshoots of one stock, going forth from one home into multifarious vocations and all the countries of the earth. For instance, of the sons of David MacCulloch, who succeeded in 1696, one was a colonel in the army, and died abroad; another was a surgeon, and was slain on a ship that was boarded by a Barbary corsair in the Mediterranean; James was a captain in the mercantile marine; Robert a merchant in Jamaica; and John, after living in The Isle of Man, spent his later years in Brittany. The sons of David MacCulloch, whose tenure began in 1740, were Edward, the eldest, who was engaged in the East India Company's Military Service until his father's

death ; David and Alexander, who were merchants in Bengal and Jamaica respectively ; Robert, who entered the Navy Pay Office in London, and John, who died in America. Of the sons of James Murray MacCulloch, who became proprietor in 1796, David, the eldest, was a merchant in Bombay ; Walter was a Writer to the Signet ; James died in Jamaica ; Alexander conducted a business in Canton ; and Edward died in Ceylon.

In the seventeenth century the MacCullochs were allied by marriage with two noble families. Marion, a granddaughter of William MacCulloch, to whom Ardwall was granted in 1587, became by her second marriage wife of the fifth Viscount Kenmure ; and in the next generation Agnes, wife of William Maclellan of Borness, was the mother of William, who became sixth Lord Kirkcudbright. More interest attaches at the present day, however, to the association of the family with Sir Walter Scott. Sir Walter's brother, Thomas, a Writer to the Signet, married Elizabeth, daughter of Edward MacCulloch mentioned above. Sir Walter relates in the *Tales of a Grandfather* an incident derived, he tells us, from the recollections of Mrs. MacCulloch of Ardwall. Her father was Robert Corsane[1] in Dumfries, a strong supporter of King George's government. When the Jacobite forces came to Dumfries, this lady was a child of six, and she remembered being carried out of her father's house in the arms of a Highland officer—the Jacobites intended to burn the building. The child asked the officer to shew her " the Pretender ". This he agreed to do on condition that in future she should call him " the Prince ".

The coast between Gatehouse and Creetown is the country of *Guy Mannering*. Gatehouse is identified with " Kipplettringan," Barholm Castle with " Ellangowan ", Cassencarie with " Woodbourne ", and Creetown with " Port-an-Ferry ". I recommend to schoolboys and active persons of greater age a visit to Dirk Hatteraick's Cave. I had tried to find it more than once, but had only wasted much time. I made a firm resolve, therefore, not to seek it again unless I could secure a guide to

[1] Scott calls him " the provost of Dumfries, a gentleman of family named Corsan ". Robert Rae, who assumed his mother's name, Corsane, on acquiring a certain property, was a member of the Dumfries Town Council for many years, but was never provost. See " The Rae Press " by G. W. Shirley in *The Transactions of the Glasgow Bibliographical Society*, Vol. I.

take me to its very mouth. The cave is not easy to enter. It begins with a narrow slit in the rock shaped like an isosceles triangle, the floor is somewhere about twenty feet below, and you look down from the opening into deep darkness. A very steep slope of *débris* fallen from the cliff overhead runs down to

Barholm Castle.

the bottom of the descent. For the first yard or so you can keep yourself erect, but must then stretch yourself on the earth and slide or wriggle down the chimney until you are able to rise without knocking your head against the rock. With a few more downward steps you are standing on the large, loose stones of the floor.

I turned on my electric lamp and examined the cave from

end to end. I estimate the length at about forty feet. I do not think the breadth is greater than six at any point. The roof is very irregular and varies in height from about seven to twelve feet. I caught the sound of running water, and on going to the inner end found a little stream pouring over the rock from some invisible entrance. It ran down the bottom of the cave and then disappeared about half-way along. I looked afterwards for the continuation of the stream on the beach, but did not find it. Where the stream did not run, the stones were kept wet by the drip from the roof. There is, however, scarcely any drip along the left side, and here there are tiers of large, square pigeon-holes built of stone and lime. Buried in the bowels of the earth and remote from the influences of rain, sun, and wind, they look as fresh as when they were made.

The tiers fall away to two at one point, and the rock-wall recedes into a little shallow cavern where one or two men could lie in comfort if they had provided themselves with some kind of bedding. It is very likely that the recess was used as a sleeping apartment. The cave, however, is not to be recommended as a health resort, and I should not advise any tramp of my acquaintance to seek a lodging here. The place is very damp, and as the air of the upper world reaches its midday warmth, is filled with a dense mist that floats out very slowly by the chimney and does not cease, I suppose, until the evening. When I entered the cave at a quarter-past ten in the forenoon, there was none of this mist; but by one o'clock the light of my lamp would hardly penetrate more than a yard. I do not wonder that Dirk Hatteraick had "a short, dry cough". My reason for staying so long was that I was taking flashlight photographs. This, of course, did nothing to improve the atmosphere. I do not think I ever felt the charm of light and of fresh air so much as when I emerged from the cave, looked out on the bright Solway, and was met by a breeze from the sea.

Before leaving the cave, however, I must give the reader this from *Galloway Glimpses:* "At the top, and quite close to the rock-ceiling of the cave, it is stated that there is a crevice which admits a man's recumbent body sideways and leads to yet another cave on the western side. Many people who have been in the principal cave and thought they had fully explored it have never seen this high crevice nor had any suspicion that there was another cave entering only from the top of the in-

terior wall of the principal one. In the event of this latter being besieged and taken, this second cave would prove a useful refuge, not likely to be easily discovered." It will be observed that the writer had not seen it, and I never heard of anyone who had. One would need to take a ladder with one in order to settle the question.

I have said that it is not easy to enter the cave. It is less easy to leave it. Looking up out of the dark to the little patch of daylight at the entrance, you might quote the lines from *Titus Andronicus* which Scott placed at the head of a chapter in *Guy Mannering:*

> Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
> From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole ?

When you are working your way through the narrowest part, you must search with your feet for little crevices in the rock-face in order to give yourself a thrust upwards. It is necessary to take care that the dampness of the rock does not cause your foot to slip at the critical moment, for if it does, you will slide down ignominiously into the cave and, like Sisyphus, have to begin all over again.

This cave does not correspond with the one in *Guy Mannering* in any particular. It is visible from the foot of the cliffs ; the other was concealed " behind a large, black rock ". It is high above sea-level ; in the case of the other, " the aperture to the sea was filled with water when the tide was in ". You slip into this cave feet foremost ; that cave was entered " in a creeping posture ". The bottom of this cave consists of large stones lying at all angles ; the bottom of the other is " covered with the purest sand " in Chapter xxxiv. and consists of " uneven rocks " in Chapter liv. If Scott had seen this cave, he certainly did not attempt to describe it. His descriptions of the scenery, on the other hand, apply to the Ravenshall coast.

I shall now give infallible instructions for finding Dirk Hatteraick's Cave. Coming from Gatehouse-of-Fleet, you arrive at the bridge over the Kirkdale[1] Glen after a little more than six miles. (1) Leave the right-hand side of the road at the east end

[1] Patrick Hannay, the poet and soldier, who died in 1629 (?), " was probably the third son of Alexander Hannay of Kirkdale "—*Dictionary of National Biography*. A collective edition of his poems was published in 1622. The title-page reads thus : " *The Nightingale. Shevetine and Mariana. A happy Husband. Eligies on the death*

of the bridge, descend the bank, and pass under the east arch. Follow a path leading down the glen to the sea. The path crosses the burn once by a wooden foot-bridge so that (2) when you come to the beach, you are on the west side of the burn. Cross the burn by one of the innumerable series of natural stepping-stones, and continue eastwards along the beach for a short distance, say, one or two hundred yards. (3) Turn your back to the sea, survey the coast, and note two details—the one, a cottage on the left beyond the Kirkdale Burn ; the other, the extreme point of the beach within view on the right. About half-way between the cottage and the extreme point, some rocks stand up from the beach near the foot of the cliff. Immediately beyond these rocks the cliff recedes into a gully, with two or three trees at the bottom. The entrance to the cave is more than halfway up the gully.

Cassencarie, the reputed original of "Woodbourne", is a charming old house near the pleasant village of Creetown. It was the great collection of books here which aroused the enthusiasm of Dominie Sampson. There is a different library in the house now, but it also is "prodigious" both in size and in the range of its contents. Cassencarie is the home of Mrs. Caird, whose name is well known to readers of novels and the monthly reviews.

Between Creetown and Newton Stewart the road passes the foot of Bargaly[1] Glen, whither coach-loads of visitors come from Newton Stewart in summer, and Kirrouchtrie estate, where Edward Bruce is said to have fought the English.

In the parishes of Anwoth and Kirkmabreck[2] there are numerous objects of antiquarian interest—rock sculptures at Lower

of Queen Anne. Songs and Sonnets by Patrick Hañāy gent. Per Ardua ad Alta London printed for Nathaniel Butter. 1622." and has an elaborate border with two bars of music in the upper part and the author's portrait below. The book is very scarce, and it is said by a writer in *The Statistical Account* that about 1835 a copy was sold in London for £42 10s. 6d. A reprint was issued in 1875 by the Hunterian Society. There is prefixed to *Songs and Sonnets* an epistle dedicatory addressed to a soldier under whom Hannay had served on the Continent, "Sir Andrew Gray, Knight, Colonell of a foot regiment and General of the Artillerie to . . . Prince Fredericke King of Bohemia."

[1] Pronounced "Bargawly."

[2] Church of S. Bricius.

Laggan[1] cottage, Trusty's Hill[2], High Auchenlarie[3], Cardiness House, Mossyard, and Cairnharrow[4]; cairns at Cauldside, High Auchenlarie, Cairnholy, Larg[5] Moor, and Bagbie; stone circles at High Auchenlarie, Glenquicken, and Claughreid; standing-stones at Newtown and Bagbie; cross-slabs at Cardiness House and Kirkclaugh; motes at Polchree, Boreland, and Kirkclaugh; and a vitrified fort on Trusty's Hill.

[1] Gaelic *lagan*, a hollow.

[2] "Drust's hill"; there was a Pictish King Drust in the sixth century. *Cp.* Bardrestan (Urr), Bardristan (Kirkmabreck), Bartrostan (Penninghame), and Trostan (Carsphairn, Dalry, Minnigaff, and New Abbey).

[3] "*Achadh na laiva*, field of the mare. Erse *larach*, O. Erse *lair*. Gael. *lair*".—Maxwell.

[4] Gaelic *carn gharbh* (where the first *h* eclipses the *g*), rough cairn.—Johnston.

[5] Gaelic *learg*, the side or slope of a hill.

Dirk Hatteraick's Cave

The Road near the Murray Monument.

CHAPTER X

NEWTON STEWART TO THE DUNGEON

The Cree at Newton Stewart—The founding of the town—Minnigaff—Carved stones at the old church—Roads near Newton Stewart—The Cree Valley—A loch that is "nonsense"—A bridge where there is no road—Glentrool—Robert the Bruce—Battle with the English—King Robert and the beggar woman—Another battle—The martyrs' grave at Caldons—The Gairland Burn—Moraines—Loch Valley—The Jarkness Rig—The Murder Hole—Loch Enoch—Deformed fish—Scythe sand—The "clints" of Craignairny—Sheep in peril—Wild goats.

THE river Cree[1] is the boundary between The Stewartry and The Shire. It is shallow at Newton Stewart and has a shingly bed, and so could be forded easily unless in time of flood. The convenience of the crossing accounts in part for the rise of the town. A ford gave a place the same kind of importance that a bridge does, and it is not surprising to learn that the first building in Newton Stewart was the Ford-house.

I think this must be the place to which Defoe refers in the following passage: "Proceeding from *Lower Galloway* hither," that is, from The Stewartry to Whithorn, "we had like to have been driven down the Stream of a River, though a Countryman

[1] Gaelic *crich*, boundary.

went before for our Guide ; for the Water swelled upon us as we passed, and the Stream was very strong, so that we were obliged to turn our Horses Heads to the Current, and sloping over, edged

Newton Stewart from near the Railway Station.

near the Shore by degrees ; whereas, if our Horses had stood directly cross the Stream, they could not have kept their Feet."

The ford and ferry-boat were replaced by a bridge in 1745.

It lasted until 1810, when it was ruined by a flood. The present bridge, made of granite from the Minnigaff[1] moors, was begun in 1813. The only other architectural detail of Newton Stewart that does not look quite modern, apart from a few cottages, is the town hall with its odd, cupola-roofed tower.

The beginning of the town was made by William Stewart, third son of the second Earl of Galloway and proprietor of the Castle Stewart estate. He built a few houses as the nucleus of a village and called the place Newton Stewart. The charter making it a burgh of barony is dated the 1st of July, 1677. Later, the estate was purchased by William Douglas,[2] a manufacturer, who erected cotton and other mills at the cost of £20,000, and changed the name of his new centre of industry to Newton Douglas. The mills, however, failed, and the name failed with them.

The town is faced by the villages of Creebridge and Minnigaff on the left bank of the river. The great mass of Cairnsmore rises behind them to the height of over two thousand three hundred feet. The railway station is the best point for a general view. The screen of hills rising behind the town in the depths is very grand. Bishop Pococke thought it " much like the face of Switzerland ".

The church and village of Minnigaff are very old. MacKerlie states that " Moniegov appears to have been a free parsonage early in the thirteenth century ". Symson says, the parish " hath in it a litle town, or burgh of baronrie, depending on the Laird of Larg, situate upon the Eastside of the river of Cree, neer the brink thereof. It hath a very considerable Market every Saturday, frequented by the Moormen of Carrick, Monygaffe, and other moor places, who buy there great quantities of meal and malt, brought thither out of the parishes of Whitherne, Glaston, Sorbie, Mochram, Kirkinner, &c." There stands within the walls of the old church an ancient, elaborately carved stone with a Celtic cross surmounted by a bird and two panels of Celtic ornament below. It has been supposed that the bird represents the chough, the favourite bird of S. Columba. Two other sides of the stone bear faint traces of a design. The block had long served as a lintel in the Old Market House of

[1] " Possibly Gaelic or rather Irish *moine gamh*, ' moss of the storm '."—Johnston.

[2] See page 495.

Minnigaff, and was discovered when that house was taken down. "Two Ancient Carved Stones" is the title of an article by Dr. Norman MacKie in the ninth number of *The Gallovidian*. One of them is in the churchyard—the MacClurg stone, and the other in a wall of the old church—the memorial erected by

The MacClurg Stone in Minnigaff Churchyard.

Patrick MacKie of Cumloden in honour of Uchtred MacDowall, who was a brother or other near relative of his wife. The MacClurg stone is connected with the story of the three youths of Craigencaillie who assisted King Robert the Bruce at the battle of Moss Raploch.[1] In course of time the representatives of the three young men appear to have adopted two ravens as

[1] See page 471.

their coat of arms. Here we see "a shield on which are two ravens hanging pale-ways with an arrow through their necks fess-ways, in base a crescent; the helm and mantling are such as appear above and around the shield of a gentleman; the crest is a raven transfixed by an arrow, with the motto OMNIA

Carved Stones in Minnigaff Church.

PRO BONO. The reason why the birds look towards the left of the shield instead of the right, as is usual in heraldry, and also why the N's are turned the wrong way, is that the sculptor probably got a seal to copy and carried out his task by carving directly from the seal instead of first taking an impression. The arms are those of MacClurg", and the inscription relates to members of the MacClurg family. The other stone is about

four hundred years old. "The shield has on it the arms of McDowall impaled with those of Gordon; the supporters are the lions of McDowall. The arms of McDowall are a crowned silver lion rampant on an azure shield, and were the armorial bearings of the line of the ancient Lords of Galloway, from whom the McDowalls claim descent. The boars' heads of Gordon are familiar to all." The inscription is Hic Jacet Patricius M'Ke de Cālodā me Fieri Fecit.

Having more urgent matters in view, I must withstand the temptation to discourse on the well-known highways and byways in the immediate neighbourhood of Newton Stewart. The reader will be content to be told that there is much to be said for a ramble to Garlies Castle on the north side of Cumloden[1] deer-forest and for a walk through Bargaly Glen—especially through the part, not known to coach-drivers, between Bargaly House and Talnotry[2]—and still more for the road that runs directly to New Galloway. Go along it as far at least as Murray's Monument,[3] where the coaches turn. The best time of the year is when the hills are purple with heather.

For the beginning of one of the greatest journeys in Galloway you have nine miles of gradual ascent up the beautiful valley

[1] "Gaelic *cam lodan*, 'crooked little pool'."—Johnston.

[2] An interesting discovery was made at Talnotry in 1912. "The wife of a cottar occupying a solitary house noticed a metal object drop out of a peat which she was putting on the fire, which led to an examination of the other peats, and finally of the place from which they had been dug." A number of objects found "seem to have been lying on the glacial clay at the bottom of the peat deposit. The hoard, as recovered, consisted of a pair of silver pins with flat circular heads pierced at one side for a chain to be worn between them, a pair of oval loops of silver wire ending in hooks, a plain finger-ring of gold, a globular head of a pin of bronze ornamented with filagreework, a belt tag of silver with a panel of niellowork representing a nondescript animal, a leaden weight with a brass top beautifully ornamented with interlaced work, a broken cross of thin bronze, three spindle-whorls of stone, a circular piece of jet, an agate in its rough natural state, and a part of a cake of some substance like beeswax. Besides these there were a number of coins of Burgred, King of Mercia (833-874), Northumbrian styeas, one French coin of about the period of Charlemagne, and one Cufic coin."—*The Glasgow Herald.*

[3] Murray was a shepherd's son who entered the ministry and became Professor of Oriental Languages in Edinburgh University in 1812.

of the Cree. The aromatic woods, the game-coverts, the phalanxes of tall trees marshalled along the roadside, the

Bridge on the Penkill.

glimpses of the rapid passages and still stretches of the river, the waterside meadows, the green wall of wooded hills on the

farther side with the white cascade of Cardorcan[1] flashing down it—in an east wind you can hear the roar of the water—and the distant mountains that overhang Glentrool and Loch Dee make this one of the most delightful valleys in Scotland.

A broad part of the river immediately beyond Penninghame House is called Loch Cree. Everyone will agree with Lord Cockburn's comment that "Loch Cree, which I have so often heard complimented, is, as a loch, nonsense. It is no loch. A loch one hundred yards across! It is a widening of the River Cree; the river being only so much the worse of the widening";

Murray Monument.

but Lord Cockburn was unaware very likely of the statement in *The Statistical Account* of 1838 that "the loch was much larger before the cutting of a rock and deepening of the channel of the river at the bottom of it about forty years ago. That cutting gained a quantity of excellent meadow on each side of the water", or that Andrew Heron of Bargaly had written of "the Islands in that Lake".

Spanning the Water of Minnoch, a tributary of the Cree, near Bargrennan,[2] is an old structure called popularly The Roman Bridge, but really of much more recent date than the

[1] Old spelling, Garrowdorkan. *Ceathramhadh*, a land quarter; and *darcan*, a teal or coot, also an acorn.—Johnston.

[2] "*Barr grianain* [greenan], hill of the house or palace."—Maxwell.

time of the Roman occupation. According to the *Inventory* "the type of masonry is not inconsistent with a date in the seventeenth or even the eighteenth century." In any case, it is a long time since the bridge fell out of common use. The nearest public road is somewhere about two miles away, and

Old Bridge on the Minnoch.

this old bridge in the heart of a great moor, with no road running up to it, gives a curious sense of incongruity, as if one found a windmill in Trafalgar Square. There are still, however, faint signs of the ancient track that wound across the moor—a favourite route with the smugglers of the eighteenth century as

they carried their goods on pack-horses from the south-western landing-places towards the centre of Scotland and Edinburgh.

At Bargrennan there is scarcely anything but the church,

Lower part of Loch Trool.

manse, school, and post-office. About two hundred yards farther on is the House of the Hill Inn, so called, I suppose, from the fact that an earlier building stood on the top of the hill that rises on the other side of the burn. In another mile

or so one turns to the right and begins the approach to Glentrool.

This is the most interesting way to The Dungeon of Buchan. Visitors come to the beautiful shores of Loch Trool[1] thinking that they have done well to travel so far into the wilds and never dreaming of ascending into the mysterious hill-country on the north. Glentrool, indeed, is worth seeing for its own sake. It is narrow, and steep hills rise to great heights on both sides—huge green slopes, broken on the upper levels by precipitous rocks—and along the greater part of the shore of the loch are pine woods. As you approach by the road that winds over the moor from Bargrennan, you enter the shade of the trees and catch glimpses through their tops of the massive Mulldonach[2] and Lamachan mountains on the right, and the colossal Fell of Eschoncan[3] on the left. Presently the road descends nearer to the level of the loch, the impression of grandeur that the surrounding heights make is increased, and there grows upon you the sense of being shut within a mountain prison-house. You are beginning to wonder where the loch can be when your eye is caught by its waters shimmering through the pine woods that stand between you and it. About half-way up the loch, concealed in the depth of the trees that cover the steep lower slope of the Eschoncan Fell, is a shooting lodge[4] belonging to the Earl of Galloway, and, skirting the wooded enclosure, the road here climbs the hill and then twists abruptly downwards to a bridge over the Buchan Burn, which, just before reaching this point, has made a sudden descent in a fine series of waterfalls.

[1] "Strool Bay. 'Kirkcolm'. *Sruthair* [sruhar], a stream. The change of final *r* to *l* is rule-right; so is the insertion of *t* after initial *s*. The word is further disguised when, as sometimes happens, the initial *s* is dropped" as in Trool.—Maxwell.

[2] Duncan's hill.

[3] Pronounced "Skyoncan". Pont spells it "Eshsheskewachan". The prefix is *eas*, a waterfall.

[4] The following occurs in the seventeenth-century *Description of the Paroch of Minigaff* by Andrew Heron: "The house is surrounded with pretty groves of Scots Pines black cherries, and other kinds of planting, which make a fine umbello to the house and from the front a walk down to the lake which enters upon a little mole prettely planted in devices with seats and a beautifull litle boat lodg'd ther under a shade for taking pleasure in a fine day upon the water."

If Robert the Bruce cared for fine scenery, he could hardly have found a more delectable retreat than Glentrool.

Head of Glentrool.

Here he spent many days hunting deer and wondering what schemes his enemies might be devising against him.

In Glentruell a quhile he lay,
And went weill oft to hunt and play,
For to purchase thame venysoun,
For than the deir war in sesoun.[1]

News of his place of refuge was brought to the Earl of Pembroke, who was then at Carlisle, and a little army was sent off and led towards Glentrool by way of the Cree Valley.

The Buchan Falls.

The King, learning of the advance of the English, sent some of his followers to the summit of the precipitous Mulldonach with orders to collect as many as possible of the loose granite blocks that lay about, and arrange them along the edge that they might hurl them down upon the invaders as they sought to pass. The rest of the King's men were placed in a strong position at the head of the loch, while the King himself selected a point on the side opposite to Mulldonach whence he could command the scene.

The men worked hard amid the darkness of the night, and when the morning sunshine touched the summit of the hill, the King was delighted to see the great gleaming boulders extending, like a ruined wall, along the sky-line. His men

[1] *The Bruce* by John Barbour, Book VII.

also were there, waiting for the moment when his bugle should give the signal for action.

The invaders left their horses at the farm of Borgan,[1] near the meeting of the Cree and Minnoch waters, and advanced over the moor towards the glen. When they came abreast of the loch and proceeded along the slopes on the south side, they could no longer maintain military formation, and it was a thin, straggling band that crept along the foot of Mulldonach. At varying heights there lay a path which was so narrow that men could follow it in single file only. About half-way along the hillside it passed over a steep projection called The Steps of Trool,[2] where there is a sheer fall of about twenty feet to the water. Above this point the hill is almost perpendicular, and here the King intended that disaster should befall the English.

The quiet of the glen was broken suddenly by three blasts from the King's bugle. The echoes were still flying from hill to hill, when down the side of Mulldonach the boulders began to pour, rolling and bounding from one point to another, until they shot into and through the English force, crushing some and carrying others into deep water. Those who had so far escaped looked upwards, and were dismayed to see a second discharge descending swiftly towards them. Only those who were in the rear of the column could escape this demoralizing kind of assault, and they promptly took to flight as Bruce's men came down the hill prepared to complete their work with bow and arrow.

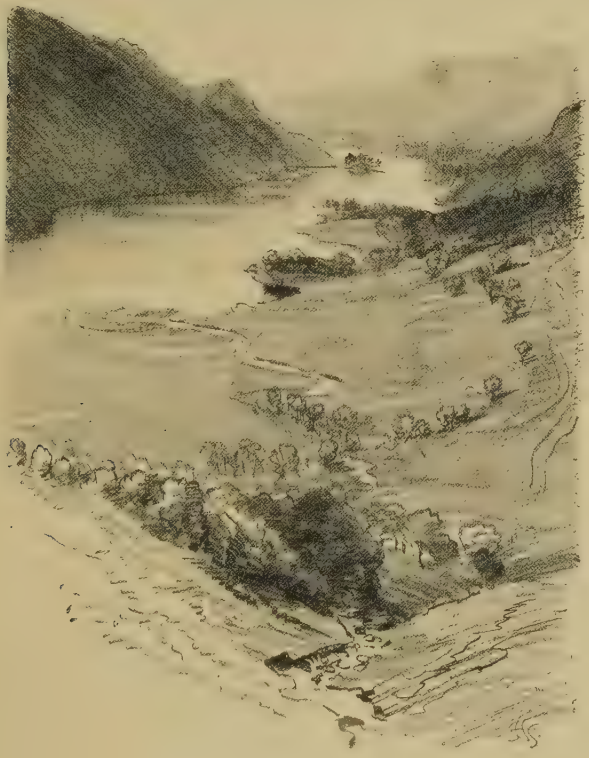
A bit of meadow at the head of the loch bears the name of The Soldiers' Holm, because there, it is said, the slaughtered English were buried.

On another occasion, according to a tradition preserved by Barbour, an English force, led by the Earl of Pembroke, contrived to approach with greater secrecy. Riding by night, and lying under cover by day, they arrived unobserved within a mile of where Bruce was. A woman, dressed as a beggar, was sent to ask charity from the King that she might bring information about the position of his followers. When she came before him, however, her bearing aroused his suspicions. He bade his men seize her, and she, being in fear for her life, con-

[1] Diminutive of *borg*, a shelter place. See Borgue.

[2] It was swept away by a waterspout in the last century.

fessed that the English had sent her as a spy, and that Sir Aymer and Lord Clifford and "the flour of Northumbirland" were close at hand. The King assembled his three hundred men at once and set them in battle array. Scarcely had he



Glentrool.

done so when the enemy were seen approaching swiftly on foot, carrying spears, since in that wooded and marshy country cavalry could operate with little effect. The Scottish King was foremost in the attack, and led his men with such vigour and skill that the English were discomfited, although they numbered about fifteen hundred men. The leaders of the

defeated army fell to quarrelling among themselves over the causes of their failure, says Barbour—

> Bot Schir Amer, that wes wis,
> Departit thame with mekill pane,
> And went till Ingland hame agane.

A martyrs' monument stands among the trees on the south-west of the loch, where some Covenanters were surprised at worship on a Sunday morning in January, 1685. Andrew Heron says that "that morning Captain Orchar had that expression, that being so angry with the badness of the way, he wished the devil might make his ribs a broiling iron to his soul if he should not be revenged on the Whiggs that day, which was the Sabbath morning he entred the Glen of Troul, and according to his wish, came upon these poor people, as they were worshiping God upon his day with a surprizing crueltie". Six men were killed, and a stone, said to be the first erected by "Old Mortality" in honour of the Covenanters, commemorates their martyrdom. The inscription covers both sides.

HERE LYES
IAMES AND ROBERT
DUNS, THOMAS AND
IOHN STEVENSONS,
IAMES MCCLIVE,
ANDREU MCCALL, WHO
WERE SURPRISED
AT PRAYER, IN THIS
HOUSE, BY COLNELL
DOUGLAS, LIEVTNANT
LIVINGSTON, AND

CORNET
IAMES DOUGLAS AND
BY THEM MOST IMPIOUS
LY AND CRUELLY
MURTHERED FOR THEIR
ADHERENCE TO SCOT
LANDS REFORMATION
COVENANTS NATIONAL
AND SOLEMN LEAGUE
1685

One of the persecuted had a remarkable escape. He fled and was followed by two of the dragoons. Turning towards the loch, he was hidden from them by a little hill. He slipped into the water where the shore was steep and stood there with his head concealed by a clump of heath. His pursuers gave up the search, crying that the devil had taken him.

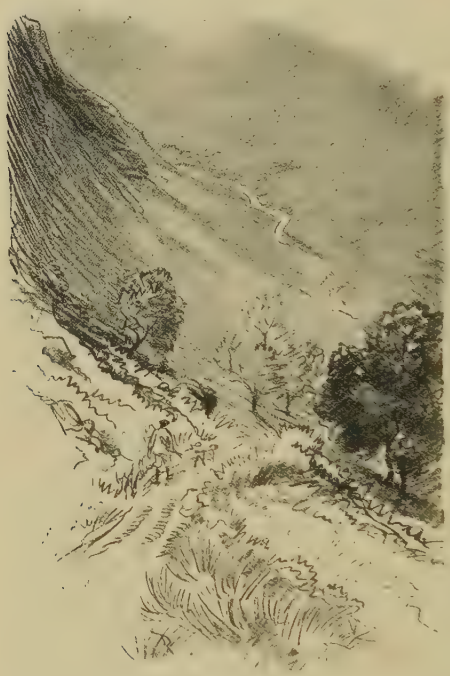
A curious story is told of Captain Urquhart or Orchar. He had dreamed that he would meet his death at a place bearing a certain name. Coming past the end of the loch on the search for the Covenanters, he asked by what name the place was known. Being told "Caldons", he cried out a great oath, drew up his horse, doubtful whether to advance or to retreat, and at that moment of hesitation was shot dead from a cottage window.

I have received another version which has not, so far as I am aware, been published hitherto. It introduces Peden, the

Glenhead of Trool.

Prophet. Urquhart had been concerned in the arrest of Peden, who told him that he would die among the Chaldaeans. Ur-

quhart had laughed, saying that the Chaldaeans were people in the Bible and that he was never likely to be among them. As he lay on the ground after the fatal shot was fired, he demanded the name of the place. Hearing it, he muttered, "The prophecy!" and died.



The Gairland Glen.

I had difficulty in finding the Covenanters' grave, and shall, therefore, try to give clear directions. Going up Glentrool, you come to a road branching to the right about a quarter of a mile before you are abreast of the foot of the loch. It leads to the farmhouse of Caldons[1]; but you must not follow it so far as that. So soon as you have crossed the Water of Trool by the wooden bridge, begin to go warily, looking for a footpath running from the road into the wood on your right hand. It begins between two blackthorn bushes a short stone-throw from the bridge. As you go along it, the silver birches and the oaks and the play of sunlight and shadow among them will make you glad that you came on this errand. In a few minutes you come to a ditch interrupting the path, and if from this point you look through the trees on your left hand, you will see the low, square wall enclosing the monument. A line of

[1] "*Colldean*, the hazels (plur. of O. Erse *collde*), E. plur. added."—Maxwell.

stepping-stones will help you over the boggy ground that lies between.

Unless you made this digression, you would miss seeing the beautiful Water of Trool where it leaves the loch. There is more to be said, however, about a burn which comes down to Loch Trool at the upper end, surging and tumbling down its narrow bed of boulders in a continuous riot of white from somewhere in cloudland, you would think. It really has its origin in an earthly sheet of water, Loch Valley, and its name is The Gairland Burn.

A tenant of Glentrool Lodge once made a barrier with a sluice across the outlet so that the burn might be put into good fishing condition whenever he wished to do so. Heavy rains fell, the waters of Loch Valley rose, broke the barrier, and came roaring down to Loch Trool. A huge boulder transported by the flood lies on the bottom of the glen. It was this event, doubtless, which suggested a lively chapter in Mr. Crockett's *The Raiders*.

Some of the stones of the dam remain on both banks of the burn. More noteworthy is the colossal natural barrier maintaining the waters of Loch Valley[1] at their normal height. Mr. William Jolly, who made a minute study of the evidences of glacial action on the Galloway hills, described it as "perhaps

The Gairland Burn.

[1] Gaelic *loch bhaile*, loch of the farm.

the grandest geological sight in the district". "I know of no more striking example", he says, "of a lake whose waters are dammed back by moraine *débris* than this—none in which the dam has that assertive, artificial look so demonstrative of deposited glacial remains. Seen from the west, the view of the mounds is very remarkable, rising in a beautiful series from a considerable distance down the glen up to the water's edge."[1] At the south-west corner of the loch there is an extensive deposit of immense granite blocks carried by the glacier from the Loch Enoch plateau and resting upon one another at every possible angle. To traverse them is both tedious and adventurous. The foxes and otters of the district have their headquarters here.

On every side the loch is surrounded by rough, heathery slopes. Only the cries of grouse and whaups are heard. A few easily-scared sheep feed where they can. You may pass this way ninety-nine times and never see a fellow-creature. If on the hundredth occasion you see one, it will likely be the shepherd from The Buchan. It is as wild a scene as could be imagined, short of Loch Enoch. When Mr. John Foster Fraser was travelling through the Persian wilderness, he could not do better than compare it to "a bit of gaunt Galloway".

If you ascend the Jarkness Rig and go a little way down the other side, keeping to the left, you will come to two of the most out-of-the-way little lochs, the Long and the Round Loch of Glenhead, where you may fish for trout knowing that yours are probably the only artificial flies that they will see in the course of the year. Another reason for climbing the Rig is the northward view. The lower part of Loch Valley is below your feet, the broken waters of the Mid Burn come down from Loch Neldricken[2] into it, above that burn you see the loch itself, and behind it slopes and crags stretching backwards and

[1] "Another remarkable moraine is found at the head of Loch Valley, at the watershed between the Trool and the Dee at Cornarroch Strand. This is deserving of notice, being composed, for the most part, of confused heaps of granite boulders—as huge a barrier accumulation of rocks as we know. . . . It lies to the east of Loch Narroch."—"On the Evidences of Glacier Action in Galloway" by William Jolly in *The Transactions of the Edinburgh Geological Society* (1867–8).

[2] The loch, no doubt, takes its name from Craig Neldricken, for which Mr. Johnston suggests "the hill of the cloudy shape", from Gaelic *neul*, a cloud, *neulach*, cloudy, and *dreachadan*, a mould, a shape, a form.

The Murder Hole, Loch Neldricken.

upwards to the heights where Loch Enoch[1] looks up to the clouds.

[1] Mr. Johnston thinks that Enoch might be either *eunach*, full of birds, or *aonach*, a hill, a heath, a moor. "The loch of the hill" would be a very apt description. The pronunciation is "Ennoch".

If you have abundance of time and sufficient energy, you will go farther into the wilds and see, on passing the west end of Loch Neldricken, the curious natural feature called The

Loch Enoch, the Loch-in-loch, and Mullwharchar.

Murder Hole. A circular bit of deep water is surrounded by sedges growing thickly in the shallows. Some published sketches give the impression that The Murder Hole is surrounded by solid ground. It is a part of the loch and is several yards from

the shore. That it could be used for the purpose to which the name points is difficult to believe. The crime would almost certainly be fatal for the perpetrator as well as for the victim. If you try to wade towards The Murder Hole, you begin to sink almost immediately in the peaty bottom, and I doubt if it is possible to reach it without a boat. The name has probably been transferred to the place from those "well-eyes" which were used in the Middle Ages for the drowning of women criminals.

In order to reach Loch Enoch a considerable ascent over rough ground must be made. At the end of it you step out upon great sheets of ice-worn granite, and Loch Enoch, with its wide-spreading waters and granite islets and headlands, is before you. On the left is Merrick; on the right the broad summit of The Dungeon, a field of rocks; and beyond the loch a long glen falls away to the north. One of the islands is remarkable for a large pool called "the loch-in-loch", that is, the loch within the loch.[1]

There is always a peculiar pleasure in reaching Loch Enoch, due partly to the obstacles that have been overcome and in part to the fineness of the air and the strange beauty of the place. It seems as if you had ascended a long way nearer to the stars since you left Glentrool. From the level at which you stand it is a short climb to the summit of Merrick, and yet that is the highest hill in the south of Scotland. From the ridge on the south side of the loch you look up to Benyellary[2] and Merrick, but down upon almost everything else. Loch Neldricken is far below you; Loch Valley lower still; Loch Trool utterly hidden from sight, lying deep on the other side of the Buchan Hill.

The fish here are—or were—a natural curiosity. I have never seen a Loch Enoch trout out of the water; but everyone who has done so asserts that there is a deformity. The lower fins are worn away to stumps, and the under part of the tail is

[1] "Everything round this quadrangular rock-basin exhibits incontestably the severest action of ice, as clearly as the first day the glacier evaporated from its surface. Every cape, peninsula, and island is bare rock *in situ*, worn, rounded, and smoothed to the heart's content of the keenest glacier-hunter. . . . The scooping power of the ice is rather strangely shown in a lakelet on the largest island of the loch, quite rock-bound, and visible from the shore."—"On the Evidences of Glacier Action in Galloway" by William Jolly in *The Transactions of the Edinburgh Geological Society* (1867–8).

[2] Gaelic *beinn iolaire*, hill of the eagles.

rounded. Only the dorsal fin is perfect. This peculiarity is attributed to the exceptional hardness of the granite sand forming the bed of the loch. I know that there were fish here in 1900; but they are said to have become extinct since then.

Merrick from Loch Enoch.

The same quality of Loch Enoch sand causes it to be prized above all other for sharpening scythes. There is a character in *The Raiders* who did a business in scythe sand and got his supplies here, and I know a man who carries a sack to Loch Enoch

occasionally although it is a much longer and more difficult journey than to other places where granite sand can be obtained. This is how it is used: a piece of bog-oak is cut four-square, greased, and dipped into the sand. The scythe is stroked with this implement and receives a very fine edge.[1]

The way to The Cauldron of The Dungeon lies along the rocky edge of Craignairny. If you pass here in spring, the hawk that nests in the clints below will come swooping towards you, screaming fiercely, veer away, and come at you again and again until you disappear into the great gully opening on the east between The Dungeon and Craignaw. Mr. Crockett calls the gully The Wolf's Slock; but this is inaccurate. The name belongs properly to a narrow passage between two rocks at the head of it.

The "clints" or precipices are sources of trouble to the shepherds, for the sheep go along narrow ledges in quest of pasture and are unable to turn. Wild goats, the descendants probably of tame ones, pay an occasional call at The Dungeon and are very unwelcome intruders, for the sheep follow their tracks and reach points from which the goat can return, but the sheep cannot. When a sheep is seen to be in peril, three men go to the rescue if so many are available. One drives a crowbar into the ground at the top of the precipice, a second manages a rope passed round the crowbar, and a third takes an end of the rope, climbs to the sheep, and ties the rope round its horns. It is then dragged up to the top. If it is not noticed, it dies or falls off its ledge sooner or later and is killed on the rocks below.

This country is the scene of Mr. John Buchan's story, *No-Man's-Land*[2] and also, in part, of his *The Thirty-nine Steps*.

[1] John Mactaggart's *The Scottish Gallovidian Encyclopædia* contains the following article on Loch Skerrow: "A large, wild loch, to the north of Galloway, famous for its scythe sand. This is found on the beach of the lake and is wrought of grey stones, in the lake by the waters; it is sold in shops during the mowing season at about *2d.* the Scotch pint."

[2] *The Watcher by the Threshold.*

CHAPTER XI

THE CAULDRON OF THE DUNGEON

The Back Hill of The Bush—The Forest of Buchan—King Robert escapes from Sir Aymer de Valence and John of Lorn—He is pursued by a bloodhound—Five Highlanders are killed—The pursuit fails—Three men with a wether—All are killed—The Cooran Lane—The Silver Flow—The truth about the Lochs of The Dungeon.

If, when you reach The Dungeon, the shepherd at The Back Hill of The Bush is able to give you lodging, it is an immense advantage. One cannot, by any route, visit and return from The Dungeon in a single day with any satisfaction. One needs to live beside it, fish the lochs and streams, scramble on the crags with a camera, watch The Fingers of The Awful Hand[1] creep across the moor as the evening sun throws the shadows of the hills eastwards, talk with the shepherd over a peat-fire at night, and rise in the morning to see the mist floating along the faces of The Dungeon and Craignaw.

You are here in the heart of the great Cauldron, on an expanse of moor and bog drained by many streams. Although it is almost completely encircled by hills, it gives a wonderful sense of spaciousness. The loneliness is profound, for the house is distant about six miles from any road-end. When the daughter

[1] John Mactaggart has the following article in *The Scottish Gallovidian Encyclopædia :* "Merrick. Five large hills or mountains in Galloway. They lay beside one another and gradually rise, the one a little higher above the other. In the morning and evening the shadows of these hills on the level moors below seem like the fingers of an awful hand. Hence the name Merrick which in Gaelic signifies *fingers.*" Mr. Johnston supplies the following note : "Merrick. 'Pronged, branching' hill-range, from *meur*, a finger, also a branch, a prong ; *meurach,* 'branched, pronged'."

of a shepherd who lived here went to New Galloway to visit her dressmaker, she stated that she had not seen another woman for eight months.

> Were this
> Man's only dwelling, sole appointed seat,
> First, last, and single, in the breathing world,
> It could not be more quiet.

If you wander about casting into the burns, you have a feeling of constraint that prevents you from becoming absorbed in your sport. You are here on a precarious sufferance. Something in the wilderness is uneasy and resentful at your presence. It is patient, but has the latent possibility of capricious outbreaks, and you cannot tell when or how it may strike. Tramping over the moors, you have now and then the sensation of being watched by an alien intelligence, and you turn round as if to face an indefinable threat. Heaven help the man who is taken by a sudden rush! You are glad to hear the croak of the raven that tells you that you are not quite alone. This is the effect of the place in fine weather. On a sunless day, when the clouds are low, you feel like a lost soul committed to some chill reach of Eternity. The insignificance of Time weighs on you. The Ordovician Period, that saw those granite mountains rend the Earth's crust while as yet water covered almost the whole of the lands that men call England and Ireland to-day, might have been last century. The final dwindling of the latest glacier might have taken place a week ago. On returning to the cottage at nightfall, it is as if one were coming back after a tour through Geological Time to the Kainozoic Period.

A small enclosure provides grazing-ground for a pony, an important animal at this outpost of the human race. When the peats have been cut and dried, the pony drags them on a sledge to the cottage. When the shepherd is bringing a store of provisions from Dalry, he carries them on his back to the top of Millfire, lays his burden down, descends for the pony and sledge, and leads them up to the nick. Many years ago a shepherd's wife died here in mid-winter. A snowstorm came on as the funeral party were crossing Millfire, and the body had to be left on the summit for three days.

At one time the country was densely wooded wherever trees could grow. Remains of the ancient forest are visible among moss-haggs on the Loch Enoch plateau, sixteen hundred and fifty

feet above the sea. The name of The Back Hill of The Bush points to the presence of trees. So does "Tarfessock", "the shaggy or bushy hill". The Elder Holm, a strip of pasture near the cottage, is "the river meadow of the alders". The Sauch Burn is "the burn of the willows". The Pulskaig [1], which rises in a steep glen between Loch Enoch and the Gala Lane, is "the stream of the hawthorns". About the end of the fourteenth century Lord Kennedy delighted to be known as Ranger of the Forest of Buchan and had many hunting-lodges. One of them, called Hunt Ha', stood at the foot of Craigtarson, facing The Dungeon. Another was at Garrary, a few miles to the south, and yet another at Polmaddy, on the other side of the hills. Polmaddy is "the stream of the dogs", and it is said that the food for Lord Kennedy's hounds was prepared there. The ancient sporting interest of the country is commemorated also in the name of a conical hill on the north side of Loch Enoch, Mullwharchar, "the hill of the hunting-horn". So late as the early part of the eighteenth century, according to a description of the parish of Minnigaff written by Andrew Heron of Bargaly, there were found in this mountainous district "very large Red-deer; and about the top thereof that fine bird called the mountain Patridge, or, by the commonalty, the Tarmachan, about the size of a Red Cock, and its flesh much of the same nature; feeds, as that bird doth, on the seeds of the bullrush, and makes its protection in the chinks and hollow places of thick stones, from the insults of the eagles, which are in plenty, both the large gray and the black, about that mountain".

"The tradition runs", says Sir Herbert Maxwell, "that the last red stag was slain on these hills by the minister of Kirkinner towards the close of the eighteenth century. The ptarmigan disappeared, as an aged hill shepherd informed me in my youth, in that notable year of drought 1826, still remembered as 'the year o' the short corn'; but the eagles survived for long after that." Recently the eagles have returned. "Last spring [1906], seventy-one years since the last golden eagles were hatched in Minnigaff, a pair of these noble birds sought out the hereditary haunt of their race and built an eyrie. The female laid but one egg (two is the regulation number), sat upon it

[1] The Ordnance Survey map shews the Pulskaig as if coming out of Loch Enoch. Loch Enoch has only one effluent, the Eglin Lane.

for some weeks, but abandoned it, when the egg was found to be addled."

It was through the thick woods that once covered this treeless waste that King Robert had one of his narrowest escapes from his enemies. Sir Aymer de Valence was advancing from Carrick with twenty-two men-at-arms and eight hundred Highlanders. Bruce was watching his approach from the heights near Loch Enoch and retiring before him and nearly fell into the clutches of another force ascending from Glentrool under John of Lorn. The King had only three hundred men with him and dared not risk a battle on two sides against greatly superior numbers. He divided his men into three bands, that they might escape through the forest by different routes, and that the enemy might be at a loss to know in which direction he himself had gone. John of Lorn, however, had with him a large bloodhound which had belonged to Bruce. When it was brought to the place where Bruce's army had separated, it promptly took up one of the trails, and John of Lorn followed its lead with all his men. The King, descending probably between The Dungeon and Craignaw, saw that the enemy had chosen to follow his company with a numerous force and caused all his men to scatter that the enemy might be baffled in their attempt to single him out. He kept with himself only one attendant, who was a foster-brother.

The bloodhound, however, followed the trail steadily, and John of Lorn sent on five swift-footed Highlanders to effect the capture. They soon overtook the King. Three of them attacked him, while two sought to kill his attendant. The King promptly slew one of his assailants, and, as the other two drew off for a moment, turned to the help of his man and killed one of those who had set upon him. The two Highlanders, recovering from their momentary discouragement, came at the King again, but he despatched them both, while his attendant slew the only one who was left.

There still remained the bloodhound and John of Lorn and the rest of his men, and the King was now so worn out by his exertions that he felt as if he could maintain the flight no farther.

> The King toward the wod is gane,
> Wery, for-swat, and will of wayn.
> In-till the wod soyn enterit he,
> And held doun toward a vale

Quhar throu the wod a wattir ran.
Thiddir in gret hy went he than,
And begauth to rest hym thair,
And said he mycht no forthirmar.[1]

His man, however, encouraged him to press on a little farther. A stream, which must have been the Cooran Lane, ran through the wood. The fugitives stepped into it and walked down its channel for a time that they might make the bloodhound lose the trail. They then stepped out on the other bank and lay down to rest in a thicket.

Barbour gives two accounts of the final failure of the pursuit. According to the one, the chase was abandoned when the dog reached the stream and could not find the scent. The other says nothing about the wading ruse, but tells that when the King was exhausted, his companion doubled back on the trail and shot the hound as it passed.

Bot quhethir his eschaping fell
As I tald first, or now I tell,
I wat it weill, without lesyng,
At that burn eschapit the King.

The King and his foster-brother continued their journey, hoping to find some place where they could get food. They met three men carrying a wether. The men were well armed, and this put the King on his guard. When they saluted him, he inquired whither they were going. They replied that they were seeking the King, as they intended to join themselves to his party. He said that if they would come with him, he would lead them to the King. The spokesman of the party seemed to be somewhat confused at this, and the King's suspicion that the strangers were aware of his identity and wished to secure the reward offered for his person was strengthened. He made them walk in front of him and his companion, and so they travelled until they came to a ruined cottage. Here they stopped, and decided to kill the sheep and cook part of it. The King insisted that two fires should be made, one at

[1] *The Bruce* by John Barbour, Book VII. On the credibility of Barbour see the "Introduction" to Mr. W. M. Mackenzie's admirable edition of *The Bruce* and the notes, which shew "how trustworthy" Barbour is in the main, "and, repeatedly, how strikingly and minutely accurate".

either end of the house, and a leg of mutton was given to him and his man to be broiled on their fire.

When they had eaten their meal, the King was overcome with drowsiness and desired his foster-brother to watch while he slept, as he had no confidence in their neighbours; but it was not long before the other was asleep also. The three traitors, seeing this, rose, drew their swords, and in so doing awakened the King, who sprang to his feet to face them, at the same time awakening his attendant with a kick. Before the latter could rise he was slain by the foremost of the assailants, and so, for the second time that day, the King had to meet three enemies single-handed; but,

Throu Goddis grace and his manheid,

he slew them one after another. Alone now, he went on to Craigencaillie, where his men were appointed to reassemble, and thereafter won his victory over the English forces at Moss Raploch.[1]

As one looks round upon those desolate hills and moors, it is strange to think that they were once traversed by hosts of armed men, and that some of the incidents leading to the independence of Scotland took place there.[2] The aspect of the country has been changed greatly through the disappearance of the forest. There is an austerity in its grandeur to-day. The Cooran Lane, indeed, is still the same. In spite of the character indicated by its name there are parts of its course where the ruse attributed to King Robert could have been adopted easily. The term "lane" is applied to those smooth, deep parts of a stream where the motion is so slow as to be almost imperceptible, and in the course of this water there are long sections corresponding to this description. Coming to the edge of the perpendicular bank, you look down into

[1] See page 471.

[2] On the 25th of September, 1307, "the King commands Robert de Clifford, justiciar of the forest *ultra* Trent, to allow the men of Galloway to feed their flocks and herds in Englewood forest, whither they have come to take refuge for fear of Robert de Brus and his accomplices."—Bain's *Calendar of Documents Relating to Scotland.* "Bruce issuing from the hills where he had sheltered himself from the late king, carried fire and sword through Inner Galloway. One object doubtless was to punish the chief of the Macdougals who had led his two brothers to die on the gallows of Carlisle in spring."—Bain's *The Edwards in Scotland.*

In The Cauldron of The Dungeon.

astonishing peaty depths sufficient to drown you two or three times over, and you step back warily over the quaking ground. But in other places the water courses cheerfully over a stony channel where it would be easy to walk.

After a long day on the hills it is delightful to take one's rod in the evening and follow the stream for a mile or so below the cottage and then fish upwards. Even so early as midsummer trout of a good size may sometimes be taken in this narrow burn, and all that are caught are of an unusually good quality, due probably to the fact that the Loch Dee trout spawn here.

Lying between the cottage and The Dungeon is a huge bog called The Silver Flow, which must be either crossed or circumvented if one wishes to fish the Dungeon Lochs or ascend to the rock plateau where Loch Enoch lies. It is a very awkward place, and I believe that in wet weather it is really dangerous. Sometimes you must take a flying leap over some watery patch of ooze, landing heavily on a heathery tussock, and making the whole bog quake for yards around. If you miscalculate the distance, you merely clutch the heather with your hands and sink up to the knees in mire. It is a great waste of time to attempt a direct passage between the cottage and the lochs, and much pleasanter to make a circuit over the hard ground on the north.

"The Dry Loch, Round Loch, and Long Loch of the Dungeon are all joined to each other by a small burn." This venerable misstatement holds its place in the eighth edition of the Stewartry guide-book and is supported by the Ordnance Survey map. The world, familiar with the confusion and ignorance prevailing at one time as to the sources of the Congo, the Niger, and the Nile, does not know of the darkness in which it has lain hitherto in the matter of the sources of the Dee!

The Dry, the Round, and the Long Loch lie in a straight line from north to south at the foot of The Dungeon and Craignaw. No stream flows southwards from the Dry Loch into the Round Loch. The watershed is between them, and the stream issuing from the Dry Loch runs northwards to Loch Doon. What has misled previous observers is a small trickle entering the Round Loch from the north.

The following statement occurs in the "Introduction" to the second volume of the *Inventory of Monuments and Constructions in Galloway* published recently by the Royal Commission: "With a long meandering course under different names, and through Loch Ken, the waters of the Dee take their rise in Loch Doon on the Ayrshire border, draining the eastern flank of

the Kells range."[1] This is very much as if one were to say that the Tweed flows out of the Devil's Beef-tub or that the Clyde rises in Loch Skene. The tributaries of the Dee, moreover, drain both the eastern and western flanks of the range.

Mr. Harper quotes the following old rhyme:

> The Slock, Millquharker, and Craignine,
> The Brishie and Craignaw,
> The five best hills for corklit
> John Tamson ever saw.

Symson says, "In the parish of Monnygaffe there is ane excrescence, which is gotten off the Craigs there, which the countrey people make up into balls. . . . This they call Cork lit and make use thereof for litting or dying a kind of purple colour."

The easiest route from The Back Hill of The Bush to Glentrool is by Lochs Narroch and Valley.

[1] "There is a spring of water on Mount Kotilios, from which a certain writer states that the river Lymax rises; but he must neither have seen the spring himself, nor received his information from one who had."—Pausanias.

Loch Valley.

The Square, Wigton.

CHAPTER XII

WIGTON

The Moss of Cree—The Bishop's Burn—Wigton—Its old buildings—The castle and the earldom of Wigton—The convent—The harbour—The martyrs' graves—The story of Margaret Maclachlan and Margaret Wilson—Traditions connected with the martyrdom—The stone circle of Torhouse—Heraldic panel at Mochrum Park House—The Old Place of Mochrum.

THE Moss of Cree!—who could read of it in books or notice how cartographers had written its name in large letters on their maps without wishing to see it, to wander through it, to revel in all its wild expanse of peat, heather, and bog-myrtle? for plainly, since the map shewed "Moss of Cree", this was not a mere wayside bit of bog, but a marish tract extensive enough to be a feature of the countryside. I turned aside from the Wigton road into a byway veering towards the river and observed presently on the right hand some peats cut recently and arranged in little stacks for drying; but after this saw slender justification for the great name, "Moss of Cree", for I continued to cycle amid turnip fields, bean fields, corn fields, and pastures, and only here and there did I see any rough moorland. The name, "Moss of Cree", indeed, applies

now to a much restricted area. Even in Heron's time much had been done by draining, pumping, manuring, and the introduction of other earths to make the soil productive of rich crops, and the process was continued during the last century. I talked with an old man who pointed to a field of corn and said that he remembered seeing peats cut at the head of it. I asked him if he knew anything about a stream called the Bishop's Burn, and he shewed me where it ran. When I inquired if he could tell me how it got its name, he said that he did not know, but gave me what he had learned about a field on the farther bank, namely, that cattle-drovers used to pass through it on their way to a ford, that their herds occupied it for hours sometimes as they waited for the fall of the tide, and that a woman who lived in a cottage on this side piloted the droves across the sands.

My question about the Bishop's Burn was not prompted by a desire for information, but by curiosity as to what the man might say. I am sorry that I did not give him the tradition, as it might have pleased him. It is very likely now that he will die without having heard even the name of that monkish adventurer, Wymond *alias* Malcolm MacHeth, or of the valiant Bishop Gilaldanus, who threw his hatchet at him. Wymond was a monk of Furness who became Bishop of Man. Soon after his consecration he declared that he was the son of Angus, Earl of Moray, who had been killed in the rebellion of 1130. He renounced his vows, began to call himself Malcolm MacHeth, married a daughter of Somerled, Lord of the Isles, and with the assistance of his father-in-law and other chiefs ravaged the northern coasts. He evaded defeat by all the forces sent against him until he made a descent on the shore of Wigton Bay. Gilaldanus, the bishop, in the absence of Fergus, Lord of Galloway, advanced at the head of an army against the invader. The two forces confronted each other on the banks of the burn. MacHeth made to lead his followers across and was himself in mid-stream when Gilaldanus hurled his axe. It struck MacHeth and caused him to fall. Elated with this success and giving the enemy no time to recover from their discomfiture, the Gallovidians pressed their attack and cut down so many men that the burn ran red. MacHeth escaped by one of the fords of the Cree, but was captured in the east country and imprisoned in Roxburgh Castle.

This tradition may be true, and yet the burn have obtained its

name in another way. One possible source is that the bishops of Galloway had a residence in this parish of Penninghame; another is that the lands of Clary lying along the burn belonged to the Gordons of Lochinvar, one of whom was the famous Alexander Gordon, Bishop of Galloway and titular Archbishop of Athens.

I was traversing this Moss of Cree both for its own sake and

Wigton Bay from the Square, Wigton.

in order that I might see the county town. Wigton[1] is spread over the broad top of a considerable hill standing by itself, so that whether one come from Newton Stewart in the north or

[1] Commonly said to be "dwelling on the bay"; O.E. *wic*, O. Norse *vig-r*; but "Wyggeton," 1283, should be "village of *Wiga*."—Johnston.

from Kirkcowan in the north-west or over the moors of Mochrum or by any of the roads passing through or near Kirkinner in the south or by ship over Wigton Bay, one must climb to enter the town. One looks up to it with a certain respect, not only because its situation is dignified, but also on account of the dust of the martyrs lying in its churchyard. From all that I had read I had learned to look for an air of solemnity about the place, and this anticipation was fulfilled. One might say that it had a dull dignity, or if one were content to let phrases go and speak bluntly, one might say that it was dull. It is clear that Sir Andrew Agnew inclines to this opinion, for has he not said that Wigton "reminds one of an old English cathedral town"? Yet one could not say bluntly that it was dull without having a slightly uneasy conscience, for, dull though it be, it is not with a trivial and mean dullness, but in a large and almost a grand way. This qualification comes partly of the antiquity of the town and partly of the spaciousness of the central street, which is not so much a street as a huge square with tennis and bowling greens surrounded with venerable trees in the midst.

When Symson knew Wigton in the seventeenth century, there were some "pretty good houses" three storeys high, and a few of them remain. The older of the two crosses standing together in the square, a monolith about ten feet high surmounted by a square stone carved with dials and a stone pomegranate for a finial, bears the date 1738. It was restored to a place of honour beside the modern cross after many years of obscurity in a cell of the old prison. Its neighbour, a tall granite structure, was erected in 1816.

One cannot pass through the town without noticing a two-storey house projecting from the line of the other houses at the west end of the square. It formed a side of the West Port. So recently as the middle of the eighteenth century the inhabitants used to drive their cattle within the Ports every evening, and then the gates were closed until morning. When fences became common, this was necessary no longer, and the town council resolved to have the Ports removed because "they greatly incommode the carrying the corps of the deceast through the same", and "the wheeled vehicles of noblemen and gentlemen comeing to the place" could not enter. The house on the north side of the West Port escaped destruction, perhaps because

the removal of the opposite house was sufficient. The clearance was made in 1761.

Nothing remains of the old Tolbooth. Symson says, "The Tolbooth standing neer the middle of the town, is lately beautify'd with a Pyramis erected upon a square platforme, upon the top of the steeple, set round with pylasters, which adds a fine ornament to the town." Its place has been taken by the new Court House and Town Hall[1] at the east end of the square. The older buildings of the Castle and the Friary have disappeared also.

The fact that Wigton gave its name to the whole of western Galloway witnesses to the importance of the Castle. It was one of the strongholds delivered into the hands of Edward the First in 1291. When David the Second created Sir Malcolm Fleming Earl of Wigton in 1342, he gave him the custody of the Castle and jurisdiction over the whole Shire. The charter states that "because the said place of Wigtoun was lookt upon as the principal manor of the whole sheriffdom, the King ordained that the said Malcolm and his heirs should for ever take the name of Earl and be called the Earls of Wigtoun". The earldom did not descend in the Fleming family beyond the third generation. The first Earl was succeeded by his grandson, Thomas, who was unfit to control the baronage of The Shire and was constrained to surrender his rights and possessions in Wigtonshire to Archibald Douglas, the Grim, in 1371.

The convent of Dominican or Black Friars has left only the slightest traces. Symson, who wrote in 1684, says, "On the South east of this town, there was long since a Friarie, but the very ruines therof are now allmost ruined." He adds, "The greatest quantity of Agrimony that I ever saw in one place, grows about this Friarie." MacKerlie states that a well-known pippin came from the orchard. "Over one hundred years ago," he says, "two trees, then about a century old, remained, from which grafts were sent to all parts." The tree became known in England as the Galloway Pippin. The monks no doubt introduced it.

[1] "Hung in the steeple of the town hall are three bells, dated respectively 1633, 1777, and 1881. The first . . . bears an inscription which, so far as decipherable, reads: O GOD LET WIGTOUNE FLOURISH BY THY WORD IN CHRIST WHO IS ONLIE OUR HEAD. ANNO 1633."—The *Inventory*.

I had not been accustomed to think of Wigton as a seaport, and was surprised, therefore, on walking down to the lower part of the square, to see an enamelled plate on a wall bearing the legend, "Harbour Road". I should not have wondered at it, however, had I remembered the common derivation of the name of the town. I set off to see the harbour, and after about half a mile came to a pier and a dock on the bank of the Bladnoch[1]—a pier covered with grass and sea-pinks, and a dock occupied by one small rowing-boat. Before the making of the

Wigton Bay from the Quay, Wigton.

railway *The Countess of Galloway* used to call here regularly; but now the port is deserted.

If there was little to amuse one about it, it at least gave a splendid view of the other side of Wigton Bay. Just as from the Ravenshall coast I had seen Wigton and its neighbourhood afar off, so now from Wigton I looked across to the miniature presentment of the country through which I had passed a day or two earlier. The great mass of Cairnsmore lay far on the left with its upper half hidden by a cloud. Creetown, indicated by an irregular grey patch among trees, was the first place belonging strictly to the shore of the bay. A minute speck of yellow stood

[1] Pronounced "Blaidnoch"; "Gaelic *bladh* (or *blaidh*)-*an-achaidh*, 'bit of the field'. In Irish *bladh, blod, blag* is a division, partition."—Johnston.

for Cassencarie House. The elevator at the end of the pier at Kirkmabreck looked like a small target. Carsluith village, the castle, and the extreme point beyond Dirk Hatteraick's Cave completed the series of dwarfed details. Behind them all rose the lower slopes of Cairnharrow and Cambret[1], their summits, like that of Cairnsmore, covered with clouds.

A narrow, grass-grown embankment protecting one or two meadows from high tides wound from the pier towards the lower part of the town. A footpath ran along the top, mounted a bank, passed through a small plantation, and ended near the churchyard. A well-worn track runs among the graves to those of the martyrs, which are enclosed with an iron railing. The inscriptions are as follows:

(1) A table stone:

HERE LYES MARGRAT WILLSON DOUGHTER TO GILBERT WILLSON IN GLENVERNOCH WHO WAS DROUNED ANNO 1685 AGED 18

LET EARTH AND STONE STILL WITNES BEARE
THEIR LYES A VIRGINE MARTYRE HERE.
MURTHERD FOR OUNING CHRIST SUPREAME,
HEAD OF HIS CHURCH AND NO MORE CRIME.
BUT NOT ABJURING PRESBYTRY,
AND HER NOT OUNING PRELACY
THEY HER CONDEMD BY UNJUST LAW,
OF HEAVEN NOR HELL THEY STOOD NO AW.
WITHIN THE SEA TYD TO A STAKE
SHE SUFFERED FOR CHRIST JESUS SAKE,
THE ACTORS OF THIS CRUEL CRIME
WAS LAGG · STRACHAN WINRAM · AND GRHAME ·
NEITHER YOUNG YEARES NOR YET OLD AGE
COULD STOP THE FURY OF THERE RAGE ·

(2) A small upright stone:

(On top)

MEMENTO MORI

(On front)

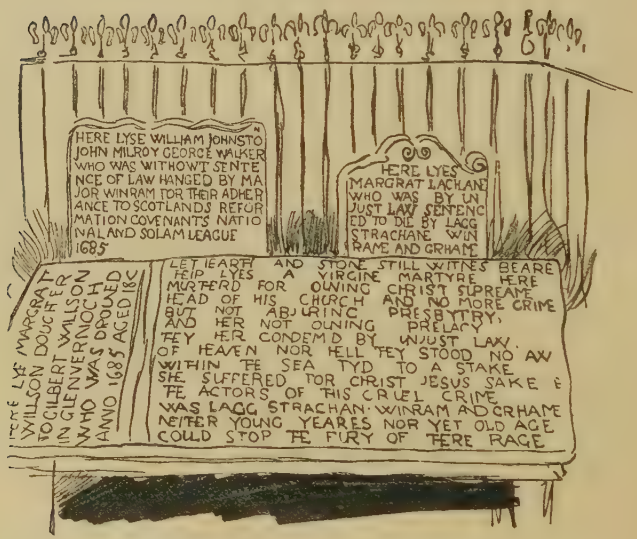
HERE LYES
MARGRAT LACHLANE
WHO WAS BY UN
JUST LAW SENTENC
ED TO DIE BY LAGG
STRACHANE WIN
RAME AND GRHAME
AND TYED TO A
STAKE WITHIN THE
FLOOD FOR HER

[1] Gaelic *ceann breac*, brindled or dappled hill.

(*On back*)

(Crossbones and skull)

ADHERENCE
TO SCOTLANDS RE
FORMATION COVE
NANTS NATIONAL
AND SOLEMN LEAGUE
AGED 63 1685


HERE LYSE WILLIAM JOHNSTO
JOHN MILROY GEORGE WALKER
WHO WAS WITHOWT SENTE
NCE OF LAW HANGED BY MA
JOR WINRAM FOR THEIR ADHER
ANCE TO SCOTLANDS REFOR
MATION COVENANTS NATIO
NAL AND SOLAM LEAGUE
1685
HERE LYES
MARGRAT LACHAN
WHO WAS BY UN
JUST LAW SENTENC
ED TO DE BY LAGG
STRACHANE WIN
RAME AND GRHAME
LET HEARTH AND STONE STILL WITNES BEARE
HEIP LYES A VIRGINE MARTYRE HERE
MURTERD FOR OUWING CHRIST SUPREAME
HEAD OF HIS CHURCH AND NO MORE CRIME
BUT NOT ABJURING PRESBYTRY,
AND HER NOT OUNING PRELACY
TEY HER CONDEMD BY WNJUST LAWY
OF HEAVEN NOR HELL TEY STOOD NO AW
WITHIN TE SEA TYD TO A STAKE
SHE SUFFERED FOR CHRIST JESUS SAKE &
TE ACTORS OF THIS CRUEL CRIME
WAS LAGG STRACHAN WINRAM AND GRHAME
NEITER YOUNG YEARES NOR YET OLD AGE
COULD STOP TE FURY OF THERE RAGE
HERE LYE MARGRAT
WILLSON DOUCHTER
TO GILBERT WILLSON
IN GLENVERNOCH
WHO WAS DROWED
ANNO 1685 AGED 18

(3) A small upright stone :

(*On top*)

MEMENTO MORI

(*On front*)

N

HERE LYSE WILLIAM JOHNSTO
JOHN MILROY GEORGE WALKER
WHO WAS WITHOUT SENTE
NCE OF LAW HANGED BY MA
JOR WINRAM FOR THEIR ADHER
ANCE TO SCOTLANDS REFOR
MATION COVENANTS NATIO
NAL AND SOLAM LEAGWE
1685.

The classical passage on the martyrdom of Margaret Wilson and Margaret Maclachlan is in Wodrow's *The History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland.* "Upon the 11th of May," he says, "we meet with the barbarous and wicked execution of two excellent women near Wigton, Margaret McLachlan and Margaret Wilson." Margaret Wilson, aged eighteen years, and her sister, Agnes, who was not yet thirteen years old, were the daughters of Gilbert Wilson, tenant of Glenvernoch in the parish of Penninghame,[1] who conformed to Episcopacy. The girls adhered to the Covenants, fell into the hands of the persecutors, and were imprisoned. Later, they left the district and wandered through Carrick, Galloway, and Nithsdale with their brothers and some other Covenanters. On the death of King Charles, there was some slackening of the persecution, and the girls returned to Wigton. "There was an acquaintance of theirs, Patrick Stuart, whom they took to be a friend and well-wisher, but he was really not so, and betrayed them; being in their company, and seeking an occasion against them, he proposed drinking the king's health; this they modestly declined: upon which he went out, informed against them, and brought in a party of soldiers, and seized them. As if they had been great malefactors, they were put in the thieves' hole, and after they had been there some time, they were removed to the prison where Margaret McLauchlan was."

Margaret Maclachlan was the widow of a tenant in the parish of Kirkinner, "a country woman of more than ordinary knowledge, discretion, and prudence, and for many years of singular piety and devotion: she would take none of the oaths now pressed upon women as well as men; neither would she desist from the duties she took to be incumbent upon her, hearing presbyterian ministers when providence gave opportunity, and joining with her Christian friends and acquaintances in prayer, and supplying her relations and acquaintances when in straits, though persecuted. It is a jest to suppose her guilty of rising in arms and rebellion, though indeed it was a part of her indictment, which she got in common form now used." She was very roughly dealt with in prison, and was allowed neither fire nor bed although she was sixty-three years of age.

All the three prisoners were indicted "for rebellion, Bothwellbridge, Ayr's Moss, and being present at twenty field-conven-

[1] O.E. *peneg hám,* penny holding or land.

ticles". None of them had ever been within many miles of Bothwell or Ayr's Moss. "Agnes Wilson could be but eight years of age at Ayr's Moss, and her sister but about twelve or thirteen; and it was impossible they could have any access to those risings: Margaret McLauchlan was as free as they were." When the Abjuration Oath was put to them, they refused it, the assize found them guilty, and the sentence was that "upon the 11th instant, all the three should be tied to stakes fixed within the flood-mark in the water of Blednoch near Wigton, where the sea flows at high water, there to be drowned". Gilbert Wilson secured the liberation of the younger girl under a bond of a hundred pounds sterling to present her when he was required to do so.

The sentence was executed on Margaret Maclachlan and Margaret Wilson. The narrative must be given as it stands in Wodrow's *History*. "The two women were brought from Wigton, with a numerous crowd of spectators to so extraordinary an execution. Major Windram with some soldiers guarded them to the place of execution. The old woman's stake was a good way in beyond the other, and she was first despatched, in order to terrify the other to a compliance with such oaths and conditions as they required. But in vain; for she adhered to her principles with an unshaken steadfastness. When the water was overflowing her fellow-martyr, some about Margaret Wilson asked her, what she thought of the other now struggling with the pangs of death. She answered, what do I see but Christ (in one of his members) wrestling there. Think you that we are the sufferers? no, it is Christ in us, for he sends none a warfare upon their own charges. When Margaret Wilson was at the stake, she sang the 25th Psalm from verse 7th, downward a good way, and read the 8th chapter to the Romans with a great deal of cheerfulness, and then prayed. While at prayer, the water covered her: but before she was quite dead, they pulled her up, and held her out of the water till she was recovered, and able to speak; and then by major Windram's orders, she was asked, if she would pray for the king. She answered, 'She wished the salvation of all men, and the damnation of none.' One deeply affected with the death of the other and her case, said, 'Dear Margaret, say God save the king, say God save the king.' She answered in the greatest steadiness and composure, 'God save him, if he will, for it is his salvation

I desire.' Whereupon some of her relations near by, desirous to have her life spared, if possible, called out to major Windram, 'Sir, she hath said it, she hath said it.' Whereupon the major came near, and offered her the abjuration, charging her instantly to swear it, otherwise return to the water. Most deliberately she refused, and said, 'I will not, I am one of Christ's children, let me go.' Upon which she was thrust down again into the water, where she finished her course with joy."

No other event of the Persecution has been the subject of such vehement controversy. Mark Napier, Sheriff of Dumfries and author of *Memorials and Letters of Graham of Cluverhouse* (1859–62), contended that the sentence was not carried out, and wrote a monograph entitled *The Case for the Crown in re the Wigtown Martyrs proved to be Myths*. His argument is based on the fact that a reprieve was granted in response to petitions presented on behalf of the prisoners. Effective replies were written by the Rev. Archibald Stewart, minister of Glasserton,[1] and others; and the only lasting result of the controversy has been the accumulation of evidence in support of Wodrow.

Local traditions traceable almost to the time of the execution and illustrating the popular conviction of its actuality have been collected in *The Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway*. "A minister long resident in the district told the author that the name of the man by whose information the women were arrested is well known, and his memory execrated still. One of his descendants, getting into an altercation with a person in the borough, was thus taunted the other day: 'I wadna like to have had a forebear who betrayed the martyrs; I wadna be coomed o' sic folk'.

"Another informant had communed with a person (Miss Suzan Heron) whose grandfather had seen the execution; whose words were: 'The sands were covered wi' cluds o' folk, a' gathered into clusters, many offering up prayers for the women while they were being put down'."

Some rather grotesque stories are told. "A town sergeant, who had been officiously active—when the women finally refused Lagg to take the test—pressed down their heads with his halbert, and cried with savage glee: 'Tak' another drink o't, my hearties!' Hardly had he returned home when he was

[1] *History Vindicated in the Case of the Wigtown Martyrs*. Second Edition. (1869.)

troubled by an extraordinary thirst: it continued. No amount of drink he could take could allay it. His unnatural craving forced him, when obliged to go abroad, to carry a pitcher on his back. If crossing a stream, he was irresistibly impelled to kneel down and lap water like a dog. Medical skill was of no avail: as the wretch wandered about the country, now turning to curse a group of urchins who followed to mock his sufferings, now sprawling to moisten his tongue in the gutter, even his ribald companions shrank from him with horror, and the people, whose sympathies were with his victims, pointed to him as a man whose eternal sufferings had begun.

"Still more grotesque is the tradition of the 'Cleppie Bells'. A constable who was held to have carried out his orders unfeelingly, as he fastened the women to the stakes, was asked how the poor creatures behaved when the cold wave roared and foamed about their heads. 'Oo,' he replied jocularly, 'they just clepped roun' the stobs like partons, and prayed.' Soon after, Bell's wife was brought to bed, when the howdie exclaimed in horror: 'The bairn is clepped!' (i.e. the fingers grew firmly together). Another child was born, and yet another, and as each little wretch in turn was seen to be 'clepped', the most incredulous were convinced it was a judgment of Providence. We have been gravely assured that within the memory of man a female descendant of the bad constable, on giving birth to a child, was horrified by the exclamation, 'The bairn is clepped!'"

The following saying belongs to more recent days. "An old elder in the parish, on being told that historical doubts had been started as to whether the said women had been drowned at all, answered with much simplicity: 'Weel, weel, they that doots the droonin' o' the women wad maybe doot the deein' o' the Lord Jesus Christ'."

Some of the results of the Persecution are illustrated by entries in the kirk-session records of Wigton for the early years of the eighteenth century: "To Jo. Flokart, who suffered ye loss of all he had dureing ye late Persecution for hearing and entertaining minrs. and honest folk in his house, £1, 9s"; "To James Williamson, a sufferer in the late times, 6s."; "To one Isabella Wilson, from Glasgow, a late sufferer, 8s."; "To John Flockhart, a sufferer in the late times, 18s." There is also "To Mr. James Spark, a Curate, £1, 4s."

Other items reveal the strange variety of matters coming at times within the cognizance of the kirk-session: "To two men who had been taken by the Turks, 4s."; "To John Rutherford, taken by ye French, 10s."; "To a distracted naked man, to help to buy Cloathes, 6s. 6d."; "To Balmeg's daughter, to take her to a 7th sone to be cured of the cruels, 6s."; "To Jo. Robison and Wm. Maxwell, cast away coming from Virginia, 6s."; "To a blewgoun, 2s."; "To Jacob Sobieski, a Polonian, a Protestant, 8s."; "To two men who had been taken by the Pirates, 8s."; "To Jean Lowzier, a French gentlewoman, who had been shipwraked, 12s."; "To Will McKie

The Standing Stones of Torhouse.

going to Moffat for health, £3"; "To Robert Guthrie, for keeping out vagrant and sturdy beggars for 5 weeks, 15s."; "To a shilling returned to one who had thrown it in by mistake to ye poor."

A little more than three miles from the martyrs' graves are some much more ancient monuments with no story, the stone-circle of Torhouse and other standing stones in the neighbourhood. The circle "consists of nineteen stones—all natural boulders—and contains within the periphery an arrangement of peculiar character not observed elsewhere: three large blocks of stone in alignment, those at the ends each some two feet and nine inches away from the central stone, on which there

rests in a C-shaped curve a low bank or wall."[1] Symson wrote, "In the high way betwixt Wigton and Portpatrick, about three miles Westward of Wigton, is a plaine call'd the Moor, or Standing Stones of Torhouse in which there is a monument of three large whin stones, call'd King Galdus's tomb, surrounded, at about twenty foot distance, with nineteen considerable great stones, (but none of them so great as the three first mentioned,) erected in a circumference. In this Moor, and not far from the tomb, are great heaps of small hand-stones, which the Countrey people call Cairnes, supposed by them to be the buriall places of the common souldiers. As also at severall places distant from the Monument, are here and there great single stones erected, which are also supposed to be the buriall places of his Commanders and men of note. But herein I determine nothing, only I think fit to add, that, at severall places in this Countrey, there are many great heaps of hand stones, call'd Cairnes; and those heaps, or Cairnes, of stones are very seldom single, but many times there are two of them, and sometimes moe, not far distant from each other."

What appear to be the remains of other circles are found near at hand. Three large prostrate boulders about two hundred yards north-west seem to have their bases on the arc of a circle, and about a hundred and thirty yards to the east there is a similar group. There are records and remains of former circles at other places in The Shire: at Blairbuy in Glasserton Parish, at Eldrig in Mochrum, at Longcastle in Kirkinner, near Glenturk in Wigton, and at Glentirrow in Inch. The circle at Torhouse is the only complete one.[2]

Archæologists describe such circles as sepulchral constructions of the bronze age without seriously invalidating the thoughts of the poet:

> Isled and estranged from every mood
> Of all that lived and grew,
> Deep in forgotten Time they stood—
> The Stones of Stanton Drew.

[1] The *Inventory*.

[2] According to the *Inventory*, the stone circles in The Stewartry "number apparently thirteen, though of that number some are very imperfect." The places where they are found are Cauldside and High Auchenlarie in Anwoth, Holm of Daltallochan in Carsphairn, Ernespie in Kelton, Drummore in Kirkcudbright, Glenquicken and Claughreid in Kirkmabreck, Easthill in Lochrutton, Drannandow in Minnigaff, and Park and Lairdmannoch in Tongland.

How many ages have gone by
Since last a mortal knew
Who set you there, and when, and why,
O Stones of Stanton Drew ?

All sunlit was the Earth I trod,
The Heaven was frankest blue ;
But secret as the thoughts of God
The Stones of Stanton Drew.[1]

The Torhouse property adjoins that of Mochrum Park, a modern home of an old family. The most interesting detail of Mochrum Park House is a heraldic panel[2] belonging originally to the gatehouse of the Bishop's Palace in Glasgow. About the middle of the eighteenth century, when the Palace was being demolished, the stones forming the panel were built into a tenement in the High Street of Glasgow. They were removed later to the house of Sir William Dunbar, a descendant of the famous Archbishop, Gavin Dunbar, who was a son of Sir John Dunbar of Mochrum by his second wife, Janet, a daughter of Sir Alexander Stewart of Garlies. He became Dean of Moray, Prior of Whithorn, Archbishop of Glasgow, and, in 1528, Lord High Chancellor, and died in 1547.

Mochrum Park is not to be confused with the Old Place of Mochrum, the former home of the Galloway Dunbars and now the property of the Marquess of Bute. The Old Place stands in a lonely situation in the midst of a great expanse of moors and lochs[3] in the parish of Mochrum about eight miles west of Wigton. It is described in the *Inventory* as " perhaps the most remarkable castle " in The Shire and " consists of two independent towers built within a large courtyard and separated by a

[1] *New Poems* by William Watson.

[2] " It is formed of two detached portions of stone carved in relief, on which are three shields bearing arms :—*The upper stone :* (1) A lion rampant within a royal tressure (for Scotland) : supporters, two unicorns : encircling the shield, the Collar of the Thistle, and, beneath, the royal monogram of James the Fifth, no longer legible. *The lower stone :* (2) Three cushions lozenge-ways within a royal tressure (Archbishop Dunbar) : beneath the shield a salmon on its back with a ring in its mouth, and, behind, an archiepiscopal cross : (3) A chevron chequy between three martlets (that in dexter chief *contourné*) : a rose in chief for difference (James Houston, Subdean of Glasgow)." The stones are believed to be the only remains of the Episcopal Palace of Glasgow.

[3] Drumwalt or Mochrum Loch, the subject of Mr. Thomson's drawing, is the largest.

space of about thirteen feet, without any apparent means of communication, and joined only by a single wall which probably completed the courtyard on the south side. The west tower, which is the older building, has the usual characteristics of this

The Old Place of Mochrum.

period.[1] The entrance is from the courtyard and leads to a vaulted room on the ground floor and to a wheel-stair in the south-east angle, which gives direct access to the hall on the first floor,

[1] The fifteenth century.

to the second floor, to the attics and parapet walk. The corbels supporting the stone parapet are of small projection, and there are no machicolations for the purpose of defence—showing a departure from the earlier defensive arrangements due to the anticipation of less strenuous hostilities. The east tower shows a further development in this direction. The staircase, instead of being formed within the wall, is built in a projecting wing to the north, while the wall-head supports the ends of the rafters, and the parapet and walk are abolished. The form of crow-steps employed at the gables is particularly worthy of notice

Drumwalt Loch.

as being peculiar to Galloway. They are made up of small stones covered on the upper surface with a thin stone slab projecting slightly at the free end." The west tower is attributed to the fifteenth, and the east to the sixteenth, century. Contemporary sketches shew that at the end of the eighteenth century the castle was roofless and partly ruined. The work of restoring it and of making additions was begun by the third Marquess of Bute, and has been continued by his successor.

The writer of *The Statistical Account* of 1796 said, " In the middle of the moor-land appears an old tower or castle, whose walls are very strong, and almost entire ; and, being nearly surrounded by lakes, when viewed at a distance it has a most curious and picturesque appearance, resembling much a large ship at sea." The plantations formed by the third Marquess have changed the aspect of the neighbourhood, so that this effect appears no longer.

The Gateway and Ruins of Baldoon Castle.

CHAPTER XIII

KIRKINNER

The Bride of Baldoon and *The Bride of Lammermoor*—Symson's description of the making of shell lime—The name of the parish—Andrew Symson, Episcopal minister and author of *A Large Description of Galloway*—His relations with his parishioners—An account of the sufferers in the Persecution—Kirkinner Church—An ancient Celtic cross—The Vans Agnews of Barnbarroch—The attempted abduction of Miss Vaus of Barnbarroch in 1738.

After crossing the Bladnoch by the bridge about a mile south-west of Wigton, I turned along a byway leading down the right bank, for the map shewed that it would bring me shortly to Baldoon.[1] I remembered that the place was associated with *The Bride of Lammermoor*, being indeed the scene of the death of Janet Dalrymple, the daughter of Sir James Dalrymple of Stair, who was created Viscount Stair in 1690. The road ran pleasantly among trees along the river-side until it turned into the trim grounds of the pretty farmhouse of Baldoon. A little beyond the house I saw the beautiful carved-stone gateposts of the old castle, and behind the gateway the ivy-covered remains of the castle itself, whither David Dunbar brought his reluctant bride on the 24th of August, 1669.

[1] Gaelic *baile duine*, townland of the fort.

The only contemporary evidence for the history is contained in an elegy written by Andrew Symson, minister of Kirkinner Parish, wherein Baldoon lies, and gives no suggestion of either murder or madness as playing a part in the course of events. The elegy is not too long for quotation.

ON THE UNEXPECTED DEATH OF THE VERTUOUS LADY, MRS. JANET DALRYMPLE, LADY BALDONE, YOUNGER.

Nupta Aug. 12. *Domum ducta Aug.* 24. *Obiit Sept.* 12. *Sepult. Sept.* 30. M.DC.LX.IX.

Dialogus inter Advenam et Servum Domesticum.

Adv. What means this sudden unexpected change ?
This mourning company ? Sure, sure, some strange
And uncouth thing hath happen'd : Phoebus's head
Hath not been resting on the wat'ry bed
Of sea-green Thetis fourty times, since I
In *transitu* did cast my tender eye
Upon this very place, and here did view
A troop of gallants : Iris never knew
The various colours which they did employ
To manifest and represent their joy.
Yea, more ; methinks I saw this very wall
Adorn'd with emblems hieroglyphicall ;
As first, the glorious sun in lustre shine ;
Next unto it, a young and tender vine
Surround a stately elm, whose tops were crown'd
With wreaths of bay-tree reaching to the ground ;
And to be short, methinks I did espy
A pleasant, harmless, joyfull comedy.
But now (sad change, I'm sure,) they all are clad
In deepest sable, and their faces sad ;
The sun's o'erclouded, and the vine's away,
The elm is drooping, and the wreaths of bay
Are chang'd to cypress, and the comedie
Is metamorphos'd to a tragedie.
I do desire you, Friend, for to unfold
This matter to me.

Serv. Dom. Sir, 'tis truth you've told ;
We did enjoy great mirth, but now, ah me !
Our joyful song's turn'd to an elegie.
A vertuous lady, not long since a bride,
Was to an hopeful plant by marriage ty'd
And brought home hither. We did all rejoyce
Even for her sake. But presently our voice
Was turn'd to mourning, for that little time
That she'd enjoy ; she waned in her prime ;
For Atropus, with her impartial knife,
Soon cut her threed, and therewithall her life.

And for the time, we may it well remember,
It being in unfortunate September,
Just at the equinox ; she was cut down
In th' harvest, and this day she's to be sown,
Where we must leave her till the resurrection ;
'Tis then the saints enjoy their full perfection.

This, of course, is not great poetry, and I have set it down simply because, written by one who was both minister of the parish and an intimate friend of the bridegroom, it shews that the actual history of David Dunbar and his bride was less sensational than the popular traditions of later generations represented it to have been, for it is scarcely conceivable that Symson should have used the correct sentiments of these commonplace verses as a veil for a story too terrible to be given to the world by a friend, and there is no reason to suppose that he was trying to make the best of a difficult situation since he was under no compulsion to write an elegy at all.

The foundation of the later versions of the bride's story lies in the following facts. Janet, the eldest daughter of Sir James Dalrymple, known better by his title of Viscount Stair, had been sought in marriage by Archibald, third Lord Rutherford, who was poor. She had plighted her troth ; but the attachment was opposed resolutely by her parents, who preferred another lover, David Dunbar, the heir of Sir David Dunbar of Baldoon. The mother in particular, a woman capable of an inflexible determination, urged her daughter to depart from her engagement and agree to become the wife of Dunbar, and is said to have wrought upon her child's mind by insisting on the Levitical law contained in the thirtieth chapter of *The Book of Numbers*, that a woman shall be free of a vow "if her father disallow her in the day that he heareth". The distracted victim of this attack was unable to stand her ground indefinitely and yielded at last to her parents' desire. The marriage took place on the 12th of August, 1669, at the Kirk of Old Luce, about two miles from Carscreugh, the home at that time of the Dalrymples. The bride rode to church behind one of her younger brothers, who spoke long afterwards of the extraordinary coldness of her hand when it had happened to touch his own, a detail given to Sir Walter Scott by a lady who had it from young Dalrymple himself. The wedding party remained at Carscreugh until the 24th of August, when a gay troop of friends accompanied the bridegroom

and bride to Baldoon, where they were entertained with a masque. The bride died nineteen days later.

According to the first of the later versions, the bride stabbed the bridegroom on their wedding night and died a maniac a few days afterwards; according to the second, the bridegroom stabbed the bride and was "found in a state of idiocy"; the third introduces the disappointed lover, conceals him in the bridal chamber, and represents him as attacking his successful rival and then escaping into the garden by a window. It seems as if the whole harvest of gruesome variations on the known history were due to the malicious invention of Sir William Hamilton of Whitelaw, a bitter enemy of Lord Stair and his unsuccessful competitor for the position of President of the Court of Session. His scurrilous verses on Lord Stair and his family include a characteristic reading of the unhappy bridal of Baldoon, namely, that the bridegroom suffered violence at the hands of the Devil, to whom the bride had vowed herself in case she should break her engagement with her first lover. Having come to claim his due,

> Nick did Baldoon's posterior right deride
> And, as first substitute, did seize the bride;
> Whate'er he to his mistress did or said,
> He threw the bridegroom from the nuptial bed,
> Into the chimney did so his rival maul,
> His bruised bones ne'er were cured but by the fall.

The last line alludes to the fact that Dunbar died as the result of a fall from his horse. This occurred in 1682. Dunbar had as his second wife a daughter of Hugh, seventh Earl of Eglinton. His daughter and only child was married to Lord Basil Hamilton and became an ancestress of the S. Mary's Isle family. Lord Rutherford never married, and died in 1685. He was an uncle of David Dunbar; this fact, however, has no significance for the history.

Lord Basil Hamilton, who married the heiress of Sir David Dunbar, became prominent, not as a figure in a romantic history, but in the more useful part of cattle-breeder. He imported cows from Ireland in order to improve the native stock, and "may be given the credit of taking the initiative in developing what continued for nearly two centuries the principal source of the Galloway farmer's profit." Of the cattle on Sir David Dunbar's estate Symson says, "those of his owne breed,

at four year old, are very large, yea, so large, that in August or September, 1682, nine and fifty of that sort, which would have yeilded betwixt five and six pound sterling the peice, were seiz'd upon in England for Irish cattell; and because the person to whom they were entrusted, had not witnesses there ready at the precise hour, to swear that they were seen calved in Scotland, (though the witness offered to depone that he liv'd in Scotland, within a mile of the Park where they were calv'd and bred,) they were, by the sentence of Sir J. L., and some others, who knew well enough that they were bred in Scotland, knockt on the head and kill'd; which was, to say no more, very hard measure, and an act unworthy of persons of that quality and station, who ordered it to be done."

If you cross the meadows of Baldoon to the shore of the bay, you will see the place where Symson watched his parishioners making shell lime more than two hundred years ago. Any reader who thinks that it is impossible for him to take any interest in the details of this primitive industry will please skip the following paragraph, for I cannot refrain from transcribing Symson's account of the matter. The information might be useful if one were cast away upon a desert island.

"On the bank of this Park, that lyes opposit to the sea, if there be in the winter time any high tides and storms from the South East, the sea casts innumerable and incredible quantities of Cockleshells, which the whole shire makes use of for lime, and it is the onely lime which this countrey affoords. The way of making it is thus: Upon an even Area, (the circumference they make less or more, according to the quantity of shells they intend to burne,) they set erected peits, upon which they put a layer of shells, a foot thick or more, and then upon them again lay peits, though not erected as at first, and then another layer of shells, and so *stratum super stratum*, till they bring it to an head like a pyramis; but as they put on these layers just in the center, they make a tunnell of peits, like a chimney, hollow in the middest, reaching from the bottom to the top, (just almost as Evelyn describes the making of charcoal;) this done, they take a pan full of burning peits, and put them down into this tunnel, or chimney, and so close up all with shells. This fire kindles the whole kilne, and in twentie-four hours space, or thereby, will so burn the shells that they will run together in a hard masse; after this, they

let it cool a litle, and then with an iron spade they bring it down by degrees, and sprinkling water thereon, with a beater they beat it, [or berry it, for that's their terme; this word they also use for threshing, and so call the thresher of their corne, the berrier] and then put it so beaten into litle heaps, which they press together with the broad side of their spade, after which, in a short time, it will dissolve [they call it melting] into a small white powder, and it is excellent lime. I have heard good masons say, that, as it is whiter, so also it binds stones together surer and better than stone lime itself."

You can imagine the smoking piles on that bleak beach

Kirkinner.

fanned every now and then into masses of smouldering fire by the rising and falling wind, and how the glow enduring through the night would arrest watchers on the other side of the bay.

On leaving Baldoon I did not need to return as I had come, for I found another byway running past the castle and joining the main road near the farmhouse of Moor Park. After about a mile of the main road I reached the village of Kirkinner. The parish bears the same name.

"The popular tradition respecting the name of the parish is as follows. In former times, the parish of Kirkinner included in it what now forms the parish of Kirkcowan. The clergyman preached two Sundays at the church in the southern part of the parish, and the next in another place of worship, in

the northern part of it. In those days, the one was distinguished as the Inner Kirk, hence the name Kirkinner; the other was called the Outer Kirk, which in course of time was changed into Kirk-cowan, and now forms the parish of that name." This from the new *Statistical Account* is one of the most shining examples of a popular "derivation" to be found in the literature relating to Galloway. The name is really a memorial of S. Kennera, who was believed to have been one of "the eleven thousand virgins of Cologne".

Symson's *Description of Galloway* has been referred to or quoted frequently in these pages, and there will be more allusions and quotations in the pages that follow. To the reader who is not familiar with Galloway literature it is very likely that Symson has been a mere name so far. Now that we have reached the parish where he laboured as a minister and, judging it "not altogether excentrical to my profession to comply something with my Genius" as a man of letters, drew up his account of Galloway and wrote a number of pieces of verse, it is time to set forth the slight outline of his history that is now traceable.

His introduction to the parish took place in 1663, the year following that in which his predecessor, George Waugh, had vacated it in consequence of the restoration of lay patronage. From the dedication of his *Tripatriarchicon; or, the Lives of the three Patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, extracted forth of the Sacred Story, and digested into English verse,* we learn that he had been "a con-disciple at the University"—the University of Edinburgh—with Lord Garlies, son of James, Earl of Galloway, and it is possible that it was through the Earl's patronage that he was presented to the living. In the preface to the same work he gives some account of the beginning of his ministry and of the various phases of his relations with the people of the parish in the course of it—an account full of interest to the student of the times inasmuch as it shews that every Episcopal minister was not the bloodthirsty tyrant that some have supposed him to be, and illustrates the attitude of the better kind of incumbent towards the people. "Though we had not a formal and explicit call," says Symson, speaking for himself and the other Episcopal ministers sent into Galloway to supply the vacant churches, "yet we had it virtually, and upon the matter, for after we had several Lord's days preached in our respective congregations

for which we were designed (seven Lord's days I am sure for my own part), our edicts served and duly execute, the representatives of the parish attended on our ordinations, and the generallty of the parish came to our solemn admissions; and thereafter waited on the ordinances under our administrations, yea, and the very members of the former sessions concurr'd with us, and assisted us in the exercise of discipline, and rectifying such affairs as was incumbent to them, after the old manner."

He proceeds to describe the attitude of the Episcopalian clergy towards those of their parishioners who adhered to Presbyterianism, and here we find the odd spectacle of a Scottish Episcopalian referring to Presbyterians as "dissenters"; but, of course, from a legal point of view the description was not without some justification in the period between the Restoration and the Revolution. "As for those few that were dissenters," he says, "we us'd all peaceable and Christian methods to gain them; so that when the commander of the forces, that lay in the Stewartrie of Kirkcudburgh (for there were none of them in our countrey), wrote to us to send him a list of them, we absolutely refused him, and sent two of our number, yet living, to signify the same to him; upon which account we were complained of as enemies to the government, and obstructers of the settlement of the peace of the countrey." When the various acts and proclamations against the Presbyterians were about to be put into force, "we us'd", he says, "our outmost endeavours to ward off the blow; and by our intercession and diligence in that affair, we got the penalty most times mitigated, yea, and many times wholy taken off, for which we got but little thanks many times from both parties; but there were some faults, such as murders, robberies, forgeries, and crimes of that nature, that we could not plead for; and when such persons were punished for such and the like misdemeanours (because they assumed to themselves the title of the godly party) we were blamed for all those punishments that lighted upon any of them, which so stirr'd up others to maltreat us at the rate, which in this poem I sometimes do complain of." The general revolt against Episcopacy, however, was gathering strength, so that even peaceable ministers like Symson found their congregations dwindling away. Among Symson's ever faithful hearers was David Dunbar of Baldoon, on whose death he wrote a *Funeral Elegie* containing the following lines:

> He was no schismatick, he ne'er withdrew
> Himself from th' House of God ; he with a few
> (Some two or three) came constantly to pray
> For such as had withdrawn themselves away.
> Nor did he come by fits ; foul day or fair,
> I, being i' th' church, was sure to see him there.
> Had he withdrawn, 'tis like these two or three,
> Being thus discourag'd, had deserted me.

With so slender a congregation, the minister naturally entertained a peculiarly warm regard for the one constant worshipper !

Symson was not entirely free, meanwhile, from insults and injuries ; but these proceeded not so much from his own parishioners as from strangers. " I must in the mean time acknowledge, that as my lot was cast in a very pleasant place, so I had to do with a very well-natur'd people, who, following the example of the gentry, their landlords, payed me great deference and respect, for which people, for I hate ingratitude, I shall have a kindness as long as I breath, so that I was for the most part free from those male-treatments that many of my brethren mett with (towards whom my religion obliged me to have a sympathy). I confess I was not altogether free of my own troubles, which proceeded much more from strangers than those of my own parish ; for they in the mean time were so kind to me, that, when they were advertis'd of any approaching danger, they have both by day and night advertis'd me thereof, upon which I have many times retired myself quietly into their countrey-houses, where I was lodg'd and kindly entertain'd, and so escaped the danger I might otherwise have been subject to." In the dedication to his *Tripatriarchicon* he tells of one of the acts of kindness of the Earl of Galloway : " In the year 1679, when things were come to that hight, that the publick owning of us was almost look'd upon as a crime, and I for my own safety was necessitate to retire to a quiet lurking place, his Lordship accidentaly lighted on me, took me home with him to his house, and kindly entertained me there."

It is recorded that Symson gave the civil authorities a list of the disorderly persons, that is, the Presbyterians, in his parish on the 15th of October, 1684.[1] and that he was inducted to the parish of Douglas on the 12th of January, 1686, so that he must have left Kirkinner between these dates. He was

[1] In accordance with the requirement of the Act of Parliament of the 31st of August, 1681.

" outed " from his new parish at the Revolution on the ground that he had been obtruded upon the people " without their consent and lawfull call ". The church at Douglas was ordered to be declared vacant on the 23rd of March, 1692. It was on the 28th of June in the same year that Symson wrote the " Advertisement " to *A Large Description of Galloway*, having just completed this work.

His undertaking it had been occasioned by some inquiries circulated throughout Scotland by Sir Robert Sibbald, His Majesty's Geographer, with a view to the publication of a Scottish atlas. Symson was interested in the project, and drew up his general *Description of Galloway* in 1684; but, he tells us in the " Advertisement ", " the troubles, which very shortly thereafter did ensue, occasion'd these Papers to be cast by, yea and almost wholy forgotten for some yeares." Living, however, at " Dalclathick, in Glenartnae " in June, 1692, he had " time and leasure enough " to enlarge, revise, and transcribe his original notes. The completed work was sent to Sir Robert Sibbald and deposited ultimately in the Advocates' Library along with the other papers forming the Sibbald Collection. It was printed for the first time in 1823, and may be found most readily in the appendix to the second volume of Mackenzie's *The History of Galloway*, or in the *Geographical Collections Relating to Scotland made by Walter Macfarlane*, published by the Scottish History Society.

That Symson entertained no exaggerated conception of his powers as a poet is evident from the preface to the *Tripatriarchicon*, for, says he, " it will sufficiently satisfy me, if this pass among the judicious for a tolerably good trotting poem; for it was never my design, nor did ever my ambition prompt me to it, to set up for a courser, or, with Icarus, to aspire to high flights, foreseeing, that I might so quickly run myself out of breath, or catch a fall, which would have hinder'd me to attain my design'd end, to which, by trotting on, I have at length come."

The Editor's introduction to *A Large Description of Galloway* was followed by a bibliographical addendum contributed by Mr. William Rowand, " Sub Librarian of the Theological Library of the University of Edinburgh ". Symson was not so voluminous an author as Mr. Rowand thought, for the list includes two works, almost deserving the description, " monumental ",

the compilation of which is due to Symson's father, who was also a minister of the Church of Scotland. These are the sixth and much enlarged edition of Wilson's *Christian Dictionary*, published in 1655, and a *Lexicon Anglo-Graeco Latinum Novi Testamenti*, which appeared in 1658.

Symson went into business as a printer in Edinburgh, and died in 1712, when he was about seventy-four years of age. He had three sons, one of whom became a canon of Lincoln Cathedral.

In spite of the endeavours which Symson claims to have made to shield his parishioners, many of them suffered the rigours of the Persecution. This is evident from an important document by the minister of the parish, in which he gives an account of these persons. It was embodied in the session records under the date, the 15th of April, 1711, and is reproduced in *The Statistical Account* and elsewhere. The list begins with Margaret Maclachlan, who was drowned at Wigton, and her husband, John Millikin, who "when he lived in Killeal, being frequently quartered on by the soldiers, was obliged to pay to six of them eight shillings Scots to each man, ilk day, for a considerable time, and afterwards was carried prisoner to Dumfries, where he was fined in a considerable sum".

The following is the most poignant case in the recital: "William Sprot in Clutoch being, about 1685, obliged to leave his own house to shun persecution and went to Portpatrick on his way to Ireland, and then at Portpatrick was apprehended and brought back on his feet betwixt two dragoons, exactly by his own house-door to Wigtoun prison; his wife being big with child, followed him to the said prison, when she saw him laid on his back, in the cold prison, put in the irons, his ears cut off, his fingers burnt by fiery matches; and afterwards he was sentenced to be banished to America, and in his voyage thither he died. He was a person eminent for piety. His poor wife for grief miscarried of her child."

Prominent families are represented in the list: "Alexander Vaux of Barwhannie, brother-german to John Vaux of Barnbarroch, and Margaret Maxwell, his lady, (who afterwards became Laird and Lady of Barnbarroch,) from 1666 to 1689, the time of the late happy revolution, were harassed, processed, and fined, though there was nothing could be laid to their charge, but that they would not comply with the times, and

did resett godly people and ministers" ; "Mistress May Dunbar, second daughter to Sir David Dunbar of Baldoon, of known piety all her life, was forced to abscond and leave her father's house, and live for some time here and there, frequently in herd's houses, where she could not be accommodated according to her birth and rank. One day she very providentially and narrowly escaped the enemy's fury at the Caldons, about the year 1685." Perhaps this was the occasion when six Covenanters were shot in Glentrool.[1]

Ancient Cross in Kirkinner Churchyard.

I do not think that anything remains of the church where Symson preached to David Dunbar and his "two or three" fellow-worshippers. I attended the service in the present church on a Sunday and heard a sermon on toleration of which I have no doubt that Symson would have approved. The church was built in 1828. It has mullioned windows, buttresses, a battlemented tower, and crow-stepped gables, and is more handsome than most of the churches in this part of the country. Sir Andrew Agnew says, "Its appearance was enhanced until recently by two magnificent old trees with immense boles and spreading limbs. But they were pronounced to be a danger to the church and have therefore been cut down. One of them

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was an ash in whose stem one hundred and seventy-eight rings could be distinctly counted. The other was a sycamore which is supposed to have been still older; and which may possibly have formed a link between Symson's day and our own." There is still a monument in the churchyard forming a link between our own and a much earlier day than Symson's, a wheel-headed cross of Celtic design standing about thirty feet from the south-west corner of the church. It is a cross of a kind that was especially common in Galloway; there are several similar examples in the museum at Whithorn Priory; but I do not remember another instance where such a cross stands at the head of a grave to this day. Since it has this exceptional interest, I transcribe the details noted in the *Inventory*: "The extent of the arms is indicated by grooves, and the circular hollows at the points of intersection are pierced with holes four inches in diameter. In the centre is a flat boss measuring five and a half inches in diameter, relieved with four small radial leaf-shaped markings, which have probably formed a cross, and surrounded by a ring. On the back the boss is plain. The head rests upon a thin flat shaft one foot and five inches in breadth, enriched with double-beaded interlacing spirals much worn away. The shaft has been broken across and is now clamped on both faces with iron bands riveted through the stone. The whole height above ground is four feet and two inches, of which two feet represents the diameter of the head."

The red-freestone burial vault with a coat of arms over the entrance is that of the family of Vans Agnew of Barnbarroch, whose mansion house stands among plantations between one and two miles from Kirkinner. The family was Norman originally, and bore the name of Vaus, from Vaux near Bayeux. The name of Agnew was added when the family succeeded to the estate of the Agnews of Sheuchan, and the *Vans* form gradually took the place of *Vaus* or *Waus*, as it was written sometimes. *Andre Vaus de Gallovay, le frère d'armes du Seigneur Archinbald*, according to a French historian, fell at the battle of Poitiers in 1356, fighting against the English. It appears from *The Correspondence of Sir Patrick Waus* that Alexander Vaus held church livings in Galloway so early as the year 1381 and was consecrated bishop of the diocese in 1420. His brother or cousin is said to have married the heiress

of Barnbarroch about 1384. George Vaus, a cousin of Alexander, was also Bishop of Galloway. It was in the time of this prelate that "the Lords Auditors addressed letters to Andrew Agnew, Sheriff of Wigtown, 'to take prufe before him, and warn all parties to be present,' in a case in which George Vaus, now Bishop of Galloway, sued Sir William Stewart of Garlies and Lady Euphemia Graham or Vaus, his wife, for 'withholding the males, farmez, profits, gressums, and other duties, from Patrick Vaus his nephew, and Lady Euphemia's son.' She and her second husband had occupied Barnbarroch during her son's minority and were disinclined to make it over to him when he came of age. The Lords Auditors, on the sheriff's report, adjudged that 'they did wrong in the occupation of the said lands, and shall restore the back rents and duties so far as Patrick Vaus can prove before the sheriff that they have retained them'."

Sir Patrick Vaus was the most celebrated member of the family. He became a Lord of Session with the title of Lord Barnbarroch in 1589, and was sent to Copenhagen by James the Sixth to negotiate his marriage with Princess Anne of Denmark.

A case tried in the sheriff court about 1738 concerned "a daring attempt by a scamp named M'Cleary to carry off Miss Vaus of Barnbarroch. The deposition of one of the witnesses, as taken down on the 29th of November, sufficiently describes the case.

"'John Stewart of Phisgill, aged about thirty-three years, and married, declares as follows:—

"'I came to the house of Barnbarroch upon a Sabbath day, the 13th of August last.

"'About two hours after daylight was gone, I was sitting in a chamber with Lady Barnbarroch and John Dun, tutor on the estate. A noise was heard, and presently a servant came and told that a great number of men with arms had broke into the house and were then in the kitchen.

"'I, John Dun, and Lady Barnbarroch ran immediately downstairs, and there I saw Thomas M'Alexander, a soldier, holding a cocked pistol in his hands, swearing he would shoot some one if they did not show him the way upstairs. I also saw Andrew Mitchell, servant to John M'Clery, holding a pistol with a drawn hanger in his hand, Robert Dinnan with a pistol,

and one Hannay with a rusty sabre, and several other armed men.

" ' On it being demanded what they wanted, they replied, " Miss Vaus : " and on being told they could not get her, they swore they would go upstairs, upon which they forced by me and broke open the lady's chamber door, and broke it in pieces.

" ' A scuffle ensued, and I, John Stewart, seed M'Alexander and the lady in grips with one another, the lady's head-cloathes torn off her head, and her hair hanging round her face and shoulders. After M'Alexander was disengaged from the lady, he snapped a pistol twice, which was some time afterwards taken from him and a shot found in it.

" ' Meanwhile I saw Hannay seize Miss Elizabeth McDowall, the lady's sister, and saw several of the servants wounded to the effusion of blood.

" ' Before this, Miss Vaus had asked me to lock her into a private cellar, which I did.

" ' M'Clery was now told he could not see her that night, upon which he searched the lady's room, and her bed, and the presses. He then called up his men and placed them sentry over the room, and searched the dining-room and other rooms of the house.

" ' I at the same time saw William M'Beatt in Drumbuie standing on the stairhead with a sabre in his hand, also Simon Guthrie, apprentice to John M'Cailie, wright in Wigtown.

" ' After some communing M'Alexander fired a pistol and they all went off, and the party were lurking about the house. I went out and told them their stay was not agreeable, and they answered they would not go till M'Clery had seen Miss Vaus.

" ' A short time after assistance arrived, which had been sent for, and on this all sallied out to apprehend the party ; but they now ran off, and they could take none but M'Clery, who was brought into Barnbarroch house, and by a warrant of Mr. Heron of that ilk, sent to the Tolbooth of Wigtown.'

" It is to be regretted that the result of the trial, whether adjudicated on by the sheriff or remitted by him to a superior court, is not forthcoming."[1]

[1] *The Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway.*

CHAPTER XIV

SORBIE AND WHITHORN

The Forest—Dowalton Loch—Monuments in the old church of Sorbie—Garlieston—The Earls of Galloway—Cruggleton Castle—Cruggleton Church—The Isle of Whithorn—Story of a smuggler—The Isle of Whithorn Castle—S. Ninian—*Candida Casa*—Pious pilgrims—Whithorn—The Priory—Ancient monuments—S. Ninian's Cave—The fort at Rispain.

THE changes produced on the face of the earth, whether by the sudden or slow work of nature or by the artifice of man, fascinate the imagination—the dislocations, upheavals, and subsidences wrought by volcanic energy, the basins worn in living rock by the millennial grinding of the glacier, the attrition of a gorge, the alteration of a river's course, the march of a peat-bog, the construction of a lake-dwelling, or the mere clothing of barren hills or plains with woods where herons and pigeons nest. This by way of introduction to The Forest and Dowalton Loch in Sorbie Parish.

Galloway has a tract called The Forest absolutely, forest in the special sense of woodland, and you pass through it as you go from Kirkinner to Sorbie village. There is not much of it, not more than two miles, just enough to let you see that it does not belie its name, that it is not a mere wood, but The Forest. On a fine day it will delight you greatly with its sunlit glades and long vistas and the echoing calls of the birds.

As for its history, it appears that there were no trees here in the seventeenth century, but that the tradition of an ancient forest lingered. I thank Andrew Symson—so soon must I quote him again—for the following sentence: "There is also in the parish of Sorbie, betwixt the Kirks of Kirkinner and Sorbie, a large moor, called the Forrest Moor; but why so called, I

know not, except it be, as the people say, because there was long since a great wood growing therein, though at present there is not one tree growing there, unless two or three bushes may be call'd so." If the older forest was destroyed by a conflagration, one can imagine the spectacle that it would provide for the dwellers on the hills across Wigton Bay, greater than that of the burning lime-kilns on the beach.

The interest of Dowalton Loch grows as one learns about it.

Many an angler, as he drifted over a loch, has wondered what appearance the bottom would present if the water were drained away. At Dowalton, about two miles west of Sorbie village, we see not, indeed, the area of a newly-emptied loch, but its aspect after half a century. In such a period as this, nature has had abundant time to cover the space with vegetation ; but the bottom is still of a swampy character.

Five or six of the islands are crannogs or artificial lake-dwellings, one of the most captivating subjects of antiquarian research whether one thinks of the ways in which they have come to light or of the hints that they give about the life of primitive man. It was in 1863 that Sir William Maxwell of Monreith, wishing to expose new land and to drain more thoroughly the extensive meadows and mosses in the western part of the Dowalton valley, cut through the barrier of rock at the east end of the loch. "The water having been partially drawn off," says the late Duke of Northumberland (then Lord Lovaine), "the bed of the loch exhibits the appearance of an immense sheet of mud, surrounded by beaches of different elevations, covered with large rolled stones and angular blocks of slate. It contains a few small islets, composed apparently of the same materials as the beaches. . . . On visiting the spot, 19th August, 1863, to obtain further information, I observed some timbers standing on an island near the centre of the loch and was told that someone had been there in a boat when it first appeared above water and had found bones, a small granite quern, and piles ; and a spot was pointed out to me at the extremity of one of the little promontories where similar piles were observable, which, on inspection, I found to be true. These piles varied from a foot to eighteen inches in circumference." This was the first discovery of lacustrine dwellings in Scotland.[1]

[1] "In addition to the true crannogs, or timber-built islands, there occur in the Loch of Dowalton and in the White Loch of Raven-

A trench was cut round one of the islands, and thus "a small quantity of ashes was turned up, in which were teeth and burnt bones, a piece of a fine earthenware armlet of a yellow colour, and a large broken earthenware bead, striped blue and white, together with a small metal ornament, apparently gilt; two other pieces of an armlet of the same material, one striped with blue and white, were also found on the surface."

When a deep cutting was made into the structure, "it proved to be wholly artificial, resting on the soft bottom of the loch; the uppermost layer was a mass of brushwood about two feet thick; beneath it large branches and stems of small trees, mostly hazel and birch, mingled with large stones, evidently added to compress the mass; below that were layers of heather and brushwood, intermingled with stones and soil, the whole resting upon a bed of fern about one foot thick, which appeared in all the structures examined to form the foundation. The whole mass was pinned together by piles and stakes of oak and willow, some of them driven two and a half feet into the bottom of the loch, similar to those above mentioned. The islet was surrounded by an immense number of these, extending to a distance of twenty yards around it; and masses of stone, which apparently were meant to act as breakwaters, were laid amongst them."

Dr. Munro says of the lowlands of The Shire as a whole that, "though not deeply intersected by river channels, [they] are of an extremely undulating character, consisting of a succession of rounded bosses of rock or hillocks of till, with intervening hollows, many of which are clearly defined as rock-scooped basins. When the great ice-sheet finally disappeared, the country must have been profusely studded with small, shallow lakes. But many of them, owing to the pluvial condition of the climate which subsequently prevailed, have now become entirely obliterated by peat-bogs and other deposits of organic *débris*. When, however, by any chance, portions of these hollows become ex-

stone islands to all appearances formed artificially, with masses of large boulders. Excavation on the island in the latter loch established the fact that the base of the construction was a timber platform resting on the peaty bottom. On the level top of this island are the ruins of two parallel rows of rectangular buildings."—The *Inventory*. The White Loch of Ravenstone has been drained. The site is less than a mile west of Ravenstone Castle.

posed, as by the removal of the superficial peat or the artificial drainage of a loch, the rocky bottom is found to have the characteristic glacial polish and markings. Striking instances of these phenomena are at the present time to be seen on the dried bed of Dowalton Loch and that of the partially drained Loch of Dernaglaur, as well as many other places. In the higher districts of Galloway the glacial *striae* (which always indicate the direction of the ice) follow the trend of the valleys, but in the southern and lower parts, as the Rhinns and the Machers,[1] their general direction is from north-east to south-west, a course which appears to have been unaffected by the surface inequalities of the land. But notwithstanding the filling up of so many of these lake basins, there is still no county in Scotland which contains so large a number of lakes and mossy tarns supplying the special conditions of security sought after by the constructors of the lake-dwellings of prehistoric times." [2]

In the old, roofless, ivy-covered church of Sorbie there is a vault in which several of the Earls of Galloway have been buried, and a large slab bearing the following inscription :

Here lyes the Reverend Learned and Zealous Servant of Jesus Christ Master Archibald Haddin, late Minister of the Gospel at Sorbie, who after he had laboured for the space of one and twenty years in the work of the Gospel amongest this people departed this life August the 3 day 1721 aged 45.

He like a watchman at his post
With careful diligence and cost
Of restless pains his station keept
And oft did wake while others sleept
The wandring sheep from harm to keep
And preached and prayed the flock to meet
In Canaan's pastures where he feeds
And lives on joys which finite thoughts exceeds.

Another stone erected by Alexander Mackie in memory of his wife, Elizabeth Smith, who died on the 31st of July,

[1] Wigtonshire consists of The Moors, The Machars (the plains), and The Rhinns (the headlands). The Machars is the triangular area between Wigton Bay and Luce Bay. The Rhinns is the peninsula on the south-west. The Moors is the northern part of The Shire.

[2] "The Lake Dwellings of Wigtonshire" by R. Munro, M.A., etc., in *Archæological and Historical Collections relating to Ayrshire and Galloway, Vol. V.*

1816, bears an epitaph which halts both in language and in metre:

She was—
But words are wanting to say what.
Think what a good wife should be,
And she was That.

I went to Garlieston with the intention of spending a night there, but, finding myself the only guest at a comfortable little inn, decided to remain for the rest of a week and explore the

Garlieston.

Whithorn country from this point. Garlieston is a pleasant, clean village on a bay. The front row of houses follows the curve. Two bowling-greens occupy part of the ground between the houses and the beach. Before the bowling-greens were laid out there was an open space here providing a field of operations for circuses and itinerant agitators and hucksters. Mr. Alexander A. Cuthbert, who contributed a pleasant chapter

of "Memories of Garliestown" to the thirty-seventh number of *The Gallovidian*, has told how "on one occasion great havoc was wrought amongst the stock of a dealer who had spread out his dishes to the best advantage over an extended area. A passing horse, led by a long halter, shied at something, and executed a number of erratic movements among the plates and bowls. The damage done was considerable, and the case went into Court. The crockery man was heard in support of his claim, but he gave such a ravelled account of the circumstances connected with the mishap and introduced so many irrelevancies that the Sheriff became impatient and was about to dismiss the case when the poor plaintiff, in an almost despairing effort at a more lucid explanation, exclaimed, 'The thing's as plain as parritch, my lord. Just for a meenute suppose yoursel' to be Peter Tamson's horse, an' ye cam' caperin' by, an' ye kickit up yer auld d—d heels, an' broke my crockery, wha's to pay me for the damage?' If I remember aright, the crockery man obtained no pecuniary redress, but had to spend a few hours in a cell for contempt of court."

The burn flowing over the beach near the north end of The Crescent comes from the area of Dowalton Loch. The harbour, once the scene of a busy trade, is now almost deserted. An "excursion" steamer sometimes sails in summer to The Isle of Man.

The landward street of Garlieston is under the shadow of the trees in the grounds of Galloway House, long the principal seat of the Earls of Galloway. The house was built by the sixth Earl in 1740, and it is said that he chose the site because nowhere else in The Shire could he have his home surrounded by such fine trees. A hundred years later, the writer of *The Statistical Account* says, "In Lord Galloway's pleasure grounds there are some beautiful specimens of laurel, evergreen oak, horse-chestnut, and Turkey oak. Some of the laurels rise to the height of thirty-one feet and are considered among the finest in Scotland. There is one Turkey oak, planted not more than fifty years ago, which deserves to be particularly noticed for its beauty and for the rapidity of its growth. The circumference of its branches is about a hundred and fifty-six feet, and the girth of its stem measures nine feet, five inches. The soil here is also peculiarly adapted to the growth of evergreen shrubs. In his Lordship's garden peaches and figs are suc-

cessfully cultivated on the open wall, even upon south-west aspects. Here, also, there is a vine which merits notice for its size and the quantity and quality of its fruit. Its stem measures thirteen inches in circumference and the spread of its branches is forty feet. It produces about three hundred and forty-six bunches, each averaging one and a quarter pounds, and some of the individual berries are three and a quarter inches in circumference." Among the more notable trees to-day are silver firs a hundred feet high, and larches measuring twelve, and beeches eighteen feet, round the boles. The trees grow to the edge of the shore, as at Ardwall, and shade the path running towards Cruggleton Castle.

The Stewarts were originally a Breton family. One of them came to England in the time of Henry the First, and a son, Walter fitz Alan, followed David the First into Scotland and was appointed by him High Steward of the realm. The office became hereditary, and the family took their name from it. It was in the person of Alexander, the fourth High Steward, who was born in 1214, that they first acquired lands in Galloway. Alexander was appointed one of the Regents of Scotland on the death of Alexander the Second, led the Scottish contingent in one of the Crusades, gave valuable services against the Norsemen in the battle of Largs, and helped to bring The Isle of Man and the Western Hebrides under the Crown. He was rewarded with the lands and barony of Garlies, and these remain in the hands of his direct descendant, Sir Randolph Stewart, Baronet, the eleventh Earl of Galloway. Many members of the family have distinguished themselves in the Navy and the Army and other branches of public service. Of the ninth Earl, who died at Galloway House in 1873, MacKerlie says that "although an Episcopalian and attached to his own Church, he made no attempt to thrust his creed on those around him. Instead of this, while he had his own private chapel, his desire was to do all he could to advance the interests of the Presbyterian Church as the Church of the people of Scotland, and particularly of the old race of Gallovidians. The handsome new parish churches of Minnigaff, Penninghame, Wigton, and Sorbie remain as records of this, for as the chief proprietor he had much to do with their erection, the old churches having become dilapidated from age." A monument to his memory stands beside the bridge at Newton Stewart.

The site of Cruggleton Castle is on the top of a huge cliff. It is worth while going to see the cliff alone with its sheer fall of two hundred feet to the sea. Of the castle nothing remains but a single fragment of vaulting, a poor little relic of what was once a great fortress. It stands, a clear-cut half-circle against the sky whether seen from the sea or from the land. "Crowgiltone, seated one a rocke, environ'd withe the sea" is mentioned by Timothy Pont, who made a survey of Galloway about the end of the sixteenth century, as one of the "Castells and Gentlemen's Housses of cheiffe notte in the countrey of Galloway". After passing through the hands of various owners, it came into the possession of the Agnews of Lochnaw in 1642. Symson describes it as "now wholy demolish'd and ruinous". It appears to have been used as a quarry for less impressive, but more useful buildings.

Cruggleton Castle and Cruggleton Church are in the same latitude. The latter stands in a clump of trees near the road, and the key is kept at a farmhouse a few hundred yards farther south. What I had read about the building led me to apply for the key, and I should advise other travellers to do the same, for this is one of the few examples of early Norman architecture in Galloway. It was probably erected in the twelfth century, and illustrates the Norman type of church with nave and chancel. It appears to have fallen into disuse after the Reformation, and became partially ruined, but towards the end of last century was completely restored by the late Marquess of Bute. The chancel arch seems to have been almost intact. The following details are given in the *Inventory*: "It was an excellent example of early Norman work and had three orders on the west side; each jamb had two angle shafts which terminated in cushion caps. The in-goings of the jambs and the arch soffit were built of ashlar and finished with a sharp arris at the interior angle next the chancel. An extremely simple impost marked the line from which the chancel arch sprang." There is a single narrow light behind the altar. A few half-buried tombstones rise among the flagstones of the floor.

The meteorological notes in *The Statistical Account* of Sorbie Parish will be of interest both to residents and to travellers. "Our prevailing winds are from the west, south-west, and south; but in spring and the latter end or autumn, we have often a long period of east wind, which is generally accompanied

by dry weather. The state of the weather is sometimes prognosticated by a cloud resting on Cairnsmoor, a high hill in Kirkcudbrightshire; which, after a long period of dry weather, affords a pretty sure sign of a change to rain. A dark haze

Cruggleton Church.

stretching from the south to the west, and studded with small white clouds, is remarked as often preceding rain; and an appearance in the atmosphere, here called the 'weather gaw', which resembles the rainbow in colour, but is much shorter, and hangs in a vertical line, is sometimes pointed out as indicating a change."

About a mile south of Cruggleton Church, the road crosses the Kevands[1] Burn and enters Whithorn Parish. I never look at any of the water-courses in the district without recalling a phrase used by the writer of *The Statistical Account*. Most of the contributors to that monumental work wrote in a uniformly dull, conventional manner, and I wish to name as an honourable exception the Rev. Christopher Nicholson, who was minister of the parish in 1839. The phrase he achieved was "innumerable perennial limpid rills"—"Though there are no rivers and few burns, the parish is well watered with innumerable perennial limpid rills."[2] The list of his *elegantiae* is not long, but includes the following departure from crude literalism: "Frost and snow have been of such rare occurrence, and of such short continuance, that the children in Whithorn run the risk of becoming as incredulous about the effect of cold upon water as the Emperor of China."

The Isle of Whithorn deprecates too close a scrutiny of its title to its name. It is only at an exceptionally high tide that the little spur becomes an island. Nor do the inhabitants desire that the name should be justified, for it could only be at their grave inconvenience. There are really two necks in the peninsula, and at an ordinary high tide it is obvious that if the level of the water were raised a few feet, we should have two Isles of Whithorn. Bishop Pococke, who was here in 1760, speaks of a bridge connecting The Isle with the mainland; but I think that this must be an instance of careless observation. The Prestrie[3] Burn flows into the harbour and is spanned by a bridge; but the beginning of The Isle is about a hundred yards farther south.

"I came to the isle," says Pococke, "which is a little harbour formed by a pier, within which they have eighteen feet water at high tydes, and a ship of three hundred tuns can come in. They export barley, and import plank and iron from Gotten-

[1] Gaelic *cabhan*, a hollow. It might be *caobainn*, a prison.

[2] Was he thinking of these lines of Wordsworth?—

> There is a little unpretending Rill
> Of limpid water, humbler far than aught
> That ever among Men or Naiads sought
> Notice or name!—It quivers down the hill,
> Furrowing its shallow way with dubious will.

[3] Land of the priests.

burgh in Sweden, and send it by boats to Wigtown, as the entrance and harbour there are not good. There is a bridge over to the island, under which the sea passes at high water. The principal houses are on the west side of it, and on the Isle near the bridge is a row of poor houses. This part of the isle is flat, and in high seas the water seems to have come over and divided it from the rising ground beyond it, on which there is a small church. . . . The ground rises higher beyond the church, and the east end of the island has been defended by a fossic, which seemed to be very old, and it is probable that this was the ancient Candida Casa." Although many of the houses have been built or rebuilt since 1760, this account calls for little revision to-day.

The village of The Isle of Whithorn is a place to which visitors come, and I am constrained to set down some little details. The small tower on the highest part of the promontory was built to support a flagstaff used for signalling to ships making the harbour. This was formerly a coastguard station, and there remain on the rocks traces of rings for erecting a tent to shelter the men in their watch in wild weather. It was very likely a coastguardsman who relieved the tedium of life at The Isle by carving the incised compass-table on a rock beside the flagstaff tower. A chart printed in 1818 came into my hands, and I learned from it that there had been a " fish-yard " within the harbour, that is, a certain area confined by a low wall where fish were taken easily as the tide went out. The chart indicates " Stone Dyke for intercepting Fish ". There is an old cottage which used to be known as " the fish-yard house ".

" *The only danger on going in is the reef called the* SCREENS *upon which the tide sets strongly.*" This is a note in a corner of the chart. I had a close view of the Screens one evening when my landlord announced that he was going to fish for " blockans " and invited me to go with him. I had neither a sporting nor a culinary knowledge of the blockan ; but when I remembered that I had read of it in the old account of Galloway written for Sir Robert Sibbald by Dr. Archbald, the invitation was irresistible. Dr. Archbald described the blockan as being " about the bigness of a white salmond-troot, of shape and colour like the lyth, but a dryer fish ". My landlord's preparations suggested that the enterprise was to resemble

ordinary fly-fishing; but this promise was not fulfilled. It is true, there was a rod, a line, and a fly; but the line was a short and strong one tied to the rod, and the fly was trolled with a bit of lead to keep it a few inches below the surface. No landing-net was used. With such tackle none was needed. Meanwhile, our boat was rowed along the edge of that reef. As the water surged and lapsed, it gave a glimpse here and there of the terrible teeth. A ship driving upon them must have its bottom stove in or torn out. A danger-signal in the form of a "perch," that is, a tall iron pole supporting a barrel, was set up many years ago. It has suffered a good deal of damage. The barrel is gone, and the wire hawsers, and one stormy day a Dutch barque drifted against the pole and gave it a bend from which it has not recovered.

Mr. Gordon Fraser tells a good story of The Isle of Whithorn Bay in *Lowland Lore*. "Early one morning a richly laden lugger from the Isle of Man was surprised off the Mull of Galloway by the Government cutter under the command of Sir John Reid. The smuggler was running for Cairndoon on the Glasserton shore of Luce Bay, and disregarding the hail and the order to heave to, set every stitch of canvas, and with a freshening south-western breeze sped merrily away followed by the cutter also carrying as much sail as she could stagger under. The wind was increasing, but both vessels held on and made no attempt to shorten sail. An eye-witness describes the rate at which they were going as almost incredible. The lugger stood in for the Glasserton shore, closely followed by the cutter, and as the distance between the two vessels was gradually lessening, it was very apparent that unless something turned up in favour of the smuggler, he would have to heave to, it being thought impossible that she could round the Burrow Head, whose iron coast and jagged cliffs were at the time, on account of the high wind causing an extra rapid tide, more than ordinarily dangerous. But the fearless smugglers' maxim was 'Do or die,' and after being now carried to the giddy pinnacle of a gigantic wave and anon plunged into a yawning chasm of the mighty deep, the dangerous head was rounded. At length it seemed the weary chase was to end in favour of the Revenue cutter, for when the object of its pursuit was off the Isle of Whithorn, it was observed that she was making for the Isle harbour as if giving up her attempts to elude her

pursuer. The cutter, satisfied that her prey was soon to be in her grasp, shortened sail and followed into the Isle under easy canvas. But what was her surprise on finding, after she had leisurely moored, that no lugger was in the harbour! At the time this incident took place the Isle harbour could be entered by one route and vessels of small tonnage could clear by another. No one would have thought the smugglers' large craft would have attempted to depart by this narrow channel

The Isle of Whithorn.

of egress. But owing to the high tide at the time she made the attempt, she succeeded. The chagrin of Captain Reid was of no moderate nature when on looking through the port he had the mortification of seeing his imagined prize standing away for the English coast with all sail set. When the tide receded, a few curious seamen at the Isle examined the hazardous route of the lugger in leaving the harbour, and found a track made by the keel of the vessel in the shingly bottom about a hundred yards long. Several large stones had also been

shifted. Carrying so much sail and having great way on, she had completely forced her passage through the unlikely channel."

When Sir John Reid was stationed here as Superintendent of the Coast Guard, he lived in The Isle of Whithorn Castle. Symson refers to this building as "a good stone house, on the sea side, just beside the sea-port of Whitherne, called the Isle of Whitherne." It had been erected in 1674. When I found that I could have lodgings in so old a house as this, I felt bound to take them. The *Inventory* gives a very full description and a plan. "The building is small, but has at one time been a good example of its type. The plan is of the L-shape, with a comparatively large staircase in the re-entering angle, practically square. . . . The main portion facing south is vaulted upon the ground floor. It has originally been entered by a doorway in the west wall (now built up), and was no doubt used as a cellar. The main entrance to the dwelling-house has been at the west side of the staircase turret. The doorway has been destroyed, and its place concealed by the erection of an unsightly modern porch. . . . . A garret is formed in the roof, access to which is gained by a wooden 'trap' stair starting at the termination of the stone stair on the second floor. The two windows in the south wall lighting the upper floor apartments have been inserted in modern times. At the corners of the south wing are two angle turrets, each supported on three corbels at the second floor level. . . . It is interesting to note that the roof timbers are of home-grown oak, the slates being fixed to the sarking by means of wooden pegs."

The southern part of The Machars is associated with no other historic person so much as with S. Ninian, the first preacher of the Christian faith in Scotland and the founder of the first church. His lifetime fell within the latter half of the fourth century and the early part of the fifth and witnessed, therefore, the decline and fall of the Roman power in Britain. It is regrettable that no contemporary biography of so significant a figure exists. Such a work would have been no doubt, like its successors, a collection of the visions, portents, and miracles dear to the hagiographer; but some important facts might have been given by the way. The earliest allusion to S. Ninian occurs in the *Historia Ecclesiastica* of Bede, who wrote about three hundred years after the death of the saint. He records that the

Southern Picts[1] " are said to have forsaken the error of idolatry a long time before ", that is, a long time before 565, " and embraced the true faith as the fruit of the preaching of Ninian, a Briton, a deeply revered bishop, and a man of great sanctity. He had undergone a course of regular instruction in the faith and the mysteries of the truth at Rome. His episcopal see, called after S. Martin, the bishop, and famous on account of the church where he rests in the body [2] along with many other saints is now in the hands of the Angles. The place belongs to the province of the Bernicians and is commonly called The White House.[3] It received this name because he built the church there of stone, not a common practice among the Britons." The building presented a marked contrast to the wattled huts of the people.

We come next to Alcuin, that voluminous letter-writer, who lived, like Bede, in the eighth century, and addressed an epistle to the fraternity at Whithorn, dwelling on the noble character of S. Ninian. It was not until the twelfth century that the earliest remaining biography was compiled. Its author was Ailred, Abbot of Rievaulx, who visited Galloway as a missionary in 1164 and wrote his *Vita Sancti Niniani* afterwards, basing it, as he says, on an older biography written in " a barbarous tongue ".

The substance of the traditions relating to S. Ninian is that he was a son of a chief and was born on the shore of the Solway ; that he studied at Rome and broke his homeward journey to spend some time with Martin, Bishop of Tours and head of the monastery of Marmoutier ; that he preached the gospel to the Picts of Galloway and built his White House beside the sea ; that, receiving the news of the death of Bishop Martin [4] while

[1] The Picts of Galloway were not, of course, the people designated as " Southern Picts " by historians. The Southern Picts occupied the territory on the south-east of the Grampians, and Bede means that S. Ninian evangelized them besides founding the church in Galloway.

[2] S. Ninian's body was probably buried in the church at The Isle and removed to Whithorn when the church of the monastery was built.

[3] *Ad Candidam Casam.* For the use of the preposition, cp. *Ad Murum* and *Ad Capræ Caput* in Bede's *Historia Ecclesiastica* (III., 21) and see Miss A. M. Sellar's note in her edition, p. 119. The name, *Candida Casa,* came into common use for the monastery and the diocese. The bishopric did not include the whole of Galloway, but was limited on the east by the Urr.

[4] S. Martin died about 397.

the church was a-building, he resolved to dedicate it to his memory—Ailred states that Bishop Martin had sent masons to assist in the work—and that he led the Southern Picts to accept the Christian faith.

There has been some difference of opinion about the site of *Candida Casa*; but Ailred's minute description applies, not to Whithorn, but to The Isle. He says that the place was on the coast, ran out into the sea, was bounded by the sea on three sides, and could be approached from the north only. No one but an airman looking down upon the country from a very great

S. Ninian's Chapel.

height would think of describing the site of the town of Whithorn in this way. Ailred's language is supported, moreover, by the ruined church at The Isle called S. Ninian's Chapel, a building attributed to the thirteenth century, but the successor almost certainly of *Candida Casa*. Standing beside the rough walls of this little, ancient sanctuary on the sea-washed, wind-swept, green peninsula and looking perhaps on some of the stones of the building erected with apostolic hopefulness more than fifteen centuries ago, one remembers that for the history of Christianity The Isle of Whithorn has a similar significance in Scotland to that of Philippi in Greece or Kiev in Russia.

The fame of S. Ninian was great, and there are numerous

dedications to him in the south and east of Scotland. The tradition that he evangelized Ireland is to be explained perhaps by the fact that the monastery which was soon established at Whithorn was a centre of education attracting Irish students as well as Scottish. Dr. James Mackinnon, whose *Culture in Early Scotland* contains an instructive chapter on S. Ninian, points out that " by one of those singular turns of history, Columba himself was at least indirectly indebted to *Candida Casa,* from the fact that Finnian, the first abbot of the celebrated monastic school of Maghbile, whose disciple he was, enjoyed for several years the benefit of the teaching of Mugentius ", a monk of Whithorn and the author of a Latin prayer which has been preserved. Within a century or two [1] of S. Ninian's death, which is said to have taken place in 432, the foundation had become famous as a home of sacred and secular learning—the university of the period—and was known as *Magnum Monasterium* or *Rosnatense Monasterium* or *Rosnatum Monasterium* or Whithern, which with Irish writers becomes *Futerna.* " Whithern ", of course, is the Saxon equivalent of *Candida Casa* (*hwit erne*) and not, as Camden thought, a translation of Ptolemy's Λουκοπιβία, the name assigned by him to a town west of the Nith. S. Ninian's evangelistic work among the Picts was largely undone by a resurgence of paganism ; but we are not driven to the conclusion that it was extinguished. A fresh impulse was given by the mission of S. Kentigern in the following century, and we learn from Bede that about 730 *Candida Casa* was erected into an episcopal see on account of the increase in the number of the faithful ; but with the waning of the Anglic power in Galloway towards the end of the same century, the bishopric fell into abeyance. The Premonstratensian Priory was founded by Fergus, Lord of Galloway, in the twelfth century ; the bishopric had been revived in 1125 ; and the Priory Church became the cathedral of the diocese. The indefiniteness of the relation of Galloway to the Scottish Crown, shewn already in another connexion,[2] is illustrated by the first bishop's acceptance of

[1] Mr. Hume Brown says, " The existence of a monastic school at Whithorn, within a century after Ninian's death, is only a probability."

[2] So late as 1297 Edward the First issued a commission to present the Chancellor of Scotland to a living in Scotland or Galloway—*in dicto regno vel terra Galwediæ.*—Stevenson's *Historical Documents relating to Scotland.*

consecration at York. Obedience to an English primate was forbidden by the Crown in the case of Scottish bishops.[1]

The royal burgh[2] of Whithorn went to sleep in the year 1581 and has scarcely stirred since that time. For some centuries before that date the inhabitants never knew when they might not see some great person in Church or State riding into the burgh to worship at the shrine; but in 1581 pious pilgrimages, which had been forbidden at the Reformation, were made penal by Act of Parliament to the great loss of Whithorn both in occasions of popular excitement and in revenue. The burgh slumbers so deeply to-day that it does not even dream of the kings, queens, nobles, bishops, and abbots who were once its frequent guests.

Kenneth the Second, who conquered Galloway, is said to have visited S. Ninian's relics.[3] Mackenzie refers to Carruthers for the statement about Kenneth the Third, who died in 994, that "this pious, though guilty, prince visited Whithorn to pay his devotions at the shrine of S. Ninian; and thus set an example which was repeatedly followed by his royal successors". Cardinal Vivian came to Scotland as a papal legate in the winter of 1176, and passing into Galloway, sailed from Whithorn to The Isle of Man. King Robert the First arrived in poor health a few months before he died to plead at the shrine for his recovery. Margaret of Denmark, the Queen of James the Third, upon whom the lordship of Galloway with the customs of Kirkcudbright and Wigton, had been settled in 1471, made a progress through the district with the King a few years later to receive the homage of her vassals and seek the favour of the Saint.

James the Fourth came to Whithorn oftener than any other sovereign, sometimes more than once a year. His usual routes were by Ayr, Girvan, Glen App, and Glenluce, or by Dumfries

[1] "When in 1177 a papal legate convened the Scottish bishops, the Bishop of Galloway refused to attend the meeting on the ground that he was an English bishop. Although he was suspended in consequence, his successors maintained his contention, receiving their consecration from York and acting episcopally within that province, while taking part in State affairs as Scotsmen." *A History of the Church in Scotland* by Alex. R. MacEwen, D.D.

[2] In 1511 James the Fourth granted a charter confirming an earlier one which is believed to have been given by Robert the First.

[3] Bishop Forbes's edition of *Lives of S. Ninian and S. Kentigern.*

and Kirkcudbright; but when, early in 1507, the Queen had been seriously ill at the birth of a child, and the state of her health, Leslie tells us, grieved the King "sa sair that he wald not be comforted: nouther of man wald receive ony consolatione", he set off on foot, travelling by Linton, Dolphinton, Crawford, Durisdeer, Penpont, Moniaive, Dalry, Minnigaff, and Wigton. The item, "for soling of one pair schone to the King in Penpont, xvj *d*", in the Lord High Treasurer's Accounts occurs in connexion with this journey.

The accounts shew the sums expended for food and lodging by the way. Thus we find "to the monks of Corsraguell xx *s*.", "to the Freris of Wigtoun, xiiij *s*.", "to the Freris of Drumfreis, xiiij *s*.", "to the monkis of Drumdranan, xx *s*.", "that nycht in Dolphingtoun to the preist for fire, candill, and belcheir, quhair the King lay, xviij *s*.", "in Bigar, quhair the King dynyt, in belcheir, xiiij *s*.", and "in Wigtoun, in belcheir quhar the King lay, xxviij *s*." There is evidence of a picnic on the shore of Loch Ryan on a September day in 1497, for while the King was eating his meal, the horses, which had been turned loose, were consuming the growing oats, and compensation had to be paid to some of the Sheriff's tenants near Innermessan.

After the Queen's recovery from her illness in 1507, both their Majesties went to Whithorn to give thanks. The Queen had a new gown for the occasion, and three pillions were provided for her litter. The charges for the material, lining, stuffing, buckles, trimmings, and making are given—"for vj elne j quartar grene taffeti to the Quene quhen scho raid to Quhithirn", "for iij elne iij½ quartaris wellus[1] to be ane pilzan to the Quene agane hir passand to Quhithirn"[1], "for iij elne iij½ quartaris dames[2] to be ane other pilzan for hir", "for iiij elne half ane quartar chamlot[3] to be ane thrid pilzan", "for ane steik[4] bukram to lyne the samyn thre pilzans", "for iiij elne Melan fustian to the thre coddis[5] for the said pilzanis", "for xxx pund fedderis to stuf the samyn thre coddis", "for making of the thre pilzans" and "for taggis, bukkilles, and small graith to thaim".

The King's pilgrimages were not marked by a uniform solemnity, for we read of gifts to singers, pipers, fiddlers, lutanists,

[1] Velvet. [2] Damask. [3] Camlet.
[4] Roll. [5] Cushions.

and tale-tellers who beguiled his leisure at the halting-places —" in Linclowden, to the piparis to part amang thaim, be the Kingis command ", " to the menstrales in Linclowden ", " to ane fithelar and ane clarschaar[1] in Wigtoun ", " to ane lutar of Galloway ", " to the foure Italien menstrales ", " to tua trumpetis that wer at Quhithirn with the King ", " to ane pipar playit with the schawmis ", " to Wantonnes [2] and hir marowis that sang to the King ", " to tua tail tellaris " and " to ane pure man tald talis to the King ". The four Italian minstrels attended him when he went to Whithorn on foot; but they were not accustomed to walking tours, and horses had to be hired to carry them to Tongland. The King was always ready for a game or a shooting match by the way, and so we find " to William Douglas, quhilk he wan fra the King at schuting with the corsbow, xxviij *s.*", " to the King to play at the cartis with the Abbot of Tungland, vj Franch crounis ", and " in Wigtoun, to the King, quhilk he tynt with David Craufurd at cors and pile, xlij *s.*" He lost eighteen shillings in a game of " kyles ", or nine-pins, at Glenluce Abbey to which the Abbot had invited some of the neighbouring barons. On the other hand, the note of seriousness is suggested by a payment " to ane man that gydit the King fra Wigtoun to Quhithirn before day ". This may mean that he made the journey fasting.

We have the record of gifts to poor persons met on the way —" to ane pure man in Dolphingtoun hed ane kow slane ", " to ane wif that hed hir silvir stollin away ", " to ane dum cheld that kepit the yet in Lochmabanne ", " to ane pilgryme of Ingland that Sanct Niniane kythit miracle for ", " to certain Inglis pilgrymes in Wigtoun " and " to ane Irland freir ". Finally, there are offerings at churches and chapels and at Whithorn itself—" to the Kingis offerand to the Haly Croce of Peblis ", " to the Kingis offerand on the bred in the kirk of Moffet ", " to the Kingis offerand in our Lady chapell at the toun end of Drumfreis ", " to the Kingis offerand in Sanct Medanis kyrk ", " ane relique quhilk the King offerit at Quhithirn, made of the Kingis aun silvir, weyand xxvij½ unce; for the fasoun of ilk unce iiij *s.*; summa v *li.* iiij *s.* Item, for

[1] A player on the Irish harp.

[2] " A name given to a singer who impersonated a character of gaiety and sportiveness."

ij Hary nobles and quik silvir to gilt the samyn, iij *li.* iiij *s.*", "the ix day of August, to the Kingis offerand in Quhithirn at the Rude altair, at the ferter,[1] in the utir kirk, at the reliques at the hye altair, at the Lady altair, and in the chapell on the hill[2]; ilk place xiiij *s.*, summa iiij *li.* iiij *s.* Item, the x day of August, Sanct Laurence day, to the Kingis offerand at the reliques in Quhithirn, xiiij *s.* Item, to Schir Andro Makbrek,

Whithorn.

to dispone thare, vi *li.*" The King's last visit was in the year before Flodden.

Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus—"Bell-the-Cat"—fought

[1] The shrine in which the body of the Saint was kept.

[2] "Probably what is termed in the Ordnance Survey Map, Chapel Outon, which stands on a little eminence of two hundred feet, about one mile north of Whithern."—Bishop Forbes's edition of *Lives of S. Ninian and S. Kentigern.*

in that battle and rode off the field with only six attendants. Both his sons had been killed, and he was so stricken with grief

Norman Doorway in the Priory Church.

that he retired to Whithorn for consolation and died there before the end of the year.

Visits of James the Fifth in 1526 and 1533 are also recorded. A later instance of pilgrimage is indicated in the " will of Robert

Ardean, 22 Oct. 1540, 32 Hen. viii", in *Lancashire and Cheshire Wills*, published by the Chetham Society: "Also I will that one be hyryt to go for me. . . . Seynt Truyons[1] in Scotlande, and offer me a bende placke whyche ys in my purs."[2]

The Pend leading into the Priory.

In those days the buildings of the priory had an imposing appearance, rising above the lowly cottages of the burgh. Now

[1] The Saint's name appears in a variety of forms such as Ringan, Ringen, Dingan, Trinyon. *Cp.* Killantringan (Ninian's church) in the parishes of Portpatrick, Leswalt, and Ballantrae; S. Ringan's Well in Kelton, and Chipperdingan in Kirkmaiden, which has the same meaning.

[2] Forbes.

the conventual church is screened behind the two-storey houses erected after the Napoleonic wars. The Rev. Christopher Nicholson, who wrote in 1839, says, "The burgh of Whithorn consists chiefly of one street, running from north to south, which is very irregular being inconveniently narrow at both extremities, and uselessly wide in the middle. The town-house and gaol were removed about twenty years ago from the middle of the street, where they formerly stood, and are now erected upon the west side of the street, about the centre of the town, and ornamented with a steeple." Besides the town-house and jail, there was at one time a row of shops or booths in the middle of the street called, like a similar range in the High Street of Edinburgh, the Luckenbooths. Although the street may be now "uselessly wide", it has acquired a certain dignity through the removal of that old row.

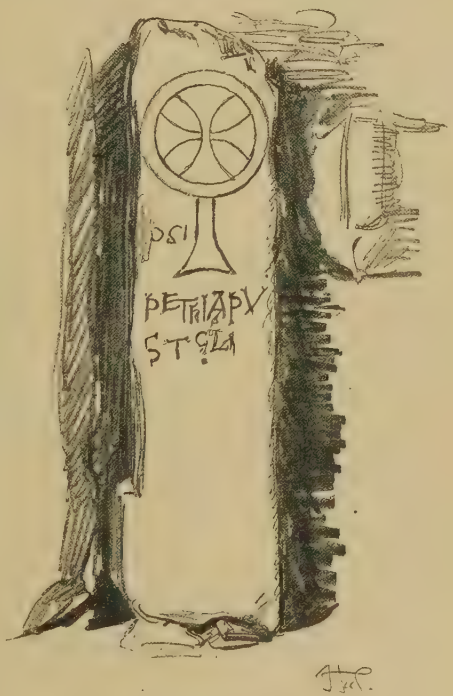
The only part of the priory buildings visible from the street is the archway called The Pend.[1] It is surmounted by a shield bearing the Royal Arms of Scotland.[2] Passing through it, one sees the walls of the nave.

Near the south-west angle is a famous Norman doorway, the richest piece of old architecture remaining in Galloway. The account in the *Inventory* is as follows: "It is four feet wide and eight feet, three inches, from the ground to the soffit of the arch-head, containing four orders of engaged shafts in the jambs, and the same number of orders in the arches. Three of the latter are enriched with characteristic chevron ornament, while the second order has flower and interlaced designs irregularly arranged. The mouldings of the bases, caps, and abaci

[1] "The arch . . . . is modern, not older than the seventeenth century. The pillars at the sides . . . . are said to have been taken from the Prior's House, and may be of the fifteenth century." —Note by Kemp in his edition of Pococke's *Tours*. "The mouldings and detail of the archway are of very late date, probably fifteenth century. The caps contain two shields: the one on the west side may be blazoned, quarterly, 1st and 4th, a bend (for Vaus); 2nd and 3rd, three covered cups (for Shaw); above the shield a mitre. The shield on the east side bears the Vaus arms, a bend which is divided into three rows of panes each diapered with a quatre-foil ornament. Behind the shield is a crozier."—The *Inventory*.

[2] "A lion rampant within a double tressure flory counter-flory; above the shield, a crown of eight leaves (half shown) with supporters; two unicorns, gorged with similar crowns, and beneath the shield two thistles."—The *Inventory*.

are characteristic of late Norman work. There are indications that the doorway has been rebuilt in its present position. Several of the voussoirs have been replaced by rough substitutes. One has the chévron ornament inverted, another consists of a round boulder instead of a hewn stone. It is also noticeable that the horizontal joints in the masonry of the jambs are not in alignment, as might be expected in good Norman work. The carved work of the caps and corbel terminations is also singular. The flower-like ornament used for the outer caps on each side corresponds to that in the arch voussoirs. The second caps are decorated, each with a rough quatre-foil ornament, which has not the appearance of Norman work. Built into the wall at each side of the arch are three carved stones which seem to have belonged to some earlier building, judging by the irregular way they are placed without reference to the design. A ridge or raggle is cut into the upper part of the wall and traversing the outer ring of the arch, clearly shows that a porch roof was built against this part of the nave at a late period."



The "Petri Apustoli" Cross at Whithorn Priory.

The Museum in the lane beyond The Pend contains a remark-

able collection of sculptured stones.[1] One of them is reckoned among the most ancient monuments of British Christianity

[1] Besides those mentioned in the text, there are many cross-shafts of green slate with interlaced work, bosses, incised crosses, and bead mouldings, and many carved fragments. Some of these

Glasserton Church.

are classed as Norse relics, shewing a "transition from Anglian work to debased floral scrolls, hammer-head crosses, broken ring-plaits and ruder cutting, characteristic of the Viking period in Cumberland and Yorkshire. . . . As Iona was the burial-place of Hebridean chieftains, so Whithorn must have been the mausoleum of the notables" of the Galloway coast.—W. G. Collingwood's *Scandinavian Britain.*

and is described in the *Inventory* as "a rude pillar-stone, four feet high by one foot, three inches wide by nine and a quarter inches thick, inscribed on one face with the Chi-Rho monogram (in the unique form of a cross with expanded ends to the arms enclosed within a circular ring), and three horizontal lines of debased Latin capitals which read as follows :—LOC STI PETRI APVSTOLI—The place of S. Peter the Apostle. The first occurring S is a Gaelic form of that letter. This stone long stood at the roadside about a quarter of a mile south of Whithorn." It is referred to in the "Introduction" to the *Inventory* as shewing "characteristics found on similar monuments in France which date from the commencement of the sixth to the end of the seventh century. The inscription, LOC(US) S(ANC)TI PETRI APVSTOLI, is held to imply that it was a termon cross, marking the boundary of church lands or sanctuary girth. There is no similar monument now in Britain, though Fordun records one with an analogous inscription dug up at Peebles in 1261."

There is also "a rude pillar-stone of indurated claystone inscribed on one face with twelve horizontal lines of debased Latin capitals."

TE D(OM)INV
LAVDAMV(S)
LATINVS
ANNORVM
XXXV ET
FILIA SVA
ANNI V
IC SINVM
FECERVNT
NEPVS
BARROVA
DI

"We praise Thee, O Lord. Latinus aged thirty-five years and his daughter of five. Here the descendants of Barrovad made the monument (to them)." This stone bears no symbols of any kind. Certain characteristics of the inscription "common to pre-Christian epitaphs, and also to those of the very early Christian period in Britain and the Continent, indicate for it a fifth or sixth century date."

The most delightful short journey to be made from Whithorn keeps us still within the orbit of S. Ninian. It is to the cave [1] on

[1] The cave is railed in, and the key kept at Kidsdale farmhouse.

S. Ninian's Cave.

the shore of Glasserton[1] Parish to which, according to an ancient belief, he used to go for devotional retreat. The tradition is supported by the discovery in recent times of incised crosses among the *débris* or carved on the rock. A low wall of dry-stone masonry stretches across the opening, and at the left end four steps descend to the floor, which is almost entirely covered with flagstones. A large water-worn boulder in which a circular basin had been cut was found when the paving was cleared. A trickle of water fell into it over the mouth of the cave, and the overflow was carried away by a drain. There is no reason to doubt that here by the margin of the sea the sometimes anxious evangelist and pastor sought the way of mystical peace.

Troubled long with warring notions,
Long impatient of Thy rod,
I resign my soul's emotions
Unto Thee, mysterious God!

What avails the kindly shelter
Yielded by this craggy rent,
If my spirit toss and welter
On the waves of discontent?

Parching Summer hath no warrant
To consume this crystal Well;

[1] Old Gaelic *glas airtein*, stream with the pebbles or flints.

Rains, that make each rill a torrent,
Neither sully it nor swell.

Thus, dishonouring not her station,
Would my Life present to Thee,
Gracious God, the pure oblation
Of divine tranquillity!

The View from S. Ninian's Cave.

The fort at Rispain near Whithorn is usually described as Roman; but doubt is thrown on this attribution in the "Introduction" to the *Inventory*. "Though the appearance of the Rispain fort does in some respects conform to the recognised Roman plan, unlike such Roman forts as have been excavated, it had only one entrance. The dimensions were, however, small, a fact which might account for a departure from the usual plan applicable to larger enclosures. The forms of mediæval camps are frequently rectilinear, and the plan alone is therefore not sufficient to establish its character. If Rispain is Roman, it stands in singular isolation, supported by no other fort, for the situation of the fort at Crows does not suggest a Roman origin; further, no Roman road traverses Galloway, and the record of Roman relics found within the province is a singularly scanty one. A landing on the coast near Whithorn, and a very temporary occupation, are the only hypotheses that may fit the circumstances."

The White Loch of Myrton.

CHAPTER XV

MONREITH

The Maxwells of Monreith—John Maxwell and the Pentland Rising—The first baronet and some of his successors—The standing stones of Drumtroddan—Cup-and-ring markings—Crannogs—An ancient Celtic cross and its story—A lake sanctuary—The garden—The Right Honourable Sir Herbert Maxwell, Baronet—The house—Kirkmaiden-in-Fernis Church and the story of S. Medana—The grave of Captain Thurot.

THE lands of Myrton,[1] now a part of the territory belonging to the Maxwells of Monreith,[2] were previously in the hands of the MacCullochs, and it was in the now ruined keep of Myrton, distant less than half a mile from the modern house of Monreith, that Sir Alexander MacCulloch, the most eminent member of the family, entertained James the Fourth on more than one of his journeys to and from Whithorn.

It was not until the seventeenth century that the later owners of the lands of Myrton had a home beside the White Loch; but there were Maxwells of Monreith for centuries before that, for the name of the estate belonged originally to a property

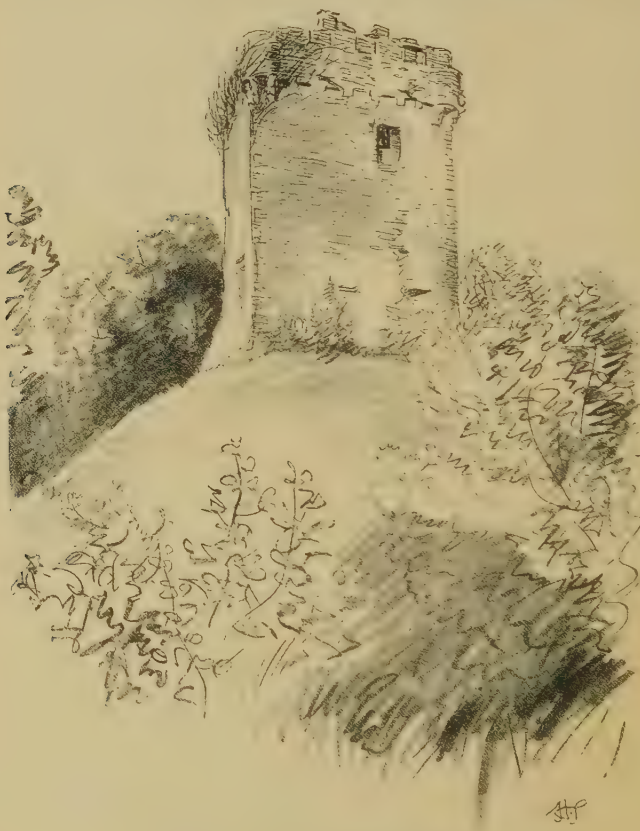
[1] Or "Myreton", pronounced "Murrton", "village by the miry place." O. Norse *mýrr*, *mýri*.—Johnston.

[2] "Perh. Gaelic *moine riabhach*, 'grey moor'."—Johnston.

conterminous with the old parish of Kirkmaiden-in-Fernis, which is now incorporated in Glasserton Parish, and the Maxwells were in possession so far back as the fifteenth century. They were descended from the first Lord Maxwell and inter-married with such families as the MacDoualls of Logan, the MacCullochs of Myrton, and the Agnews of Lochnaw. John Maxwell, younger of Monreith, who married Margaret, daughter of Andrew Agnew, younger of Lochnaw, in 1656, was one of the Covenanters who took part in the Pentland Rising and is said to have been one of the three companions of Maclellan of Barscobe who had to do with the initial *mêlée* at Dalry. He escaped from the battle-field of Rullion Green, and his " good grey horse " is said to have carried him without a halt to the old house of Monreith. As a reward for its services the horse was never made to wear the bridle again, but was kept in a large paddock and well cared for. It is said to have lived to a green old age and to have become the sire of a progeny long famous in The Shire for their mettle. " As guid as Pentlan' " was, perhaps still is, a common expression in the district in recommending a horse.

John Maxwell, to quote Sir Herbert Maxwell's account, " was afterwards hotly pursued through various parts of the kingdom. On a subsequent occasion, to escape from some soldiers in Edinburgh, he darted down a close and into a change-house, where the landlady locked him into the meal-girnel. The soldiers came and hunted every corner of the house in vain. They vowed the fugitive had entered it ; but baffled in their pursuit, they called for drink, and sat down to discuss it. One of them sat on the top of the meal-chest within which Maxwell lay hid. ' I wadna say,' cried he, ' but yon bloody Whig is in this vera kist. Gudewife, gie's the key till we see for oorsells.' The landlady was equal to the occasion. Going to the foot of the stairs, she called up, ' Jeanie, lass, rin awa' and ask the gudeman for the key of the girnel, till we see if a Whig can lie in the meal and no gie a hoast wi't.' The soldiers laughed, finished their liquor, and went off." The session records of Glasserton Parish state that " John Maxwell, brother to Sir William Maxwell of Monreith, was forfeit in his estate for going to Pentland and not joining with Prelacy. He was necessitated to hide himself many a night and day, and to turn his back on all that he had, and to flee to Ireland for the preservation of his life from bloody persecutors, and died there."

William, the younger brother of John Maxwell, succeeded in 1671, and is an important figure in the family history. He was an Episcopalian and enjoyed the royal favour and became a



The Old Tower and Mote of Myrton.

baronet of Nova Scotia in 1681. Before this he had made large additions to the estates, and in 1683 purchased the lands of Myrton from Sir Godfrey MacCulloch. He obtained a charter from Queen Anne in 1703 constituting his property one barony

to be called Monreith. He died in 1709 and was followed by his son, Alexander, who married a daughter of the ninth Earl

Port. William.

of Eglinton. Sir Alexander is the subject of a charming discourse entitled "An Eighteenth Century Laird" in the fifth series of Sir Herbert Maxwell's *Memories of the Months,* wherein we are given glimpses into the intimate life of a Scots country

house of the period. The succession to the Monreith baronetcy has continued from father to son since the time of the first holder of the title. We may note that it was Sir William, the fourth baronet, who built and gave his name to Portwilliam, the principal village and only seaport in the parish of Mochrum, and that the late Sir William, whose death occurred in 1877, was keenly interested in the history and antiquities of the district, and was able to supply Mr. P. H. MacKerlie with valuable information for his *History of Lands and their Owners in Galloway*. It has fallen to his son, the present baronet, not only to share his historical and antiquarian bent, but, as a writer of unusual versatility and charm, to make the name of Maxwell of Monreith known widely in the world of letters. He has written many volumes coming under the classifications of history, biography, and fiction, and has made numerous contributions to the literature of natural history and archæology.

It is a happy circumstance that Monreith estate itself should be rich in antiquities, and that, when the proprietor discourses of standing stones, crannogs, or cup-and-ring markings, he should be able to shew examples of all of these within a few minutes' walk of his house. The three standing stones on the farm of Drumtroddan[1] are, I think, the most impressive examples of this kind of relic in Galloway by reason of their great height, which is intermediate between that of the lower and that of the majority of the taller monoliths at Stonehenge. They are hidden in the midst of a dense thicket, and it would not be easy to find them without personal guidance or very minute instructions. The *Inventory* notes the site as being about a quarter of a mile north-east of the north lodge gate of Monreith House. Two of the stones are erect, and one has fallen. The height of the upright stones is a little over ten, and that of the prostrate one nine feet.

The cup-and-ring markings are in a neighbouring field. Their position and character are given thus in the *Inventory*: "In a grass field about half a mile north of the north lodge of Monreith House is a flat rock surface, on which are exposed, where the turf has been removed, several groups of cup and ring markings. . . . The markings occur at both ends of the rock, as well as near its centre, and may be divided into seven different groups. They consist of simple cups, or cups surrounded with

[1] Gaelic *druim trodain*, ridge of the little quarrel.

varying numbers of concentric rings, from one to five. The circles are represented both with a radial groove from the central cup and without it: in group number two, five circular figures are connected by channels." The *Inventory* states also that "near the west side of Mid-Myrton plantation, which lies to

Ancient Cross and the White Loch of Myrton.

the west of Monreith Mains, on the exposed face of a rock, there is visible a single cup mark surrounded by four incised concentric rings. The greater part of the rock is covered with soil."

The oak piles of a crannog still rest in the midst of the area occupied formerly by the Black Loch of Myrton, and

towards the southern end of the White Loch there is an island which has been found to be surrounded with oaken piles and constructed of materials similar to those in the crannogs of Dowalton Loch.

Besides these antiquities visible in their original situations, there is an ancient disc-headed Celtic cross standing on the lawn in front of Monreith House. It is said that when the first baronet purchased Myrton Castle and lands from Sir Godfrey MacCulloch, "he wished to take this old cross with him to his new castle, and that when he arrived with it at the march burn betwixt the baronies of Monreith and Myrtoun, flames burst out of the stone, the cart was upset, and the stone broken in two; and on hearing from a wise woman that there never would be luck to the house of Monreith if the stone was carried away from the barony, the baronet ordered it to be taken back". When the modern house was built in 1799, the cross was brought from its old place without misadventure. The following delineation is given in the *Inventory*: "In the grounds of Monreith House is a freestanding wheel-headed cross of greywacke measuring seven feet and six inches in height, one foot and six inches in diameter across the head, one foot and three inches in width across the shaft, and six inches in thickness, sculptured in relief on four faces thus:—*Front and Back*—On the circular head, an equal-armed cross with a boss in the centre, and four bosses in the circular interspaces between the arms, and on the shaft a single panel containing interlaced work. *Right and Left Sides*—On the shaft, a single panel containing interlaced work. The cross formerly stood on Court Hill at the Mower, the old Mansion House of the Barony of Monreith, and it has been surmised that its original site may have been Kirkmaiden."

The White Loch of Myrton has more than an archæological interest. It is a beautiful feature of the grounds of Monreith, for its sloping banks are covered with trees nearly all the way round, and the branches in many places overhang the water. Great clumps of rushes provide another ornamental detail, and here and there you will see a little bay brightened with rose-coloured and other hybrid water-lilies as well as the common kinds. The part of the bank where the continuity of the fringe of trees is broken is the end near the front of the house, so that from this point one looks down the vista afforded by the

whole length of the loch. The Canadian pond-weed (*Elodea canadensis*) arrived here some time ago with its usual dis-

Myrton Tower and the White Loch.

astrous effect; but, says the proprietor, "although the appearance of this weed on a sheet of ornamental water is nothing

short of a calamity, it is a calamity not without mitigation. The angler may weep or swear, according to temperament or sex; but great is the gain to the wild-fowler and naturalist, for this succulent weed offers irresistible attraction to numberless aquatic birds. . . . Simultaneously with the outburst of *Elodea*, the widgeon arrived. This beautiful duck, though common on the adjacent sea-coast, was never seen, at least by me, on this lake till the autumn of 1893, when five of them spent the winter there and added their wild whistle to the familiar sounds of the place. The following year there were about a score, and at the moment of writing (1896) they may be seen in hundreds." After four years of the turbidity caused by diatoms and other micro-organisms the water recovered its transparency.

Another paragraph may be quoted from the first series of *Memories of the Months* for the list of waterfowl to be seen on it: "This lake is a never-failing source of interest to me. Occupying about one hundred acres, bosomed in sloping woods, and distant from the sea not more than a mile of bird-flight, it is resorted to by great numbers of waterfowl of many kinds. For more than half a century it has been treated as a sanctuary. No impious gun is allowed to be fired there—a regulation which, in my salad days, I used to denounce bitterly as quixotic and tyrannical. No doubt it appears in the same light to the rising generation; but to the field naturalist it has afforded unusual opportunities of observation. Mallard, teal, coots, water-hens, water-herons, and snipe haunt it all the year round; cormorants and seagulls fly in from the sea; in autumn flights of widgeon, tufted duck, and pochards arrive, and a few scaup and goldeneyes drop in to tea, as it were; wild swans and goosanders are among the rarer visitors, and four years ago a bittern condescended to take up his quarters in the reed-bed at the lower end." A few great crested grebes have nested here every season since 1897, and a visit from the Sclavonian grebe was recorded in January, 1901. A pair of purple waterhens (*Porphyrio coeruleus*) spent a summer here; but when, it is supposed, they scented the harvest fields beyond the woods, they flew over to the stubbles, where they were murdered by young savages armed with catapults.

The Monreith garden and woods as well as the White Loch have a special interest for anyone who is already acquainted

with that delightful series of five volumes called *Memories of the Months,* wherein the author has included many discourses on things seen and heard in the immediate neighbourhood of his own house ; and here I may tell any reader who does not know them that no country house, or for that matter no town house where good literature and the amenities of country

Monreith House.

life are understood, should be without them. Three other volumes of a more or less similar kind from the same pen should be placed beside them—*Meridiana : Noontide Essays ; Post Meridiana : Afternoon Essays ;* and *Scottish Gardens.*

The garden at Monreith is primarily that of a botanist ; yet it is full of interest and charm even for the uninitiated, so happily have the borders been laid out and the herbs within

them disposed, there is such a profusion of unfamiliar flowering shrubs, and such a number of captivating scents. I remember being struck by this last detail on a warm forenoon in the latter part of June, when it seemed to me that there was a remarkable variety of fragrances greeting one in turn or subtly blending.

Sir Herbert has expressed his adhesion to the doctrine that a garden should have an individual character of its own. The high surrounding walls of brick or stone that are so common in these northern latitudes may be necessary sometimes; but surely nothing militates so much against the development of a distinctive appearance as confinement within such bonds. One might fittingly apply to Monreith what Sir Herbert has written of another estate: there is here "none of that tiresome affectation which thrusts the garden proper out of sight and prepares a few formal borders as a set-off to the architect's design. The garden here is part and parcel of the dwelling, a suite of roofless apartments, as it were, into which you can pass at any moment through a pretty gate of wrought iron, with no more trouble than going upstairs." This I should single out as the first attractive feature of this garden, that it is not shut off by itself within stone barriers, but comes up to the house like a besieging sea, breaking in a surf of blossoms against the very walls.

There is an isolated part immediately behind the house, a semi-circular terrace bounded by a low stone balustrade. This structure is decked with roses and other creepers, and within it runs a narrow grassy walk. A design wrought in clipped boxwood on a ground of shells—the Hebrew poet's aphorism, *Homo quasi flos egreditur et conteritur*—fills a concentric semi-circle within the walk, and the rest of the space is occupied by little herbaceous plots with a boxwood edging. Half-way round, the balustrade gives way to a flight of stone steps leading down to a lawn broken here and there by clumps of rhododendrons, rose shrubs, and bamboo. This part of the grounds merges in, rather than is confined by, the surrounding woodland, for there has been a lengthwise clearance of the trees carried backwards for a considerable distance, so that, looking from the windows of the house or from the semi-circular terrace or from the lawn itself, one's eye travels down a woodland vista.

The main section of the formal garden flanks the house on the

left and stretches up to the margin of the woods in that direction. The masses of exquisite flowering shrubs and the herbaceous

A Corner in the Garden, Monreith.

borders laid out in far-drawn curves provide a rich and varied feast for both sight and smell, while the scenic effect is helped by the observance of the precept implied in the statement that

" the columnar habit of such evergreens as the Lawson cypress, the incense cypress (*Libocedrus decurrens*), and the pencil cedar (*Juniperus virginianus*) is of priceless effect among flower-beds, providing those vertical lines which, as given by the Italian cypress, impart such a charming character to Mediterranean scenery ". Here also, as one looks up the length of the section, a narrow opening among the trees on a rising slope beyond gives at least the suggestion of another vista. The excellence of the trees as a background for the various borders and plots is apparent here also, and may be illustrated by this little picture from Sir Herbert's own pen : " No more splendid effect can be wrought with flowers than that which is before my eyes as I write. A large clump of torch lilies, occupying a circular bed on a slope of well-kept lawn, has thrown up more than a hundred spikes of vivid scarlet and yellow. Behind them is a dark wood ; the effect when the sun strikes the lilies is almost dazzling."

Sir Herbert Maxwell is one of the greatest living authorities on arboriculture and sylviculture. He has urged upon the country through the medium of the leading reviews the need for the afforestation of national reserves, and has himself made experiments with certain kinds of trees such as cypresses and araucarias in order to test their value for timber in this climate. He has also made interesting attempts to naturalize foreign species of birds and beasts ; but, he says sadly, " the only permanent additions to the resident fauna for which I am responsible are three in number, and they are not examples of acclimatisation, but of restoration ", namely, badgers, jays, and squirrels. He has exerted himself both within and outside of Parliament for the protection of wild birds and their eggs, and was the author of a Bill which passed into law for the preservation of the S. Kilda wren. He has acted as President of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries and Chairman of the Royal Commission on the Ancient and Historical Monuments and Constructions of Scotland, and has been the means of bringing various objects of archæological interest under the protection of His Majesty's Office of Works. The value of his books relating to Galloway is evidenced by the frequency of the references in these pages. Besides these various activities calling for special notice in a book of the scope of the present, Sir Herbert Maxwell was Parliamentary representative of Wigtonshire from 1880 till 1906, and a Lord of the Treasury from 1886 till 1892, was made

a Privy Councillor in 1897, and has been Lord-Lieutenant of Wigtonshire since 1903.

In writing about country homes one does not find often that the interest of the personality of the proprietor overshadows that of the house in which he dwells. Sir Herbert Maxwell, however, is a unique figure, not only among Galloway landlords, but among living men of letters; and the surroundings of the house have absorbed so much of his thought and care, and their aspect has been determined so largely by his taste, that in any account of Monreith the house itself is apt to receive scant consideration. It is inevitable that so keen an antiquarian should regret that the family deserted the old tower of Myrton,[1] which stands roofless now on a green height among trees near the east shore of the loch. The modern house, however, has a spaciousness and comfort far beyond what was possible in the former residence, and is, moreover, furnished and decorated with many of the old possessions of the family. The foundations of the noble collection of books were laid by Sir Alexander, the second baronet, who succeeded in 1710 and was "a great book-buyer". His dark mahogany dining-room table stands in one of the two large rooms forming the library, and a carved mahogany four-poster bed which he purchased in 1711 is still in use. There hangs on a wall of the ante-room and above the great stair a remarkable piece of *appliqué* work, on which Sir Herbert has written at some length in *Scottish Gardens*. "This was the work of the wife of the third baronet (he died in 1771), who set herself to depict

Sir Herbert Maxwell.

[1] Myrton Tower is an instance of a keep erected on a mote.

in *appliqué* the flowers growing in the castle garden. They were laid on a maroon ground to serve as a carpet—literally a *parterre*—for the castle drawing-room. . . . A large basket of flowers forms the centre ; smaller groups fill the four corners, and round the carpet runs a continuous wreath looped with ribbons."

Many of the objects of archæological value which have come into Sir Herbert's hands have been given by him to the National Museum of Antiquities in Edinburgh ; but some which he has retained are arranged in cases in the library, while a cabinet standing in another apartment contains war-medals received by various members of the family. The walls of both the dining-room and the drawing-room are hung with portraits including King James the Seventh and Second, who is represented as a very little boy ; Lady Jean Montgomerie, daughter of the ninth Earl of Eglinton and wife of the second baronet of Monreith—her portrait has been described as " a charming kit-cat of one with soft brown eyes, a white skin, and abundant curling dark hair " ; Eglintine Maxwell, daughter of the third baronet and wife of Thomas Wallace of Lochryan, and her sister, Jean, who was married to the fourth Duke of Gordon ; Sir Murray Maxwell, K.C.B., the third son of Captain James Maxwell and a grandson of Sir Alexander—he was born in 1775, entered the Navy in 1790, became lieutenant in 1796 and commander in 1802, took part in the capture of Tobago and Demerara, became Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward's Island, and died in 1831.

Of the losses suffered by Galloway in the Great War, none was more widely and deeply regretted than that of Sir Herbert's son, Captain Aymer Maxwell. He commanded the " Collingwood " Battalion at Antwerp with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, was struck on the head by a splinter of shell, and died very soon in hospital. Commodore Henderson said in his despatch : " His fine spirit animated his whole Battalion, and it is to his example that I owe the fine and steady stand made by the Collingwoods in their trenches." Captain Maxwell was the author of books on the grouse moors and pheasantries of Britain.

On Monreith Bay, close under a steep, wooded slope, is one of the oldest churches in Scotland, Kirkmaiden-in-Fernis. Its origin is connected with the story of Medana, the beautiful daughter of

an Irish king. Among her many suitors there was a soldier—*miles nobilis*—who was especially determined to win her. The princess, however, had embraced the Christian faith and had secretly taken the vow of celibacy. Rendered desperate by

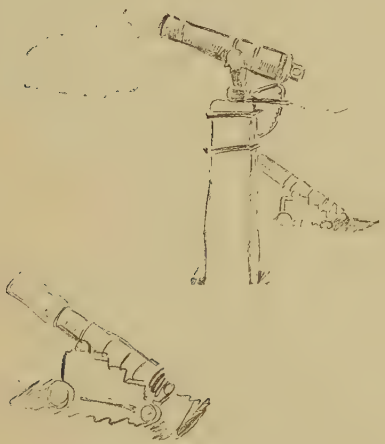
Kirkmaiden-in-Fernis.

her suitor's persistence, she fled with two handmaids to Galloway and landed at Portankill in The Rhinns, a place which took its name from the chapel she built there, and led a life of poverty and good works. One day she was startled by voices on the

shore. Her soldier rushed in and threw his arms about her. She slipped from his grasp and, followed by her handmaids, rushed into the surf and took refuge on a rock amid the water. Her lover hastened after her; but before he could reach her, the rock floated off and carried its precious burden across to Monreith Bay, where Medana found a short-lived peace. Her lover discovered her new place of retreat. When he came into sight, the lady promptly climbed a tree. "Why persecute me thus?" she exclaimed. "Those eyes compel me," her lover began, and before he could say more, she tore them out and threw them at his feet, saying, "Take them then!" Distracted, broken-hearted, and repentant, he went on his way. Medana came down from her tree and asked her attendants for water to bathe her aching face. Just as she was being told that there was none at hand, a clear, healing stream broke out of the sloping ground where her eyes had fallen. She washed with it and recovered her sight. Her saintly life knew no further disturbance, and she was ultimately canonized. The chapels she had built on the two sides of Luce Bay became the mother churches of Kirkmaiden-in-Rhinns and Kirkmaiden-in-Fernis. If anyone doubt the details of the story, let him listen to Sir Herbert Maxwell: "There, on the sweep of strand before the church, lies the very rock which served Medana and her maids as a ferry-boat, just where they left it on landing; and there also is the well bubbling cool and fresh from the rock, much venerated at this day as a wishing-well by lovers and other afflicted persons. To doubt the truth of the legend of St. Medana is to disregard the plain evidence of one's senses."

The chancel of the old church is the burial-place of the Maxwells of Monreith. It has been restored recently in the style of twelfth-century architecture, with a Norman arch and a round-headed window. In one of the nameless graves in the churchyard lies the body of Captain Thurot, a French naval officer, who distinguished himself in the war between Britain and France in 1760. He sailed into Belfast Lough with three vessels, captured Carrickfergus Castle, and marched to Belfast, where he requisitioned supplies. A little later, he was surprised in Luce Bay by a superior British fleet, and he and three hundred other Frenchmen were killed or drowned. His body came ashore in Monreith Bay, and Sir William Maxwell gave it honourable burial.

The memory of an earlier naval incident belonging to this coast is preserved in the name of a spit of shingle a few miles to the north, "Philip and Mary Point." It was called after a ship of the Spanish Armada that came aground there.



Small Cannon in front of Monreith House.

Glenluce.

CHAPTER XVI

GLENLUCE AND NEW LUCE

The road to Glenluce—George Borrow's notes—The Devil of Glenluce—A witch story—Glenluce Abbey—How "thē landis of Glenluse wes conqueist"—Story of Jock o' the Horn—The Castle of Park—Stairhaven—Some smuggling incidents—The Sands of Genoch—New Luce and Alexander Peden, "the Prophet"—Laggangairn and Craigmoddie.

An excellent road runs from Monreith to Auchenmalg, a distance of about eleven miles, keeping close to the shore almost all the way. There are no old buildings to arrest one's attention, and one will probably pass the slight remains of a chapel dedicated to S. Finnian without noticing them. By scrambling up the green heugh on the right, one would no doubt find the remains of ancient forts, cairns, and circular huts; but only a serious archæologist will wish to do so, and my duty to him is easily discharged by referring him to the *Inventory of Monuments and*

Constructions in Galloway. On the left of the road is the rough beach with occasional boulders where cormorants settle, and the wide, shining surface of Luce Bay; on the right the great, green slope. "That heugh, varying in height from sixty to a hundred and twenty feet, marks the seaward end of the ancient ice-field and consists from top to bottom of boulder clay, now closely clad with kindly verdure and flowers of many hues. It was the bed laid down by the ice-mantle, which, never resting, crept forward irresistibly from the high grounds to the sea-level, planing smooth the underlying rock strata, grinding the waste into stiff clay, and carrying with it innumerable fragments of harder material till it met the sea. There the ice-field broke off into bergs, which floated away, leaving the tide to form its beach by washing stones and boulders out of the underlying clay. This is what is recognised all round the western Scottish shores as the twenty-five foot beach, formed when the general level of the land was that much lower than it is now."[1] The only point at which the road leaves the shore is at Craignarget [2]—the Silver Crag—a trap dyke rising four hundred feet above the sea, and there it does not veer inland, but climbs along the edge of the precipices. Below are two or three fairly large caves often occupied by tramps. After passing Auchenmalg, the road winds inland over a great ridge and then descends into Glenluce.

George Borrow walked into Glenluce village on the 18th of July, 1866. The following notes are found in his diary: "Capital

[1] Sir Herbert Maxwell's *Memories of the Months: Fourth Series.*

[2] The sculptured cross-slab found at Craignarget, now in the National Museum of Antiquities, Edinburgh, is one of the most remarkable monuments of the south of Scotland. It is an irregularly-shaped slab of greywacke, three and a half feet in height, "sculptured on one face with crosses, circles, and dots. Along each of the two vertical edges is a rude border, composed of dots or cup-shaped hollows and segments of concentric circles. The face of the stone is divided into two panels by a horizontal line. Above this line is an incised cross with a dot and ring in the centre of the head, a transverse line at the bottom of the shaft forming a sort of base, and cup-shaped depressions at the ends of the two horizontal arms. On the background of the cross, to the left and right of the top arm, are two circular rings; to the left and right of the shaft, a small incised cross; and below the bottom of the shaft, a small incised cross with three dots on each side of it. Below the horizontal line, across the middle of the slab, is a Swastika cross, two intersecting circles, a small cross, and a number of dots arranged in groups of threes and fours."—The *Inventory.*

dinner—salmon, mutton, and sweets ; first-rate water. Stroll behind the Inn. The glen, the little bridge, the rivulet and trees ; child playing in the water ; strong smell of turf smoke throughout the village ; cool, delightful evening ; stroll up and down. People in the street sitting or standing enjoying the cool." The turf has been supplanted by coal ; and the inhabitants, instead of sitting or standing in the street, congregate now around the bowling-green beside the stream in the cool of the evening ; but the tramp of to-day will remember, like Borrow, "the glen, the little bridge, the rivulet and trees". He will agree also with him about the "very beautiful scenery" of the "upland dells lined with woods".

Glenluce is famous for its Devil and its Abbey. "In this parish of Glenluce," says Symson, "there was a spirit, which for a long space molested the house of one Campbell, a weaver." The case was so notorious that it attracted the serious attention of the General Assembly of Divines in the days of the Commonwealth. The manifestations of the racketing-spirit, however, were the same as in the Rerwick and other instances all over the world, and we may share the opinion of Symson that "it would be tedious to give a full relation of all the stories concerning it." The record is given in George Sinclair's *Satan's Invisible World Discovered,* published in Edinburgh in 1685.

A Glenluce story illustrating the belief in witchcraft before the days of official witch-hunting began is given in *The Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway*. "An ingleside story of the period, handed down as literally true, is that a labouring man's wife—a sensible, decent woman—having been detained late from home, was returning about the witching hour ; and

> When the gray howlet had three times hoo'ed,
> When the grimy cat had three times mewed,
> When the tod had yowled three times in the wood,

at a spot known as the 'Clay Slap,' she met face to face a troop of females, as to whose leader being cloven-footed she could not be mistaken. Her consternation was the greater as, one by one, she recognised them all, and among them the ladies of the manor. They stopped her, and in her terror she appealed to one of them by name. Enraged at being known, the party declared that she must die. She pleaded for mercy, and they agreed to spare her life on her taking an awful oath that she would never reveal the

names of any as long as they lived. Fear prevented her from breaking her pledge, but as one by one the dames paid the debt of nature, she would mysteriously exclaim, 'There's anither o' the gang gone!' She outlived them all and then divulged the secret; adding that on that dreadful night, after getting to her bed, she lay entranced in an agony as if she had been roasting between two fires."

The Abbey is two miles up the glen. It was founded by Roland, Lord of Galloway, in 1190 and occupied by a colony of

Glenluce Abbey.

Cistercian monks from Melrose. It was an extensive structure, and, while it is not quite so large as Sweetheart Abbey, must have resembled it closely. The foundation of the nave, the gable of the south transept, the cloisters, the court, and the vaulted chapter-house, much the best-preserved part, remain. The description in the *Inventory* is too long for quotation; but the following details may be given from the account by Mr. David Henry in *Archæological and Historical Collections relating to Ayrshire and Galloway*: "The conventual buildings on the east

side of the Garth have been partially rebuilt, probably late in the fifteenth century—at least the chapter-house is about that date. . . . The entrance to the chapter-house is through a semi-circular-headed doorway, and by three descending steps the floor is reached, two feet below the level of the walk. . . . It is an exact square of twenty-four feet, and the central column composed of eight half-round shafts—four plain and four filleted—with small beads between, is eleven feet, two inches high to the top of the abacus and two feet in diameter. The whole height of the room to the points of the vaulting ribs is seventeen feet. The vaulting is quadripartite, the ribs resting on the central column and on corbels in the walls. The 'bosses' at the intersections in the two eastmost compartments bear shields with coats of arms—one being the lion of Scotland within a tressure and surmounted by a crown, and the other the Crowned Lion of the Province of Galloway. The other intersections bear foliated flowers like roses on the bosses.

"The seat of the Abbot is indicated on the east wall, between the windows, by a kind of imitation stall, formed by a moulding raised on the ashlar facing of the wall and having a trefoil head; but there is no recess, and the moulding—which still shows the chisel-marks of intentional defacement—has been of a poor and inartistic character. The stone seat bench which ran all round the walls has been removed. The builder—one hopes with the desire to prevent such spoliation—had built the slabs into the masonry; but the spoilers have been too many for him, and have split them off by the wall line with chisels, the marks of which are still plainly visible; perhaps they may be found doing duty as shelves in some dairy in the neighbourhood. The most prominent features in the windows are the large quatrefoils in their traceried heads; the other forms are not elegant, nor are the sections of the mouldings good. Though very few of the details taken by themselves will bear to be tried by a high standard, the chapter-house as a whole is a very beautiful and finely proportioned room."

The story of how Gilbert, fourth Earl of Cassillis, secured possession of the Abbey lands after the Reformation is told in the *Historie of the Kennedyis*. "This last Gilbertt was ane particuler manne, and ane werry greidy manne, and cairitt nocht how he gatt land, sa that he culd cum be the samin." He entered into a conspiracy with the Abbot to obtain a lease of the pro-

perty ; but before the arrangements were completed the Abbot died. The Earl then found an ally in a monk of the abbey "quha culd counterfitt the Abottis hand-writt, and all the haill Conventtis", and caused him to forge their signatures to the necessary document. When this had been done, the Earl feared that the monk might reveal the matter, and engaged

Kitchen in the House of Park, near Glenluce.

a knave to murder him. Then, fearing that his hireling might speak, he induced his uncle, Hew of Bargany, to accuse him of theft and hang him at Crossraguel. "And sa the landis of Glenluse wes conqueist."

Another tale of blood concerns one of the Hays of Park—Park Place, the castle standing high above the Luce Water

about a quarter of a mile from Glenluce, was their home. There was a wedding party near the abbey, and young Hay of Park was one of the guests. In the course of the feast a valuable article of plate was missed from the table. A blacksmith who was also a guest was voluble in his indignation, and expressed the wish that "cauld iron might be his hinner en' quhaever took it". He became excited as the festivities went on, and rudely called upon Hay to pay a sum he owed him for the shoeing of a horse. Hay was irritated by his insults, and at last drew his sword and ran him through. As the body was being raised from the floor, the missing article fell from one of the dead man's pockets. The indignation of the company at the murder was stayed for the moment by the thought that the smith had invoked his own doom. Hay was able to retire unhindered and fled the country.

"A long while after, he returned to Glenluce, disguised as an idiot pauper; and, blowing a long horn, begged from house to house, repeating a string of doggerel verses. He was known as Jock o' the Horn and visited all his old haunts, even venturing to the House of Park. Here he clamoured for alms, as elsewhere, in jingling couplets. He never, however, doffed his strange disguise, though it was whispered in the neighbourhood of Park that when the family were quite alone, the servants were sometimes kept out of the way, and that then poor 'Jock o' the Horn' again took his proper place in the parlour and shared the family meal."

BLESSIT BE THE NAME OF THE LORD THIS
VERK VAS BEGUN THE FIRST DAY OF MARCH
1590 BE THOMAS HAY OF PARK AND
IONET MAKDOVEL HIS SPOVS.

This is the inscription carved on a panel above the doorway of the castle. The building belongs to the period when the defensive motive was disappearing. There is, however, a gun-loop for the protection of the entrance. The design follows the L-shaped plan with four storeys and a garret, and is one of the completest examples of its kind in Wigtonshire. A two-storey wing on the south-east and a wing of a single storey on the north-east were added at a much later time than that to which the original house belongs, probably in the eighteenth century.

Stairhaven is not widely known even in Galloway. It would

not be difficult to give reasons for this. I was resolved to visit it nevertheless for these four reasons—I liked its name, George Borrow visited it, it has a practically disused harbour, and it was once a haunt of smugglers.

I have said I was resolved to see Stairhaven ; but the resolution involved no strenuous travelling. The distance is little more than two miles from Glenluce, the road is easy, and with a northerly wind one's bicycle almost takes one along of itself. The way lies along a raised beach and gives wide views westwards across the Bay of Luce to The Rhinns. The sand-flats on the north shore of the bay are broken by the final windings of the Luce Water and the Piltanton ; behind them stretch the sand-dunes of Genoch[1] ; and close at hand there is a noteworthy detail visible at low tide—the remains of the long, low walls stretching across the mouth of the Luce and containing the old " fish-yards " where the fish that delayed their retreat too long were easily captured.

" Stairhaven " is a modern name and has a simple etymology. It signifies " a haven built by the Earl of Stair." The older name is " The Crow's Nest " and is etymologically obscure. It has been suggested that it is a corruption of " Crossness ", " the headland of the cross." The place was known to Borrow as " The Craw's Nest ".

" A house by the sea side ; little pier ; a few fishing boats ; place seemingly deserted." These are the jottings entered by Borrow in his diary when he came to Stairhaven in July, 1866. He would have found nothing to add or subtract to-day. There is the one little house inhabited by a fisherman, and the little pier, a gigantic structure for so modest a port. It has survived from the days when Stairhaven was an outlet for the produce of the neighbouring farms and took in their lime and manure, and, although very few steamers come now to discharge and receive cargoes, it remains in perfect condition with not a stone out of place. It contrasts strikingly, therefore, with the scattered fragments of the piers at Portpatrick and Port Logan, and points to the comparative protection afforded the waters of the bay by the colossal breakwater of The Rhinns. Yet the sands of Luce have buried many a wreck, disasters caused in some cases,

[1] "*Gaineach, gainmheach,* sandy, a sandy place ; adj. from *gaine, gaineamh,* sand. O'Reilly also gives *gainneach,* a place where reeds grow."—Maxwell.

not by storms, but through mariners sailing in here in the night when they thought that they were entering the Firth of Clyde. Near the head of the bay I saw the tops of a vessel's ribs appearing above the sand at low water. It might have been lost in just this way. Accidents from this miscalculation have been less frequent since the Mull of Galloway lighthouse was built.

Stairhaven without its pier would look very much like many another bit of the Galloway coast with a lonely fisherman's cottage, a range of stakes for drying nets, and boxes for packing fish lying around ; but that substantial, unused pier that might

Stairhaven.

have been a scene of busy trafficking and resounded to the clank of steam winches and the rattle of chains gives a curious sense of desolation in its apparent abandonment.

A microscopic scrutiny of Galloway literature has resulted in the discovery of one incident belonging to the history of Stairhaven. Since it is of the smuggling order, it may be regarded as representative. It happened that in the year 1771, when the place was at the height of its importance as a channel of furtive commerce, three luggers arrived from The Isle of Man ; but before the unloading of the contraband goods could be completed, the smugglers received an alarm and sailed away to dispose of the rest of their cargoes on the coast of Ireland. Enough tea, tobacco, and spirits, however, had been taken from

the ships to load a hundred and fifty horses, and so soon as the caravan had been made up, it advanced into the interior. Its progress was not to be entirely uninterrupted. The neighbouring justices had learned that three vessels were to discharge valuable cargoes at The Crow's Nest on this night, and a large party of soldiers had been summoned from Stranraer and placed in ambush while the excisemen watched, without disturbing, the illicit enterprise. The smugglers, on their part, had information of what was toward. They unmasked the ambuscade and scattered the soldiers before them. Hearing musketry fire, the excisemen, who had been following the caravan, rushed forward, expecting to assist the military in making their capture ; but were dismayed to find the smugglers marching on as if no interruption had occurred, the soldiers nowhere to be seen, and the caravan presenting too strong a rearguard for themselves to attack.

That this was not an isolated instance of smugglers being strong enough to overawe, defy, and defeat the forces of law and order is attested by some reminiscences of an excise officer at Wigton which he communicated to Joseph Train in 1840. As a boy he had seen a smuggling caravan of two hundred and ten horses accompanied by about a hundred " lingtowmen " passing within a mile of Wigton " in open defiance of the supervisor, two excise officers, and about thirty soldiers stationed at Wigtown to assist the revenue officers in the suppression of smuggling ". The incident had been fixed in the boy's memory by the fact that four of the smugglers' horses, overcome, it was supposed, by the heat of the day and the strong smell of the tobacco, had fallen dead on the road.

On another occasion, two luggers had arrived off Port William. Both had a crew of about fifty men, and the one mounted twenty-two guns, and the other fourteen. They were about to unload their cargoes when the excise officer stationed at Wigton, the supervisor, and twenty-five soldiers appeared. The commander of one of the luggers came ashore and told them that if they did not retire immediately, he would cause a broadside to be fired on them and land a hundred armed men ; but if they removed themselves and gave the smugglers a clear coast, he would leave thirty or forty ankers of spirits for them on the beach. The excisemen's party went away, and the smuggler kept his promise.

While I was staying at Glenluce, I observed on the map what seemed to be an odd bit of country subtending the north-west shore of Luce Bay. It bore the name, "Torrs Warren", but so far as particular place-names were concerned was almost empty. Now, a blank on the map is full of invitation to the exploring spirit, and I went to see what that vacant space concealed. Within two miles from Glenluce a byway breaks off from the Stranraer road, passes the farm of Droughdool, a place that should surely have a ghost story connected with it, and crosses the Piltanton, a sluggish water in a deep, narrow channel with banks and bottom of mud. There had been featureless stretches of open fields on both sides of the road hitherto; but now the character of the country was changed. On the seaward side I saw the beginning of sand-dunes, and on the right almost continuous plantations—just the low-lying, rough and tumbled, desolate coast with a backing of woods that might have been the scene of *The Pavilion on the Links*.

I came once more to a dividing of the road, the one branch leading to Lochans and Portpatrick and the other to Sandhead and Drummore. The latter kept close to the sand-dunes and, like the scenery, presented a novel character, for it ran ahead quite straight and perfectly level for as far as the eye could follow it, like a causeway through the midst of a bit of marish land. The map shewed that it maintained this character for no less than three miles. The domain of the sand began not many yards away on the left. A faint cart-track leading towards it made me dismount after a furlong or two. The track dwindled away to a single footpath before it entered the sandy waste, and I followed it wondering greatly whither it might conduct and what kind of people used it. It undulated over heath-clad knowes and ridges and skirted the edge of deep hollows until I had the weird sense of having been drawn into the midst of a chaos that was neither of the kindly earth nor yet of the untamed sea, but shared, as it were, in both; for here grew heather and bent in tufts and patches, but with no look of permanence in their tenure; and those swelling billows, those deep troughs and far-drawn ridges of sand—were they not like a tormented sea arrested in its commotion?

The path brought me in a little while to the skeleton of a cottage, a very old one that had plainly been deserted for a long time. When I looked in at a window, I saw lying on the earthen floor about a dozen rusted steel traps. The surrounding dunes

are a great rabbit warren, and many rabbits are killed here. *The Statistical Account* of the parish written in 1839 said that about fifteen hundred dozen were killed annually.

Hector Boece places among these sandhills the scene of a battle between the Scots and the Northern Picts on the one hand and the Galloway Picts on the other. Many arrowheads, knives, spear-points, and other lethal weapons have been found on the farm of Torrs, so that perhaps he was right for once. I have a suspicion that some less public battles have been fought here. Gypsies and other tramps have often passed this way; and cattle-drovers, a notoriously quarrelsome class, might, as they came from Port Logan, find this road more convenient than the one by Stranraer. I think that these sands must cover some unhallowed graves.

The road running up the valley of the Luce Water through what the writer of *The Statistical Account* calls "this dull country" reaches the village of New Luce after six miles. The church here is that in which Peden the Prophet ministered for three years. Peden was held in great honour among the Covenanters for his sainthood, his sufferings, and his prophecies. Like other ministers, he was ejected from his charge on the restoration of Episcopacy in 1662. He preached a farewell sermon to his congregation, and was often interrupted by their lamentations. He continued speaking until it was night, and ended by telling the people that they would never see his face in that place again. On leaving the pulpit, he closed the door, knocked upon it three times with his Bible, and said these words as often: "I arrest thee in my Master's name that none ever enter thee but such as come in by the door as I have done." The pulpit was not used again until after the Revolution, when a Presbyterian minister entered it. Peden wandered from place to place for a time, encouraging the faithful; but was arrested and imprisoned on the Bass Rock. He was sentenced to be transported to Virginia; but the captain of the ship which was to carry him and other prisoners across the Atlantic refused, according to one account, to take them beyond London. The prisoners were liberated there, and Peden made his way back to Scotland. He spent a Sunday in a Border village and was invited to preach, but replied, "Let the people go to their prayers. As for me, I neither can nor will preach this day, for

our friends are fallen and fled before the enemy at Hamilton, and they are hashing and hagging them down, and their blood is running like water." This was on the 22nd of June, the day of the battle of Bothwell Bridge. On returning to Galloway, he prayed much for the prisoners who had been taken and declared that "the wild sea billows would be the winding sheet of many of them". The vessel on which they were to be carried to the plantations was wrecked among the Orkney Islands, and many of the prisoners were drowned. When he married John Brown of Priesthill to Marion Weir, he said to the bride, "You have got a good man to be your husband, but you will not enjoy him long. Prize his company and keep linen by you to be his winding sheet for you will need it when you are not looking for it; and it will be a bloody one." Nearly three years later, he spent a night at the house of Brown and his wife, and in the morning, when he was leaving, he muttered as if speaking to himself, "Poor woman, a fearful morning, a dark, misty morning, poor woman!" The next morning Brown was shot by Claverhouse in the presence of his wife and children. Peden had been abroad all night and was then eleven or twelve miles away from the scene of Brown's death. Coming to a house in the morning, he gathered the family for prayer and used these words—"Lord, when wilt Thou avenge Brown's blood and let Brown's blood be precious in Thy sight?" He was asked afterwards what he meant by this. "What do I mean?" he replied. "Claverhouse has been at Priesthill this morning and has cruelly murdered John Brown. His corpse is lying at the end of the house, and his poor wife is weeping by it, and not a soul to speak comfort to her."

There is no reason to doubt that Peden had presentiments of coming events and telepathic impressions—if one admits telepathy—of contemporary ones, and that he gave them utterance in characteristic language. This provided an opportunity for those "designing persons" of whom Wodrow complains to "frame prophecies under Mr. Peden's name" for their own purposes. Peden's reputation as a prophet depends upon these inventions. There is no evidence that he claimed any "supernatural" gift as a foreteller.

He found refuge from his persecutors sometimes in Ireland and sometimes in Scotland until his death ended his sufferings in 1686, when he was fifty-nine years of age.

If one likes to trudge for miles over rough moors or has

enough interest in out-of-the-way antiquities to take a good deal of trouble to see them, one should certainly follow the by-way from New Luce to Balmurrie farmhouse, and then take a line a little east of north to the Standing Stones of Laggangairn.[1] Their position is a little north-east of the ruins of the old house of that name and close to the Tarf Water. The height above ground of the larger stone is a little over six feet, and the other is a foot shorter. "Each stone bears grooved on its west face a cross with arms expanding outwards, and in each of the angles formed by the intersection of the arms and the shaft, a small cross formed of single intersecting lines."[2] The reduplication of the crosses indicates a very early date. There is also a simple Latin cross incised on a slab leaning against the wall of the deserted garden.

The Wells of the Rees, that is, of the Sheepfolds, are on a slope of the moor a short distance beyond the standing stones —three wells, each covered with a dome-like structure about three feet in height built without mortar; a little to the west of them is the site and the graveyard of the ancient church of Kilgallioch; and on the north slope of Craigmoddie[3] stands a more recent monument of Christianity, the walled-in grave and slab where Alexander Linn, a Covenanter and one of Peden's parishioners, was buried. The stone was erected in 1827 in place of an older one, and bears the original epitaph: "Memento Mori. Here lies the Body of Alex[r] Linn who was surprised and instantly shot to death on this place by Lieu-General Drumand for his adherence to Scotland's reformation covenants national and solemn league 1685."

It is a long, rough trail from Balmurrie to Craigmoddie and back, and when you remount your bicycle, you feel as if you were sinking down into an easy-chair; but it is a glorious moorland walk, and, whatever the weather may be, it will be strange if you do not find yourself repeating:

> Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are flying,
> Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now,
> Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are crying,
> My heart remembers how!

According to the plan of this book, the general movement is westwards from Maxwelltown to The Rhinns; but the next chapter is given to a long digression eastwards.

[1] Gaelic *lagan g-carn*, hollow of the cairns.
[2] The *Inventory*. [3] Gaelic *creag madaidh*, the dog's or wolf's crag.

CHAPTER XVII

FROM GLENLUCE TO NEWTON STEWART

A moor road—Cattle-droving—Barhapple Loch—The crannog—Dernaglaur Loch—Borrow's notes on the road—Rhododendrons at Craighlaw—Kirkcowan—The brownie—*The Brownie of Blednoch*—A pack-horse bridge.

MOORLAND roads like that between Glenluce and Newton Stewart differ from others in that the impression made upon the traveller depends so much on the weather. The reason of this is obvious and may be illustrated from two experiences. The first time I followed this road, it was a day of steady rain, and the broad, flat stretches and curves of the moors, destitute of the contrast of light and shade, looked their dullest and dreariest, and the lonely cottages dotting the land at wide intervals might have been the scenes of the most morbid crimes. The moisture, too, shut out all distant views, confining one to the desolate road running through the immediate moor. A journey of sixteen miles in these circumstances does not arouse enthusiasm.

The second time, everything was different. It was a day of sunshine with white, fleecy clouds floating high in the clear air; and the undulating sky-line of the moorland heights led the eye on continually to the distant range of the Minnigaff hills. The interest of the road lay partly in the fact that these were always in front, disappearing now and then in the deeper hollows of the moor or behind the infrequent plantations, but always coming into view again a little nearer. The scattered homes were now the shrines of ancient pieties and domestic peace.

When Robert Heron crossed these moors in 1792, travelling westwards, he had a companion, he says, whose "conversation was indeed necessary to raise my spirits above that depression

which they were naturally liable to suffer from the dreariness of the scenery upon which I now entered". The road was used largely in those days by cattle-drovers bringing their herds from Ireland to England, and as Heron, alluding to them, enlivens his sententious comments for once with a scrap of vivid writing, I think that he must have passed a herd on the way. He says that as the drovers did not suspend their journeys on Sundays, they gave "great offence to the pious inhabitants of Galloway in those parts through which the highway runs. The appearance of the cattle on the highway, driven on irregularly, bellowing and straying; their drivers running, hallooing, roaring, swearing:—This appearance alone cannot but be offensive to the piety of such as still respect the Lord's day. But this is not all. These cattle are to be brought off in the morning from those parks in which they have rested for the preceding night; and the farmer or inn-keeper who has entertained them is, with his servants, necessarily engaged in the gathering and driving of them off. They are again to halt in the evening; and now likewise occasion an indecent bustle and confusion in which they who receive them are unavoidably concerned."

Borrow saw nothing of cattle-droving in 1866, but agrees with Heron and every other traveller about the bleakness of the country. "The land", he says, "seemed to be very poor and sterile." When, however, he fell into talk with a woman weeding a potato garden near Barhapple[1] Loch, he found it in his heart to praise the country, thinking no doubt of its beautiful aspect on that sunny July day; but the woman differed from him, saying it was a "coorse country". Borrow does not mention the usual name of the loch, but refers to it as "a kind of lake on my right hand, apparently about three hundred yards across." When he asked the woman its name, she told him, "Dirskelvin", the name of the farmhouse near at hand. He might have given the loch a less cursory regard had he known that it contained an ancient lake-dwelling. This, however, was not discovered until the loch was drained nearly twenty years after his visit.

A contributor to *The Times* who was present at the examination of the crannog says that it had taken about three thousand trees for its construction and that it measured a hundred and fifty-seven yards in circumference. He says further: "The present

[1] Gaelic *barr chapaill*, hill-top of the horse.

aspect of the surrounding country is bleak and treeless in the extreme. Low 'drums,' or sowbacks, so characteristic of a glacier-scraped country, rise out of vast tracts of peat-moss, the lakes themselves being probably but shallow basins scooped by the grounding of the land-ice of the later ice-fields out of the till or ground moraine laid down in the earlier glacial period. Nevertheless, when these crannoges were formed, a dense forest must have clothed the now desolate plain, consisting, as shown by the composition of the island, in this district principally of oak, birch, ash, hazel, and alder. The Scotch pine, largely employed in the construction of the Dowalton group, was not noticed in the Barhapple island. The structure of the wood is perfectly apparent, though all but the oak, which is very hard, cuts as soft now as Cheddar cheese."

Half a mile farther south, but not visible from the road, is another loch possessing a similar interest. Dr. Munro, the author of a chapter on the lake-dwellings of Wigtonshire, in the fifth volume of *Archæological and Historical Collections Relating to Ayrshire and Galloway*, writes: "From Barhapple we visited the neighbouring loch of Dernaglaur to see a small canoe that had been found near its margin in consequence of a partial drainage of its waters which had recently been effected. At the same time an artificial island just showed above the water, but not sufficiently to admit of being investigated. The canoe is kept buried in mud within a sort of natural harbour of stones on the eastern shore of the lake. It is a single-tree dug-out, having four ribs which divide its interior into three compartments. It measured eleven feet long, thirty-one inches wide, and eleven and a half inches deep, and had a groove, about nine inches from the end, for a stern board."

Besides its topographical interest, the following passage from Borrow is very likely a good example of the kind of notes he made for his travel books. "Came to a toll-bar, kept by one John Douglas, a little short fellow of seventy-three. Discourse —proceed. Afflicted woman by a cottage, asked me in; Tarff river. Wretched country, came to groves. Half way house. Kirk Cowan on the right; take wrong road. Written under the shade of trees whilst sitting on a stone near a house, after passing over the dreadful sunburnt moors. Discourse with old man mowing some grass by the road's side; proceed; no water; at length came to a pleasant valley, pass under a rail road arch;

asked a girl if there was any water near. She said that there was none that she knew of. Presently saw a little rill under some trees on the left hand side. Sat down. The horse and cart with the women and children. 'Will it please you, sir, to raise up in order that the mare may go down to drink?' When they were gone I drank and drank. Woods. Sir John Dunbar's place, proceed, drink, the man with the pails, discourse, Irish and English. . . . On this journey I intended to have passed through a place called Kirkcowan or something like it, but I followed the main road and passed by a cross road which leads to it, and afterwards entered the great road again near a river, over which there were two bridges, an old and a new one. Kirk Owen was the only place where I could have gotten refreshments during a journey of 16 miles."

To the wayfarer over these moors, the plantations of the Craighlaw estate—the "groves" near the "Half way house"—are a pleasant interlude—the glowing blooms of the rhododendrons especially—as pleasant as the water of the little rill was to Borrow after passing over "the dreadful sunburnt moors". I am always grateful to the proprietor who plants beautiful shrubs near the public way, and am willing to believe that he has in view the delectation of the passer-by. I remember being delighted in the same way by the endless variety of blooms on the thickly massed, colossal rhododendron shrubs bordering the road in the Corsock estate in The Stewartry, and have pleasure in giving it honourable mention also.

Borrow did not miss much when he left Kirkcowan[1] unvisited, not even much in the way of a meal, so far as I have been able to judge. It seems to me a dull village, and the writer of *The Statistical Account* found remarkably little to say of the parish as a whole. I remember the church at the north end of the village street with its handsome square tower and an outside stair leading to the gallery, and at the south end the ivy-covered ruin of the old church built in 1658. Sir Andrew Agnew remarks that "some of the old gravestones around it must go back to about the same date. But owing to former neglect, and the overcrowding of the churchyard, many of the oldest tombstones have been removed from their places. A few of them have recently been rescued, and built into the surrounding wall, to ensure their future preservation."

[1] Church of Comgan.

The Tarf and Bladnoch streams, after wandering southwards through the moors for many miles, mingle their waters a little to the east of Kirkcowan. About a mile from the village the latter stream has a long, gradual fall, the Linn of Barhoise,[1] where the water breaks into continuous foam and spray among the rocks, and on the left bank there is the site of the old mill of Glashnoch. The Bladnoch, the Linn of Barhoise, and the

Kirkcowan.

Glashnoch Mill will be associated always with William Nicholson's poem, *The Brownie of Blednoch*, the greatest piece of vernacular literature that Galloway has ever produced. The brownie, that odd figure in the mythology of the wilderness,

[1] Pronounced "Barhosh"; Gaelic *barr choise*, at the end or point of the foot of the hill.—Johnston.

freakish and friendly, coming suddenly to the neighbourhood of the farm-towns, and disappearing suddenly, has been traced to the Pict, the ancient inhabitant, dispossessed from the land, living in mountain retreats, but seen sometimes by the conquering race or finding employment among them. Heron, writing more than thirty years before Nicholson's poem was published, says, "Tales of ghosts, brownies, fairies, witches, are the frequent entertainment of a winter's evening among the native peasantry of Kirkcudbrightshire. . . . The brownie was a very obliging spirit who used to come into houses by night, and for a dish of cream to perform lustily any piece of work that might remain to be done. If old clothes were laid out for him, he took them in great distress and never more returned." Mactaggart says in his *The Scottish Gallovidian Encyclopædia*, "Brownies were nocturnal beings who thrashed farmers' corn, and did other laborious jobs, for which the *guid wifes*, as Milton says, 'had the cream bowl duly set.' They were seldom seen; some think they were of no supernatural origin, but distressed persons, who were obliged to conceal themselves and wander about during some of the past turbulent ages." Mr. Harper gives a story of a brownie who "had undertaken to gather the sheep into the bught by an early hour, and so zealously did he perform his task that, not only was there not one sheep left on the hill, but he had also collected a number of hares, which were found fairly penned along with them. Upon being congratulated on his extraordinary success, Brownie exclaimed, 'Confound thae wee grey anes! they cost me mair trouble than a' the lave o' them.'" I think I ought to insert the whole of the Galloway poem of which Dr. John Brown, the author of *Horae Subsecivae*, said, "Here is the indescribable, inestimable, unmistakable impress of genius. Chaucer, had he been a Galloway man, might have written it, only he would have been more garrulous, and less compact and stern. It is like *Tam o' Shanter* in its living union of the comic, the pathetic, and the terrible. Shrewdness, tenderness, imagination, fancy, humour, word-music, dramatic power, even wit, are all here."

THE BROWNIE OF BLEDNOCH.

There cam' a strange wight to our town-en',
And the fient a body did him ken;
He tirled na lang, but he glided ben
Wi' a dreary, dreary hum,

His face did glare like the glow o' the west
When the drumlie cloud has it half o'ercast ;
Or the struggling moon when she's sair distrest—
O sirs ! 'twas Aiken-drum.

I trow the bauldest stood aback,
Wi' a gape and a glower till their lugs did crack,
As the shapeless phantom mum'ling spak',
" Ha'e ye wark for Aiken-drum ? "

O had ye seen the bairns' fright
As they stared at this wild and unyirthly wight
As he stauket in 'tween the dark and the light
And graned out, " Aiken-drum ! "

" Sauf us ! " quoth Jock, " d'ye see sic een ; "
Cries Kate, " there's a hole where a nose should ha'e been,
And the mouth's like a gash which a horn had ri'en ;
Wow ! keep's frae Aiken-drum ! "

The black dog growling cowered his tail,
The lassie swarfed, loot fa' the pail ;
Rob's lingle brak as he men't the flail
At the sight o' Aiken-drum.

His matted head on his breast did rest,
A lang blue beard wan'ered down like a vest ;
But the glare o' his e'e nae bard hath exprest,
Nor the skimes o' Aiken-drum.

Roun' his hairy form there was naething seen
But a philabeg o' the rashes green,
And his knotted knees played aye knoit between ;
What a sight was Aiken-drum !

On his wauchie arms three claws did meet
As they trailed on the grun' by his taeless feet ;
E'en the auld gudeman himsel' did sweat
To look at Aiken-drum.

But he drew a score, himsel' did sain ;
The auld wife tried, but her tongue was gane ;
While the young ane closer clasped her wean
And turned frae Aiken-drum.

But the canny auld wife cam' till her breath,
And she deemed the Bible might ward aff scaith,
Be it benshee, bogle, ghaist or wraith—
But it fear't na Aiken-drum.

" His presence protect us ! " quoth the auld gudeman ;
" What wad ye, where won ye—by sea or by lan' ?
I conjure ye—speak—by the Beuk in my han' ! "
What a grane ga'e Aiken-drum !

" I lived in a lan' where we saw nae sky,
I dwalt in a spot where a burn rins na by ;
But I'se dwall now wi' you if ye like to try—
Ha'e ye wark for Aiken-drum ?

" I'll shiel a' your sheep i' the mornin' sune,
I'll berry your crap by the light o' the moon,
And baa the bairns wi' an unken'd tune
If ye'll keep puir Aiken-drum.

" I'll loup the linn when ye canna wade,
I'll kirn the kirn, and I'll turn the bread,
And the wildest fillie that ever ran rede
I'se tame't," quoth Aiken-drum !

" To wear the tod frae the flock on the fell—
To gather the dew frae the heather bell—
And to look at my face in your clear crystal well
Might gi'e pleasure to Aiken-drum.

" I'se seek nae guids, gear, bond nor mark ;
I use nae beddin', shoon nor sark ;
But a cogfu' o' brose 'tween the light and dark
Is the wage o' Aiken-drum."

Quoth the wylie auld wife, " The thing speaks weel ;
Our workers are scant—we ha'e routh o' meal ;
Gif he'll do as he says—be he man, be he de'il,
Wow ! we'll try this Aiken-drum."

But the wenches skirled, " He's no be here !
His eldritch look gars us swarf wi' fear,
And the fient a ane will the house come near
If they think but o' Aiken-drum.

" For a foul and a stalwart ghaist is he,
Despair sits brooding aboon his e'e bree,
And unchancie to light o' a maiden's e'e
Is the grim glower o' Aiken-drum."

" Puir slipmalabors ! ye ha'e little wit ;
Is't na hallowmas now, and the crap out yet ? "
Sae she silenced them a' wi' a stamp o' her fit ;
" Sit yer wa's down, Aiken-drum."

Roun' a' that side what wark was dune
By the streamer's gleam or the glance o' the moon ;
A word or a wish—and the brownie cam' sune,
Sae helpfu' was Aiken-drum.

But he slade aye awa' ere the sun was up ;
He ne'er could look straught on Macmillan's cup[1] ;
They watched—but nane saw him his brose ever sup
Nor a spune sought Aiken-drum.

On Blednoch banks and on crystal Cree
For mony a day a toiled wight was he ;
While the bairns played harmless roun' his knee,
Sae social was Aiken-drum.

But a new-made wife, fu' o' rippish freaks,
Fond o' a' things feat for the first five weeks
Laid a mouldy pair o' her ain man's breeks
By the brose o' Aiken-drum.

Let the learned decide when they convene
What spell was him and the breeks between ;
For frae that day forth he was nae mair seen,
And sair missed was Aiken-drum.

He was heard by a herd gaun by the *Thrieve*,[2]
Crying, " Lang, lang now may I greet and grieve ;
For alas ! I ha'e gotten baith fee and leave,
O luckless Aiken-drum ! "

Awa' ! ye wrangling sceptic tribe !
Wi' your pros and your cons wad ye decide
'Gainst the 'sponsible voice o' a hale country-side
On the facts 'bout Aiken-drum ?

Though the " Brownie o' Blednoch " lang be gane,
The mark o' his feet's left on mony a stane ;
And mony a wife and mony a wean
Tell the feats o' Aiken-drum.

E'en now light loons that jibe and sneer
At spiritual guests and a' sic gear
At the Glashnoch mill ha'e swat wi' fear
And looked roun' for Aiken-drum.

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[1] A communion cup belonging to John Macmillan, minister of Balmaghie, and first minister of the Reformed Presbyterian Church. " This cup was treasured by a zealous disciple in the parish of Kirkcowan and long used as a test by which to ascertain the orthodoxy of suspected persons. If, on taking the precious relic into his hand, the person trembled or gave other symptoms of agitation, he was denounced."

[2] A farm in the parish of Penninghame.

And guidly folks ha'e gōtten a fright
When the moon was set and the stars gi'ed nae light
At the roaring linn in the howe o' the night
Wi' sughs like Aiken-drum.

The Old Pack-horse Bridge near Kirkcowan.

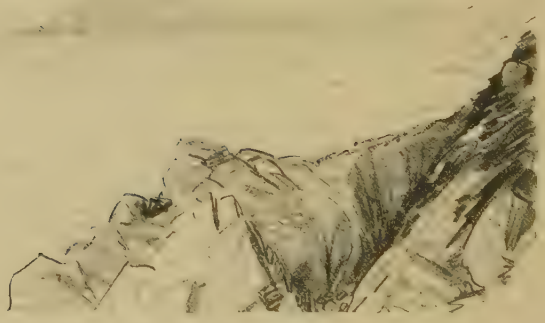
There is a story that the Rev. George Murray, minister of Girthon and later of Balmaclellan, met the poet near the manse gate and offered to give him some money if he would recite *The*

Brownie of Blednoch. Nicholson did this with much gesticulation and fervour. Mr. Murray, handing him a coin, said, "Now, William, I wish to know your own opinion of this wonderful poem." "It has ae faut," said the author, "an' that an ill ane: it has nae moral."

The road from Kirkcowan to Newton Stewart converges with that from Glenluce within two miles, and a little beyond their meeting one comes to the crossing of the Bladnoch and the "two bridges, an old and a new". The latter was built about 1800 and carries the modern road. The old one, about a stone-throw to the north, was a pack-horse bridge and is so narrow that no vehicle broader than a wheel-barrow could be taken along it. There are no parapets, and the surface is grass-covered with a single footpath running in the midst.

There are more plantations near the road in the later part of this journey than in the earlier, and I remember free-wheeling for long stretches as I descended towards the valley of the Cree and Newton Stewart.

The next chapter is also a departure from the general plan and approaches Glenluce through the northern moors.



Head of Luce Bay.

CHAPTER XVIII

ACROSS THE MOORS

Spring on The Moors—Loch Maberry—The Deil's Dyke—Fragment near Loch Ochiltree—The Knowe and its ruined mill—Moorburn—John Mactaggart's description—The Carseriggan Moor—The Ink Moss—Dunragit.

BARE fields, brimming waters, leafless coverts, hedgerows where a close scrutiny can just detect budding points of green, the bleating of lambs, the trilling of larks are constant features of April in the wilds. It is usually a season, too, when cold winds, blinks of sunshine, and short-lived storms of sleet and rain sweep over a dim landscape; but the week before Easter in 1909 was notable for its summer-like warmth. I wished to see The Moors of The Shire and took a road running in a south-easterly direction from Barrhill.

The day presented an odd confusion of the seasons, there was so much brightness and kindly heat over the land, and yet the clumps of trees here and there looked grim and hopeless, and the heather and bent wore the dull hues of winter. While I followed the gradually ascending road, the distant Merrick group of hills, veiled in haze, their summits still fields of snow with white streaks stretching downwards and indicating the corries in their sides, appeared as if rising slowly behind the undulations of the moor. Yet the time was plainly spring, and at some places it might have been thought that the year was still further advanced. There was a suggestion of midsummer brilliance in the blue waters of some wayside lochans as they gleamed in the sun and danced with the wind, and great beds of rushes growing in the shallows bent like cornfields under its impact.

One of the larger sheets of water near the road is called Loch Maberry.[1] A more desolate place could hardly be conceived. A broad expanse of chill-looking water is broken by one or two rocky islets, and on every side is the empty moor. In an old description of Galloway it is said of the river Bladnoch that "it runneth through Lochmabary (wherin ther is ane litle isle, with ane house upon it)". The loch looks like a congenial abode of pike, and Sir Herbert Maxwell has told the story of a gamekeeper who confessed that on seeing a great fish of this kind here, he "gaed back frae the loch for fear o' him". The dwellers on the "little isle with ane house upon it"[2], when they looked out of the window on a fine day, would see those evil-eyed creatures basking in the shallows all around them, and you can imagine them using them as bogeys to subdue the spirits of unruly children. A burn entering the loch on the west side rises some miles away near a place called Liberland ("leperland"), a reminder of the time when leprosy had its victims in Scotland, and the sufferers were segregated in remote settlements.

After skirting the loch the road undulates over the moor of Kirkcalla. The name points to an ecclesiastical establishment. So does that of a neighbouring hill, Barneycleary ("hill of the clergy"). There are neither records nor remains of the kirk that stood long ago in this waste. There is still, however, a fragment of another ancient erection, The Deil's Dyke, a rampart extending across the whole of Galloway.

Joseph Train, who gave so much assistance to Chalmers, the author of that antiquarian work, *Caledonia*, as well as to Sir Walter Scott, traced the course of the dyke from end to end. His survey was made at intervals during several years; but a few days' walking would take one along the whole distance. Anyone who inclined to seek his pleasure among the wide, silent moors and barren fells, following the dyke and lodging by night in some hospitable shepherd's cottage, would discover an agreeable departure from the ordinary walking tour. He would cross a road occasionally, but would never walk along one, and would leap or wade through many streams.

The Roman, The Picts', or The Deil's Dyke, as it is called

[1] Accent on second syllable; loch of my dear S. Baire.

[2] For a description of the remains on the "Fortified Island, Loch Maberry," see the *Inventory*.

variously, begins on the farm of Beoch[1] on Loch Ryan. It crosses the moorland farms of Cairnerzean, Kilfeather,[2] and Derry,[3] takes the north side of Loch Maberry, and reaches the Cree on the farm of Knockville.[4] It re-appears in Cardorcan on the farther bank, and continues through the Camberwood and Terregan and across the moor of Drannandow[5] between the standing stones called The Thieves and The Nappers.[6] "As it passes from Terregan to Dranandow," says Train, "it runs through a bog, and is only perceptible by the heather growing long and close on the top of it, whereas on each side of it the soil only produces rushes and moss. Near the centre of the bog, I caused the peat to be cleared away close to the dyke, and thereby found the foundation to be several feet below the surface, which appeared to me an indication of its great antiquity." From Drannandow the course lies along the south side of the hill of Garlick, passes through the farm of Auchinleck,[7] crosses the Palnure,[8] climbs Craignelder, and veers northwards to Craigencaillie on the Dee. It then traverses the foothills and glens of the Kells range by way of the farms of Garrary, Clenrie, Duckieston, and Knockreoch.[9] Thence it continues eastwards by the old bridge of Deugh between Carsphairn and Dalry, crosses the farms of Muncaig and Auchenshinnoch,[10] and passes through Glencairn, Tynron, and Penpont. In Train's time the dyke was nearly entire on the farm of Southmains on the Nith in the parish of Sanquhar. Train adds that "from Southmains it is said to have taken an easterly direction till it joined the large dyke, yet so entire at Thornithwaite, and at Hightae Flow, in the parish of Lochmaben. Thence it extended to *Britton Wall*, in the parish of Annan, and ran into the Solway Firth, nearly opposite Bowness, in Cumberland, where the great wall of Adrian commenced."

He speaks of the rampart as being invariably eight feet

[1] Gaelic *beithach*, a place of birches.
[2] Gaelic *cill Phetir* or *Pheadair*, church of Peter.
[3] Gaelic and Irish, *daire, doire*, an oak or oak wood.
[4] Gaelic *cnoc bhile*, hill of the large tree.
[5] Gaelic *draighnean dubh*, dark blackthorns.
[6] Norse *knappr*, hillocks.
[7] Gaelic *achadh na leac*, field of flat stones.
[8] Gaelic *pol n' iubhar*, stream of the yew trees.
[9] Gaelic *cnoc riabhach*, grey hill.
[10] Gaelic *achadh an sionnaich*, field of the fox.

broad and built of rough blocks of stone or, in the less mountainous parts of its course, of a mixture of stones and earth. The generally accepted view is that it was erected in the time of Hadrian by the *Novantae* or Niduarian Picts to check the incursions of the people of Strathclyde; but, according to the *Inventory*, "the nature of its construction and the situations which it occupies raise serious doubts as to its defensive character, and rather favour the idea that its purpose may have been the demarcation of territory."

Whatever may have been the value of the dyke to the ancient inhabitants of Galloway, one may look for little help in identifying it from those of the present day. A farmer of whom I made inquiry near Kirkcalla told me that he had lived there all his life and knew nothing about it, and a shepherd boy directed my attention to what were manifestly the ruins of a modern dry-stone wall. Although the superstructure of the old dyke has disappeared, a section can be traced at a point east of the south end of Loch Ochiltree and across Glenvernoch Fell about a quarter of a mile south of the summit. At the highest level Train found "the remains of a watch-tower made of very large stones", and "immediately above Glendochart", he says, "the line is interrupted by a circular stone wall one hundred and ninety-two yards diameter. This is evidently a hill-fort of large dimensions." These structures can be seen no longer, for the stones have been used for fences. Nothing remains but the curves and stretches of the dyke itself, covered all over with moorland vegetation; and where once the moor may have been filled with the clamour of the battles of mysterious races, the black-faced sheep nibble, and moorfowl circle and cry.

About two miles south of Kirkcalla I came to the little village of Knowe, or The Snap, as it is called sometimes, from the name of the inn. It is entirely unremarkable save for the gaunt walls of the ruined woollen mill overshadowing it. If you like to explore such old deserted places, you will find water still trickling along the lade, a wrecked mill-wheel, and rusty bits of machinery lying among the grass.

Thenceforward I travelled through a sunlit wilderness, a land of wide horizons and dim distances, and found presently that I was in the midst of moorburn. At this time of the year you are not likely to go far in Galloway without seeing smoke rising from some hillside or from the slopes and level spaces of

the moors, and as your eyes sweep round the landscape, they will be arrested by other columns proceeding from invisible fires. If you were not in the secret, you might think that the devotees of some primeval cult were celebrating sacrificial rites on their high places.

John Mactaggart, the author of that queer miscellany, *The Scottish Gallovidian Encyclopædia,* has a good note on moorburn. He defines it as " the way they have in the moorlands of burning down the old heather, so that grass may arise to feed cattle and sheep ". He says nothing about grouse. The sportsman, however, gains by the process as much as the farmer, for as a writer in *Country Life* has said, " The young shoots of heather on which the grouse are dependent during the spring and early summer are slow in appearing if the heather is old and rank ", and " the tendency of young heather is to produce green vigorous shoots at an earlier period ". Mactaggart describes the sight in a happy way : " The work of *mureburn* goes on in the dry weather of spring, and blazes away with a rapid wildness, frightening hares and grouse from its neighbourhood. When viewed from the Lowlands on a fine night, it makes one fancy of the devastations of war, spreading so quickly when lighted and encircling the wild mountains in red flaming curves. It must also somewhat resemble that scene seen by some travellers in foreign countries, of forests set in flames by the natives to destroy serpents and scare away wild beasts." He adds that " when anything like bad news spreads fast, we say ' it goes like mureburn ' ".

The road now lay near the Bladnoch, the stream issuing from Loch Maberry. Near a house called Glassoch[1] I took a turning to the right, thus entering upon the Carseriggan Moor, and on reaching the highest part, looked back and had a wide view across the rolling country to the dim Minnigaff hills crowded together like a herd of recumbent mammoths bathed in slumber. The heat of the day had made no perceptible difference to their snows, and the atmosphere was still full of haze.

From the crossing of the roads near the schoolhouse of Dirnow[2] I saw the smoke of a great conflagration rising beyond the Ink Moss, and approached it to get some photographic records. Coming nearer, I could distinguish the scattered

[1] Gaelic *glaiseachd,* a grassy place.
[2] Pronounced " Durnoo."

fires from which the smoke slanted upwards in parallel columns on a light wind; nearer still, I saw the flames spurting and spreading as with a resolute deliberation and heard the heather crackle, the only sound in all that moor.

After a few more miles on the heights there came a sudden descent to Glenluce.

Before leaving the village, the admirer of John Ruskin should be told that that author was related to some old Galloway families, and that the tomb of one of his ancestors is in Glenluce Churchyard. The Rev. James Tweddell, minister of Old Luce, who was his great-grandfather, had married Miss Catharine Adair of Genoch, who was descended from the Agnews of Lochnaw and the Rosses of Balsarroch. Ruskin knew the coast from Dumfries to Whithorn, and has some characteristically fanciful observations in *Praeterita* and *Fors Clavigera*. These, however, scarcely demand quotation in a book dealing, not with Ruskin, but with Galloway.

Praeterita contains the story of how Thomas Carlyle, when he met Queen Victoria at Dean Stanley's house, described to Her Majesty the beauty of the province, and, asserting that "he believed there was no finer or more beautiful drive in her kingdom than the one round the shore of the Stewartry, by Gatehouse of Fleet", became so much absorbed in his subject that, "in drawing his chair closer to the Queen, he at last became aware he had fixed it on her dress, and that she could not move till he withdrew it!" Carlyle, of course, knew Galloway well. Craigenputtock is just outside the boundary.

Dunragit house, a mile and a half west of Glenluce, was the ancestral home of Admiral Sir John Dalrymple Hay, who was born in 1821 and lived to see the submarine. In his early years he was engaged in the suppression of the slave-trade on the African coast and of piracy in the China seas, and was Flag-Captain on the *Hannibal* at the siege of Sevastopol. He represented several constituencies in Parliament and became a Lord of the Admiralty and a Fellow of the Royal Society. Financial difficulties compelled him to part with the Dunragit estate in 1875, but later he was able to build a new home called Craigenveoch Castle on the shore of Whitefield Loch, near Glenluce. He published *Lines from my Log-Books* in 1898.

North-West Castle, Stranraer.

CHAPTER XIX

STRANRAER

Growth of Stranraer—A Norse ship-grave ?—The royal burgh—John Livingstone—His remarkable courtship—Stranraer Castle—Claverhouse at Stranraer—North-West Castle—A sanguinary fishing-story—Sir John Ross—His first voyage in search of a North-West Passage—His second voyage—Galloway-over-Seas.

"A SLIGHT lowering of the land would constitute this peninsula an island"—so writes Dr. Munro of the district called The Rhinns, that is, The Headlands—"a condition which is proved to have existed in former times by the abundant remains of raised beaches still to be seen, especially on the west shore of Luce Bay. When Loch Ryan and Luce Bay were thus united and formed a continuous channel, the mainland from Finnart[1] Point to Burrow Head was an exposed, rocky shore, affording here and there points sufficiently sheltered to admit of the deposi-

[1] Gaelic *fionn àrd*, clear height.

tion of permanently raised beaches—a good example of which may be seen in a section close to Dunragit railway station." If this former condition were restored, one of its most important consequences would be the submersion of Stranraer.

The town has grown from its obscure beginnings to its present position as the largest and busiest in Wigtonshire as a result of improvements in agriculture and communications. It is the market-town of a wide farming district yielding a large amount of dairy-produce, has direct railway connexion with Glasgow and Dumfries, and is the port for the shortest route between Britain and Ireland. In the middle of the eighteenth century the population numbered only six hundred and forty-nine souls. By 1831 the agricultural advance had increased it to three thousand, three hundred, and twenty-nine. There is a large Irish element in the town. "Of late years," says the writer of *The Statistical Account* of 1839, "a great many of the natives of the sister island, having left their country in quest of food and employment, have located themselves in hovels erected in the lanes and outskirts of the town, and depend, in a great measure, for subsistence, on the charity of the inhabitants." The population is now about six thousand.

There were two villages here in the seventeenth century, the one called The Chapel, and the other Stranrawer. They were separated by a burn which has been diverted and covered. "There is a chapel now ruinous," Symson writes in 1684, "from whence all on the east side of the bourn is called the Chapel." Symson records a curious discovery: "In this town the last year, while they were digging a water-gate for a mill, they lighted upon a ship, a considerable distance from the shore, unto which the sea at the highest spring-tide never comes. It was transversly under a little bourne, and wholly covered with earth a considerable depth; for there was a good yard, with kale growing in it, upon the one end of it. By that part of it which was gotten out, my informers, who saw it, conjecture that the vessel had been pretty large; they also tell me, that the boards were not joyn'd together, after the usual fashion of our present ships or barks, as also that it had nailes of copper." I venture the suggestion that this may have been a Norse ship-grave.

Stranraer was erected into a burgh of barony in 1596. In the charter the name is written "Stranrawer", and this represents the correct pronunciation. It was doubtful for a time

whether " The Chapel " or " Stranrawer " was to be the leading place-name ; but the competition was finally decided in 1617, when James the Sixth, " being of deliberate mind " that the growing town should flourish, and " understanding that the said Burgh and Harbourie of Stranraer, distant twenty-four miles from any Burgh within this our Kingdom, is, and in a short time by the large buildings and policie to be made within the same, will not only be to the inhabitants frequenting, but also to all others resorting thither, very convenient for the frequent trade which will be there in buying and selling of all sorts of victuals, merchandise, and other things necessary for the commodie and sustentation of our leidges in the country about, tending greatly to the publict utility of this our Kingdom ", created the town " ane Free Burgh Royall " to be called the Burgh of Stranraer, with all the liberties and privileges of a royal burgh, and included in it the adjoining villages of Clayhole and Hillhead in Leswalt Parish and Tradeston in Soulseat. The Chapel appears to have been regarded as a part of Stranraer already. The parish was constituted only a short time before it became the seat of a Presbytery in 1638.

This was the year in which John Livingstone, one of the most famous men who have been connected with the town, was inducted as minister of the charge. He remained here for ten years and says that " the people of Stranraer were very tractable and respectful ". More than this, " the more serious persons of his flock having, on his arrival, requested liberty to attend family worship in his house, he offered to meet with them every morning in the church. . . . They assembled daily, and after singing a few verses of a psalm and reading a small portion of scripture, on which he spoke ' only so long as a half hour glass ran,' he concluded the meeting by prayer." Besides being a devoted minister, Livingstone took an active part in public affairs. He was one of the commissioners sent to The Hague to treat with Charles the Second about the succession to the throne. He was also a member of the deputation who went to Breda in the following summer. " Livingstone had the discernment to discover the vacillating and dissolute principles of Charles ; and when, after much hesitation and delay, he agreed to accept the conditions offered him, and to subscribe the solemn league and covenant, Livingstone, who presided and delivered a sermon on the occasion, officiated with much reluctance, fully aware

that the king was insincere, and insisting that this solemn obligation ought not to be administered until a manifest change

The Old Town Hall, Stranraer.

had been effected in his principles, conduct, and councils."[1] He was one of the ministers who were banished in 1662, and spent

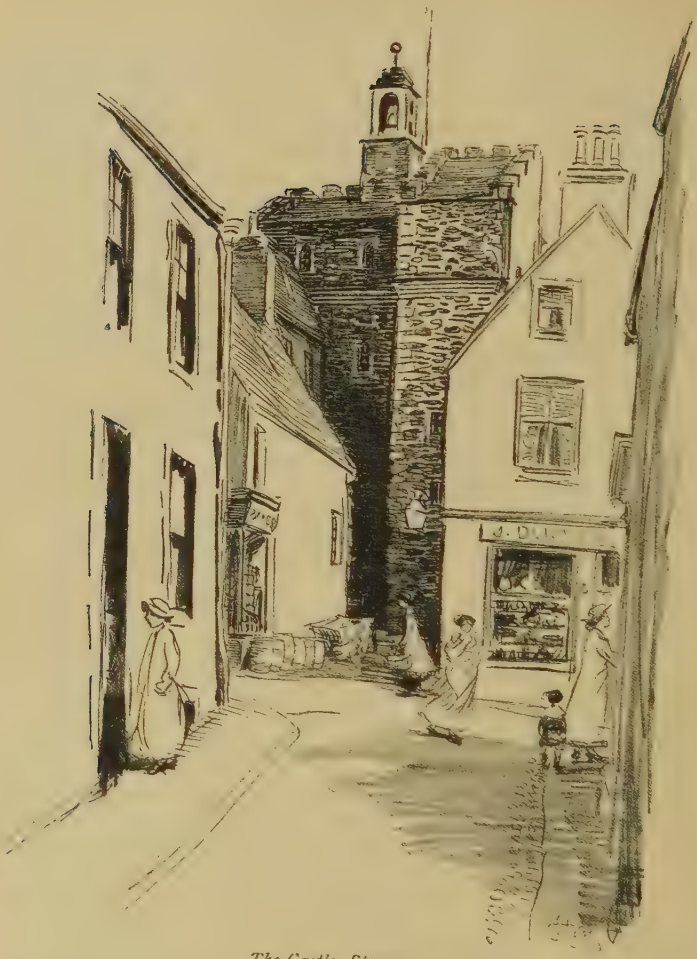
[1] *The Literary History of Galloway* by Thomas Murray.

the remaining ten years of his life in Rotterdam, where he died in his seventieth year.

One of the most remarkable episodes in his life was the prelude to his marriage. It cannot be given in other than his own words: "Mr. Blair propounded to me that marriage; immediately thereafter I was sent to London to have gone to New England, and returned the June following. I had seen her several times before in Scotland, and had the testimony of many of her gracious disposition, yet I was for nine months seeking or I could get direction from God anent that business, during which time I did not offer to speak to her (who, I believe, had not heard anything of the matter), only for want of clearness in my mind: although I was twice or thrice in the house, and saw her frequently at communions and public meetings, and it's like I might have been longer in such darkness, except the Lord had presented an occasion of our conferring together; for, on November 10th, 1634, when I was going to the Friday meeting, at Antrim, I foregathered with her, and some others, going thither, and propounded to them, by the way, to confer upon a text, whereon I was to preach the day after at Antrim, wherein I found her conference so judicious and spiritual, that I took that for some answer to my prayer to have my mind cleared, and blamed myself that I had not before taken occasion to confer with her. Four or five days after, I proponed the matter, and desired her to think upon it; and after a week or two, I went to her mother's house, and being alone with her, desiring her answer, I went to prayer, and urged her to pray, which at last she did; and in that time I got abundant clearness, that it was the Lord's mind that I should marry her, and then propounded the matter more fully to her mother; and albeit, I was then fully cleared, I may truly say, it was about a month after before I got marriage affection to her, although she was, for personal endowments, beyond many of her equals; and I got it not till I obtained it by prayer, but thereafter, I had greater difficulty to moderate it." The story baffles comment; but one is glad to know that it ended well.

The only old building in Stranraer is the castle in the middle of the town. Although it has been much altered, it is a good example of a sixteenth-century keep of the L plan. It is said to have been built by Adair of Kilhilt,[1] about the beginning of

[1] Gaelic *coill na-éilde*, wood of the hind.



The Castle, Stranraer.

the sixteenth century. It came into the possession of the Kennedies and, later, of the Dalrymples of Stair. The structure was heightened in the seventeenth century, and alterations

were made to adapt it for use as the town jail. The two upper floors were divided into cells which retain their iron doors and the bars in the windows. The wheel-stair continued to the original parapet-walk ; but this was built over with the addition made in the seventeenth century. " At the south-east and south-west angles the remains of two circular turrets still exist, and the continuous corbelling which supported the parapets is practically complete. The seventeenth-century work is curiously constructed. It is built in two distinct portions, the south part having a flat roof and battlemented cope, while the north part has raking side walls, finished with the same type of coping, evidently designed for a sloping roof. The building, which is now hemmed in and concealed by modern shops and houses, has been greatly abused within modern times. On the ground floor a pend has been slapped through under the stair to get access to adjoining property. A shed has also been erected against the west wall, and ten feet of this wall have been removed in forming an access to it. The building is not in good repair, but has been strongly built, and at present is in no danger of becoming a ruin."[1]

The castle is believed to have been the residence of Claverhouse in March, 1682. He wrote a letter from Stranraer in which he says, " I am just beginning to send out many parties, finding the rebels become secure, and the country so quiet in all appearance. I sent out a party with my brother Dave three nights ago. The first night he took Drumbui and one McLellan, and that great villain, McClorg, the smith at Minnigaff that made all the clikys, and after whom the forces have trotted so often. It cost me both pains and money to know how to find him : I am resolved to hang him ; for it is necessary I make some example of severity, lest rebellion be thought cheap here. There cannot be alive a more wicked fellow." There is evidence, however, that MacClurg escaped ; his name occurs in the list of fugitive outlaws proclaimed by the Government in 1684.

Another building in Stranraer is called " Castle ", but with only the slenderest pretensions to such a description—North-West Castle near the pier, once the home of Rear-Admiral Sir John Ross, the Arctic explorer. It might be called a curiosity house, for one cannot ramble through it without coming upon

[1] The *Inventory*.

reminders of seafaring such as are unusual even in the home of a sailor ; and of the exterior it may be said that, just as the name of the house points to one of the builder's Arctic quests, so the tall, grey, rough-cast front, buried in shadow all day long until the sun is low, gives a cold, severe effect, suggestive of dim, northern seascapes.

The most noteworthy feature of the house is the annexe built at the west end after Sir John's return from his second voyage into the far north. The whole area is occupied by the dining-room. In designing it Sir John took a ship's cabin as his model. The room is lighted only from above, the wall at one end is curved as in a ship's stern, and a continuous row of mirrors runs along one side. The denial of a view outwards is rather oppressive ; but this, with the subdued light, only helps the intended effect.

Voyages like those of Sir John Ross are interesting because of the contrast presented by their methods and instruments with those of more recent days. One difference is that the explorer of the early part of last century could not carry with him a battery of cameras such as have been used with valuable results on the expeditions of Bruce, Scott, and Shackleton. Sir John, however, used the pencil and the brush, and brought home some good and several very odd pictures. He had a few of them copied on a large scale by a scenic artist and arranged to run on rollers in front of a stage at the rectangular end of the dining-room. It was one of his pleasures in later life to exhibit them to his guests, supplying a commentary from his recollections. His sketches were used also to illustrate his books.

Sir John was descended from an old Galloway family who held some small estates in Wigtonshire. The Rosses were concerned in a curious fishing-story belonging to the early part of the seventeenth century. A family of small lairds called Lin, a turbulent race, occupied the house of Larg on the Water of Luce. They made a practice of fishing the whole course of the river in defiance of the rights of their neighbours, the Rosses and Hays. The trouble reached its climax when this disagreeable family dared their neighbours to fish in the debated waters at all ! The challenge was accepted, and the Rosses and Hays descended one day upon the river. They fished over several miles until they reached a bend of the stream near The Moor Kirk of Luce,

that is, New Luce, when the Laird of Larg and his men came upon them " with invasive weapons ". A scrimmage followed, and three of the sportsmen were killed.

Sir John was a son of the Rev. Andrew Ross, minister of Inch near Stranraer, and was born on his grandfather's estate of Balsarroch in Kirkcolm Parish in 1777. He entered the Royal Navy at the age of nine, was made a lieutenant in 1801, distinguished himself in several engagements during the war with France, and, when peace was declared in 1815, was in full command of the sloop of war *Driver*.

It was as an Arctic explorer, however, that he was to win his chief distinction. His first voyage into northern latitudes was made in 1818 with the ships *Isabella* and *Alexander*. The expedition was fitted out by the Government and commanded by Ross. Lieutenant Parry was second in command and in charge of the *Alexander*. Ross's nephew, James Clark Ross, who gave his name in later years to the Ross Sea, sailed as a midshipman. The expedition did not, of course, find a North-West Passage, but Ross set at rest the doubts that had been entertained regarding the alleged discoveries of Baffin.

Ross stood on the border line between the era of the sailing vessel and the steamship, and deserves recognition as one of the earliest and most enthusiastic advocates of the use of steam in the Royal Navy as well as for the special purposes of Polar voyages. The Lords of the Admiralty were strongly opposed to the innovation. I have before me, through the kindness of Miss Cunningham, the present owner of North-West Castle, Ross's own interleaved copy of his *Narrative of a Second Voyage in Search of a North-West Passage*. On some manuscript leaves he has placed on record some details which were not, or could not be, published in the text. He had written an article in *Blackwood's Magazine*[1] over the signature " ——, Captain, R.N. " on the possibilities of steam navigation and, later, a treatise on the tactics peculiar to it. This, he says, excited much attention except at the Admiralty, " where the powerful interest of my inveterate enemies, the two secretaries, not only excluded it from their patronage, but I was informed by high authority that, if the Admiralty had been able to prove that I was the

[1] April, 1827. Ross had a collaborator. The article is signed ********* } Captains, R.N.
******** }

author of the article in *Blackwood's Magazine*, my name would have been taken off the list of captains ! "

If Ross's efforts in regard to the Navy were fruitless so far, he was able at least to experiment in Arctic exploration. His project of a second voyage in search of the North-West Passage received no encouragement from the naval authorities. On the contrary, so soon as his plan was known, a Bill having the effect of cancelling the offer of £20,000 for the discovery was introduced into Parliament and passed. This, however, only meant the removal of one of Ross's difficulties ; for Sir Felix Booth, who financed the expedition to a very great extent, had been unwilling before this to be concerned in it, as he did not wish to appear in the *rôle* of a speculator. The ground of his reluctance existed no longer, and the names of the Boothia Gulf and the Boothia Peninsula commemorate his liberal assistance.

The *Victory* was fitted with a high pressure engine and paddle-wheels constructed so that they could be raised out of the water in a minute ; but Ross was served badly by his engine-builders —he speaks of " their grossly negligent conduct "—and in these days of perfected apparatus it is strange to read the record of his misadventures and disappointments. The voyage was begun on the 23rd of May, 1829 ; but before the *Victory* had left the Thames, delay was caused by a displacement of part of the machinery, and by the time that Margate was reached it appeared that the defects were very serious. The boilers leaked, one of the guide-wheels of the piston-rod on the starboard side was worn thin, and the connecting keys of the main shaft were loose. The makers had neither informed their client of these defects nor supplied any means to remedy them in the event of a breakdown. On the 30th of May the principal key of the main shaft on the starboard side broke, rendering the whole engine useless. It had been made of a bad piece of steel. It was replaced with an iron one, but this soon gave way. Some temporary repairs were contrived at Douglas Bay ; but on the 8th of June, when the *Victory* was nearing Port Logan in Galloway, the teeth by which the fly-wheel of the small bellows was turned " gave way with a loud crash ", and it was reported that the boilers had burst. This was not true ; but the water was pouring out of the furnace door, and the engine was stopped by the putting out of the fire. The whole voyage

to the Arctic regions was occupied very largely with repairs to the engine. Over and over again we seem to be reading that "the engine was at last set to work, but had not been half an hour in motion" when another accident occurred. Finally, on the 20th of October, when the ship had been stopped for the season, the engine was hoisted out and deposited on the ice, an event hailed with rapture by all.

The ship had sailed through Prince Regent Inlet into the Gulf of Boothia and it never came out. In May, 1832, the hope of extricating it was abandoned, and the company made their painful way over the ice with boats, sledges, and provisions to Fury Beach. They had to remain here over the following winter, and it was not until August, 1833, that they escaped in the boats, fell in with the whaling ship *Isabella*, formerly under Ross's command, and so returned home.

The fruits of the voyage included the discovery of the Gulf of Boothia, of the continent and isthmus of Boothia Felix, and of a great number of islands, lakes, and rivers, and the establishment of the facts that a North-West Passage must be sought farther north and that the north-east point of America extends to the seventy-fourth degree of north latitude; the crowning achievement, however, was Commander James Clark Ross's discovery of the true position of the North Magnetic Pole.

It might seem as if this chapter had carried us far from Galloway. It has really taken us into Galloway-over-Seas. Look at a North Polar chart and behold the Galloway place and family names—Agnew River, Cape Carrick Moore, Cape Dalrymple Hay, Port Logan, Cape MacDouall, and Andrew Ross Land.

The Scaur.

CHAPTER XX

LOCHINCH AND CASTLE KENNEDY

The White Loch of Inch—The heronry—Lochinch Castle—The grounds—The Kennedies—The Dalrymples of Stair—Viscount Stair—His family—The first Earl of Stair—The second Earl—Castle Kennedy—Soulseat Abbey.

At a short distance from Stranraer, standing within the same grounds as the ruin of the famous Castle Kennedy—the property of the Earls of Cassillis until they lost their Wigtonshire estates—is the modern home of one of the most distinguished families in the annals of Scotland, and within the grounds one of the most remarkable examples of landscape gardening in the country.

Lochinch[1] is approached from Stranraer by what is known as the London Road. The explanation of its name is that there was a time when it formed part of the principal line of communication between London and Ireland. It was important as a military, and also as a trading, route. Cattle from Ireland were landed in great numbers at Port Logan and Portpatrick, and were then driven into England by way of Dumfries.

It is after a little more than two miles that the chief entrance to the stately demesne of Lord Stair is reached. Following the long carriage-drive leading to the castle, we have on the right hand the large White Loch, and by the wayside one of the antiquities of the estate, the ivy-clad ruin of the old church of Inch standing between the drive and the loch. Andrew Symson, minister of Kirkinner before the Revolution and author of *A Large Description of Galloway*, says of the loch that in it " there

[1] Inch-Crindle is the name of an island containing a crannog; *loch innse Crindail*, the loch of Crindle's isle.

are two several sorts of trouts ; the one blacker than the other, and each keep their own part of the loch ; so that, when they are in the dish at the table, those that are acquainted with the differences can easily tell in which part of the loch such and such a fish was taken ". He goes on to refer to " the parish kirk of the Inch, so call'd from a little island, call'd the Inch, situated in the loch, a little distance from the kirk ", and adds that

In the grounds of Castle Kennedy.

" within this little island, which is also planted with trees, is a little house built, into which the late Earl of Cassillis us'd to retire himselfe betwixt sermons, having a boat for that purpose, in which also he could be soon transported from Castle Kennedy to the church, and so back again ; the way from the kirk to the castle by land being about a mile on either side of the loch ".

The person to whom this note refers was John, sixth Earl of Cassillis, who attended the Westminster Assembly of Divines.

It has been supposed that his wife, a daughter of the Earl of Haddington, was the subject of the ballad of *Johnie Faa*[1]; but there is no foundation for the belief, and there is strong evidence against it, for the countess died at Cassillis House, and was buried in the family vault at Maybole. There are no remains of the little house on the little island in the White Loch; but we may note here an archæological detail of the neighbouring Black Loch—that it contains a crannog or lake-dwelling.

When I visited the island in 1911, I saw the places where the excavations had been made. It was more interesting, however, to watch the herons in the trees overhead. The Castle Kennedy heronry is believed to be centuries old. Until the year 1821 the birds nested on a small island in the White Loch, but in that year the largest trees were felled, and the birds took up their present abode. John MacDiarmid, author of *Sketches from Nature*, a book published in 1830, says, "The number of birds is considerable at present; but it has often been remarked that they do not increase in anything like the proportion that the number of nests would lead you to suppose. Last year there were twenty-seven nests in the small island, and twenty-six this year, with two on a tree near the old Castle. Castle-Kennedy abounds with water as well as the grounds around Culhorn; the sea-coast is within a little distance; the burns that feed the loch are easily fished, and even the shallower parts of the lochs themselves; still the herons, so far from increasing like rooks, appear to remain nearly stationary; and, whether the young remove to other quarters, die early, or are shot while roaming along the extensive shores of Lochryan, during the herring fishing and other seasons, are points I have no means of determining. My own opinion is, that these birds are by no means so prolific as naturalists imagine." In 1911, about eighty years after MacDiarmid made his observations, the number of nests was just about the same. In answer to my inquiry on this point, one of the estate gamekeepers told me, "about thirty".

A great park sweeps upwards from the northern margin of the White Loch, and the house occupies a commanding site at the summit of the slope. It is a little difficult, therefore, to understand how MacKerlie, the author of the *History of Lands and their Owners in Galloway*, came to think that the site "cannot

[1] See page 397.

be called a good one, being rather low". It seems to be Mac Kerlie's fate to be quoted for the purpose of expressing disagreement, and it is easy to differ from him when he says further that the house "does not present any attraction for special notice". It is really a magnificent mansion in the Scottish baronial style, with a dignity proportionate to the extensive possessions of the family, and is built of white freestone that gives a very pleasing effect among the surrounding green slopes and woods. The hall, the corridor, the dining-room, the drawing-room, and other apartments on the ground floor are all planned on a noble scale, furnished very handsomely, and decorated richly with tapestries, paintings, and ornaments. More, perhaps, than any other house in Galloway does this one give the impression of grandeur both without and within.

Of more general interest, however, are the famous dressed grounds designed by Field-Marshal the second Earl of Stair.

Between Lochinch Castle and Castle Kennedy is a strip of land about a mile in length, bounded on one side by the east shore of the White Loch and on the other by the west shore of the Black Loch. This was originally an island in Loch Inch, and so it appears in Grose's drawing of Castle Kennedy made in 1789. It was here that the second Earl exercised his skill in landscape-gardening, transforming more or less the whole area from its natural condition. The steep banks rising from the two lochs have been broken throughout their entire length into terraces and heights, "like miniature forts with bastions and angles", all clad with closely-mown grass; a deep hollow with terraced banks has in its centre a large round pond where aquatic plants, including the lily of the Nile, thrive; and at the south end is a canal connecting the Black with the White Loch and spanned by an ivy-covered bridge. The strip of land between the lochs broadens and rises towards the south, and at the highest point stands the ruin of Castle Kennedy, with avenues of lofty trees radiating from it in almost every direction. To trim and tend the original elaborate design was a serious task, especially when some of the hedges had reached the height of seventy feet. "Scarcely had the Marshal's oaks cast their foliage a hundred times before a ruthless edict of the seventh Earl . . . laid every stick of them low, and the pleasure grounds went back to wilderness." The eighth Earl, who succeeded in 1840, discovered a plan of the grounds in a

gardener's cottage, and decided to revive the former grandeur. The alleys consisted at first of beeches and limes, but were planted now with various kinds of conifer, so that the grounds were converted into a great *pinetum*. The magnificent araucaria

Castle Kennedy.

avenue between the round pond and Lochinch Castle has survived undamaged the storms of nearly fifty years, but some of the others have suffered more or less.

The artificiality of the grounds is one's first thought; yet there is a charm about them that grows on one; and on a bright windy day, when the lochs are broken into a wilderness of

foam-crested waves, when the long terraces are picked out in sunlight and shadow, and the great belts of conifers are full of movement, nothing more delightful of its kind could be conceived.

These grounds are one of the "show places" of Galloway and are open to visitors on a day in each week. George Borrow was a visitor in 1866, and made some jottings about the place: "Set off in the direction of Castle Kennedy. Fine view of mountains to the left. Plantations and old castle in the foreground. Most beautiful scene I ever saw—hot sun—far distant misty mountains—cattle in the water—stay to look at them."

The earliest notice of the Lochinch estate occurs in 1482, when John, Lord Kennedy, obtained extensive lands in the neighbouring parish of Leswalt, and was appointed keeper of the manor-place and loch of Inch, and bailie of regality of the Bishop of Galloway's lands on the water of Cree. It was his son who was created Earl of Cassillis.

It is believed that the lands acquired by the Kennedies in the parish of Inch belonged at that time to the monastery of Soulseat. The family added greatly to their Wigtonshire estates, and their influence became so important as to give rise to the rhyme:

> 'Twixt Wigton and the town of Air,
> Portpatrick and the Cruives of Cree,
> No man needs think for to bide there
> Unless he court with Kennedie.

John, seventh Earl of Cassillis, fell into financial difficulties. He was a strong supporter of the Covenanters, and was the only member of Parliament who voted in 1670 against the Act for punishing those who countenanced the holding of conventicles. He thus became obnoxious to the Government. In consequence of the quartering of the Highland Host on his estates, and losses incurred in other ways, his fortune was so much reduced that, like other landowners of the period in similar circumstances, he had to part with a great deal of his property. He sold his Wigtonshire lands to John, second Lord Bargany, in 1674; but he also became involved in money troubles, and the estates were purchased by an ancestor of the present owners.

The Dalrymples of Stair are an old Ayrshire family. They

owned a baronial estate in the parish of Dalrymple[1] in the fourteenth century, and from it apparently they took their name. It was in the seventeenth and the earlier half of the eighteenth century that the family rose to distinction, the heads of three generations, namely, Viscount Stair and the first and the second Earl, being among the most eminent men of their times.

James Dalrymple, created Viscount Stair, was born at Drummurchie in the parish of Barr in 1619, was educated at Mauchline Parish School and Glasgow University, and entered the Army. After about two years of service he became, on the suggestion of some of the professors, a candidate for the vacant Chair of Logic in his *alma mater*, and was elected. Soon after this he married Margaret, the eldest daughter of James Ross of Balniel in Wigtonshire, who appears to have been a brilliant figure. While discharging the duties of his chair, he gave himself more and more to the study of Law, resigned his professorship in 1647, and was admitted advocate in 1648. He made a reputation at the Bar, and the opinion formed of his gifts is indicated by the fact that in 1649 and also in 1650 he was appointed Secretary to the Commissioners sent to treat with Charles the Second at Breda, and, on the arrival of Charles in Scotland, was one of the commissioners deputed to receive him. Since his sympathies were Royalist, it was only with great reluctance that he accepted office as Judge under Cromwell's government, and he took his seat on the Bench in July, 1657, under no other oath than that of fidelity to the duties of the position. Shortly after the Restoration Charles knighted him, and made him a Senator of the College of Justice ; but two years later Dalrymple resigned his seat because he could not take the "Declaration" oath denying the right of the nation to take up arms against its sovereign. The resignation was not accepted, and Dalrymple retained his office without taking the oath. He was created a baronet presently, and was a member of the Commission chosen in 1670 to consider the projected treaty for the union of the kingdoms. He became in the following year Lord President of the Court of Session. In 1681 he represented Wigtonshire in the Scottish Parliament. In the same year the Test Oath was imposed, whereupon the Lord President resigned all his offices. He was too good a Protestant and Presbyterian for the government of that day, and had to retire

[1] Gaelic *dal chruim puill*, land of the winding pool.

to Leyden in 1682 in order to place himself beyond danger. He came over with the Prince of Orange in 1688, was restored to the office of Lord President, and elevated to the peerage with the title of Viscount Stair. He was the author of the *Institutions of the Law of Scotland*, still a great text-book, and of other works. He died in 1695.

Lord Stair appears to have transmitted his legal aptitude to his sons. Before giving an outline of the career of his eldest son, who succeeded him, we may note that his second son, the Hon. Sir James Dalrymple of Borthwick, Bart., was a Principal Clerk of Session (Sir John Dalrymple, a Baron of Exchequer in Scotland, was one of his descendants); the third son was the Hon. Sir Hew Dalrymple of North Berwick, Bart., appointed President of the Court of Session in 1698; the fifth was the Hon. Sir David Dalrymple of Hailes, Bart., Lord Advocate from 1700 till 1720. (Sir David Dalrymple, a judge in the Court of Session, known best as Lord Hailes, the author of the *Annals of Scotland*, was his grandson.) The only son not mentioned already, the Hon. Thomas Dalrymple, entered the medical profession, and became Physician in Ordinary to the King in Scotland.

A literary interest attaches to Lord Stair's eldest daughter, Janet, whose sad love-story formed the groundwork of *The Bride of Lammermoor*.[1]

John Dalrymple, created Earl of Stair, was born in 1648, and admitted advocate in 1672. He was instrumental in preventing a British ship from being blown up by the Dutch in the Medway, and was knighted for this service by Charles the Second. Like his father, he had a share of Government persecution on account of his sympathy with the Covenanters. He was received to favour at Court, however, and became Lord Advocate in 1687 in succession to Sir George Mackenzie, who had been removed. Sir John was now called upon to prosecute persons who attended conventicles, and his lack of enthusiasm brought about the reappointment of Mackenzie in the next year. At the same time Sir John was nominated successor to Sir James Foulis of Colinton, both as Lord Justice Clerk and as an ordinary Lord. He was thus in office at the time of the Revolution, was a member of the Convention Parliament, and one of the three commissioners who conveyed the offer of the crown to William and Mary. He returned to the office of Lord Advocate after the Revolution,

[1] See page 200.

and became a Secretary of State in 1691 ; but as a result of the Parliamentary inquiry into the Massacre of Glencoe, in regard to which he had a grave responsibility, retired into private life in 1695. It was in this year that Viscount Stair died ; but his successor did not take his seat in Parliament for several years. His services to the nation, however, were not forgotten, and the earldom was conferred upon him in 1703.

The great question then agitating the two kingdoms was that of union. Lord Stair was one of the commissioners selected to arrange the Treaty of Union in 1705, and worked hard and usefully for the furthering of this measure both in Parliament and in the country. It was after a day of exciting debate in Parliament that he died suddenly on the 7th of January, 1707.

The first Earl of Stair was followed by his second son, John, who as a boy had had the misfortune to shoot his elder brother accidentally. He had a varied career, winning distinction as a soldier, as an agriculturist, and as an ambassador. After studying at Leyden and at Edinburgh he entered the Army, received his commission as lieutenant-colonel in the Scottish Regiment of Foot Guards in 1701, and served in Flanders as *aide-de-camp* to Lord Marlborough. He distinguished himself in Marlborough's campaigns, and became colonel of the Scots Greys in 1706. In the following year he succeeded to the earldom, and was elected one of the Representative Peers for Scotland. In 1708 he was once more at the seat of war, took part in the victory of Oudenarde, and brought home the Duke of Marlborough's despatches. He was sent as Envoy Extraordinary to Warsaw in 1709, and remained there until the next year, when he returned to service in the Army. On the fall of Marlborough in 1711, Lord Stair was deprived of his command, and retired to his estates for a time ; but on the accession of George the First in 1714 was made a Lord of the Bedchamber, a Privy Councillor, and Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Scotland. In 1715 he went as ambassador to the Court of France, and remained there in that capacity for five years, counteracting the intrigues of the Jacobites ; but in consequence of his opposition to Law, the financier, " whose schemes for the restoration of the French credit excited such high hopes and ended in such dismal failure ", was virtually recalled about a month before the collapse of Law's Mississippi Scheme.

The next twenty years of his life were occupied principally

by such cares as tree-planting, agriculture, landscape gardening, cattle-breeding, and developing minerals on his Ayrshire property. He is said to have initiated the practice of planting turnips and cabbages in the open fields, and was a pioneer in other departments of agriculture, introducing new implements and machinery.

A day was coming, however, when he was to return to the public service of his country, little as he anticipated such an event. Even so late as 1741, when the power of Sir Robert Walpole, the Prime Minister, whose hostility had kept him in the background, was already waning, Lord Stair was writing in such a strain as this: "I am so thoroughly convinced that I can be of no use to my country or to my friends that I am going to set out this very day to take care of my little affairs as a farmer, where I shall hear very little of politics but what I learn from the newspapers"; but in the following year Walpole resigned office, and Lord Stair, who was then in his seventieth year, was appointed Commander-in-Chief and Field-Marshal.

Europe was involved in war once more over the ordinance known as the Pragmatic Sanction, and the British Government sent sixteen thousand troops to Flanders under the command of Lord Stair to support the Austrian policy. Lord Stair combined with his military appointment that of Ambassador Extraordinary to the Dutch Court, and preceded the troops on his mission to The Hague. "Whilst there, he is reported to have obtained a social success over the minister of France, auguring well for the future. At a grand diplomatic banquet, according to the fashion of the day, toasts in the form of sentiments made their round, and the solar system had been selected as the field on which the envoys were to prove their wit. The French minister, jumping to his feet, beamingly proposed his master as 'the sun'. Lord Stair cordially accepted it. The glasses were drained, when the Austrian Ambassador gave the beautiful and chaste Empress Queen Maria Theresa as 'the moon'. Lord Stair drank that too. All eyes were turned upon him as he seemed to have been checkmated. After a short pause he rose smilingly and said, 'A bumper, gentlemen; you shall drink to my master as Joshua, who bid the sun and moon stand still'."[1]

On the eve of the Battle of Dettingen George the Second

[1] *The Hereditary Sheriffs.*

arrived on the field and took over the supreme command. The battle, in which Lord Stair acted loyally, was a victory, but the partiality shewn by the King for his Hanoverian troops and for the advice of the Hanoverian generals led to Lord Stair's resignation of his post as Commander-in-Chief. The matter was discussed fiercely in Parliament; but Lord Stair did nothing to inflame public opinion, nor did he pose as a martyr. On the contrary, in 1744, when there were rumours of an approaching French invasion, he offered his services to the King, and the unpleasantness was alleviated when His Majesty, "reposing special trust and confidence in your conduct and abilities", appointed Lord Stair to the command of the Forces in South Britain. He died at Queensberry House in 1747, and with him the succession of the Dalrymples in the direct line came to an end.

Castle Kennedy was his favourite residence until it was burned. It had been built in 1607 by the fifth Earl of Cassillis to take the place of the earlier stronghold of which John, Lord Kennedy, was appointed Keeper in 1482. It is "a good example of seventeenth-century symmetrical planning. . . . The main block has been four storeys in height above the vault, and the towers were carried considerably higher. The only architectural feature remaining is a portion of a fine dormer window in the north wall of the north tower."[1] Wings were added later on the north and the west.

The Countess-dowager announced the burning of the castle to Lord Stair's agent in London thus:

"Edinburgh, November 3, 1716.

". . . . Upon Saturday last the house of Castle Kennedy was burnt, of which I have no account of the way it was done, but only that the maid had put on a fire in the drawing-room for airing the room, and went to bed after she had put out the fire. However, in the night it broke out and burnt all, so as they had much difficulty to make their own escape, and could save nothing but my son's own picture and two more. I know he will be concerned, because Castle Kennedy was the favourite house he had in this country; but we must all submit to the providence of God, and acknowledge His justice that orders all things well. And I desire you may transmit this letter to him, and observe his orders."

[1] The *Inventory*.

Thereafter Lord Stair lived at Culhorn[1] House when he was in this district.

In subsequent generations the succession has passed to descendants of the first Earl and of Viscount Stair, many of whom have served their country in the Army. An interesting account of the history of the family may be seen in Mr. William Robertson's *Ayrshire: its History and Historic Families*.

When Viscount Dalrymple succeeded his father, the eleventh Earl, in 1914, he had the misfortune to be a prisoner in the hands of the Germans, and was one of the officers selected for special ill-treatment in retaliation for the temporary refusal of the British Government to regard submarine pirates as ordinary prisoners of war.

The monastery of Soulseat has been referred to already in connexion with the acquisition of the lands of Inch by the Kennedies. The site is on a peninsula running into Soulseat Loch, and is occupied now by the manse of the parish of Inch. The monastery was founded by Fergus, Lord of Galloway, as a home for monks of the Premonstratensian order, and was known as *Sedes Animarum* and *Monasterium Viridis Stagni*. The latter name is traceable to the green appearance of the water caused from time to time by the presence of spore-like vegetable growths. Symson says, "This Abbacy is commonly call'd Salsyde; by Speed Salsid, though by him misplac'd; *potius* Soul Seat, *Sedes Animarum;* some say it should be Saul Seat, *Sedes Saulis*, one Saul being, as they say, Abbot or Monk thereat." Chalmers says that "it was the mother of the more celebrated and opulent Priory of Whithorn, as well as the Abbey of Holywood, both of which were planted by monks of the same order. It appears to have been the original establishment of the Premonstratensian monks in Scotland; and the abbots of Soulseat were the superiors of that order in this kingdom." Little is known of its history.

[1] Gaelic *cuil eòrna*, corner of the barley.

CHAPTER XXI

FROM STRANRAER TO THE MULL OF GALLOWAY

The Rhinns—The murder of a minister of Stoneykirk—Ancient Christian monuments at Kirkmadrine Church—The Murder Stone—The MacDoualls—Logan House and the garden—The fish-pond—Port Logan and its pier—The coast between Port Logan and the Mull—The smugglers' cave at Breddock Bay—Drummore village and Kirkmaiden Church—S. Medana's Chapel and the Well of the Co'—The Double-dykes—The Mull of Galloway.

THE district known as The Rhinns of Galloway—a long, narrow, green ridge that would have been an island but for the low isthmus between Loch Ryan and Luce Bay—is a conspicuous feature in the map of Scotland. For the traveller—and no doubt for the resident also—it is in certain kinds of weather a very pleasant country in which to ramble or dwell. If it is to be seen at its best, bright weather is postulated, for, more than most landscapes, those smooth, green heights and tree-girt fields need the light and shade that sunshine gives. Let there be a brilliant day, drifts of highly-lighted cloud travelling between the blue of the sky and of the sea, a wind strong enough to break the water into foam along the shore, and that emerald peninsula will be a delight to the eyes.

A conventional guide-book conducting the reader from Stranraer to the Mull of Galloway might describe the scenery as "tame and uninteresting"; and I remember a statement in a book of this kind that it was not worth while for the traveller to leave the main road. The pastoral uplands, however, are intersected by numerous byways ending usually in the yard of some remote dairy-farm or dropping down to the sandy shore of a bay—one of those little-visited bays where German submarines were reported to have been seen in 1915—and anyone

exploring the district thoroughly and following a zig-zag course southwards by means of these tracks would be delighted continually by fresh views of the sea meeting him unexpectedly on the one hand or the other. He would also see what the traveller who took the advice of the guide-book would miss —some of the most ancient Christian monuments in Britain.

The main road itself has on the left the white sands and bright waters of Luce Bay and the dim coast of The Machars ; on the right, pastures where great herds of cattle graze, and an occasional whitewashed farm-steading with its clump of trees ; while now and again the road passes along a raised beach or through a quiet group of cottages.

The first village is Stoneykirk—S. Stephen's Kirk. I shall always associate it with a strange story of the murder of a minister of the parish. It was the custom here, as in some other places, that the minister on entering the pulpit at the hour of worship acknowledged the presence of the congregation by bowing towards the pew of the chief heritor. The families of MacDouall of Balgreggan and MacDouall of Garthland had an ancient dispute as to precedence in the representation of the line of the old Lords of Galloway. The Rev. Robert Campbell, who became minister of the parish in 1697, acknowledged the Garthland claim, and thus drew upon himself the hostility of the Laird of Balgreggan. He received friendly warnings that he must be on his guard and, although he continued to call at Balgreggan, was always careful not to eat or drink. One day, as he was leaving, the housekeeper, desiring some spiritual counsel, invited him into her room and incidentally offered him a glass of wine, which he drank, and presently he departed. It is said that when he crossed the Sand Mill Burn his body was already swelling, and that before he reached a farm half a mile farther on the buttons were bursting off his waistcoat. Some of the Balgreggan people followed him and saw him drop down dead near the village. They lifted the body, propped it up against the dyke with the help of the minister's walking-stick, rolled a log against the foot of the stick, and retired.

The first to come that way was the minister's man riding the horse to the water. The horse took fright and nearly threw his rider.

" Oh ! " cried the man as he dismounted, " you might be doing better than near killing me ! "

Seeing his master wrapped apparently in deep thought, he spoke again. Receiving no answer, he placed his foot on the log and so moved it. The walking-stick slipped, and the body collapsed on the ground.

There is no public record of the murder, nor does any attempt appear to have been made to arraign the criminals; but my informant referred me to the records of the Presbytery of Stranraer, which adopt an unusual phraseology in connexion with Campbell's death. It was the duty of every minister in turn to conduct the devotional exercises at the meetings of the Presbytery, and we find accordingly that "At Stranraer the 2 November 1709 years," *inter alia* the Presbytery "appoints Mr. Robert Campbell to have the presbiterial Excersise On i pet. 3. 16. against the next And Mr. Godefroy to writt to him Anent it" and "At Stranraer the 4th January 1710 years," *inter alia*. "Mr. Robert Campbell who was appointed to have the Excersise this Day being by the providence of God Removed by Death, Mr. Marshal at the Moderator's Desire preached from John ii. ii." The story suggests that the Laird of Balgreggan was able to inspire an extraordinary degree of timidity in his neighbours, and that the fallacy of singling out unusual events for association with "the providence of God" is more than two centuries old!

The byway leading to Kirkmadrine[1] Church, where there is an exceptionally important collection of ancient monuments, begins at the United Free Church of Stoneykirk, a mile south of the village of Sandhead. After the half-private character of this road and the disused, grass-grown approach to the old church, one is startled to discover an oppressively new-looking structure. Kirkmadrine Church was the place of worship for the inhabitants of the ancient parish of Toskerton, merged long ago in Stoneykirk, and had become a mere heap of ruins when it was completely restored, with Cruggleton Church as a model, towards the end of the last century. Dean Stanley, who was here in 1871, the year before he published his *Lectures on the Church of Scotland*, says in one of his letters that "the name of Mathurinus is still distinct in its original characters" on one of the carved stones;

[1] Pronounced "Kirkmadreen". There was another parish of this name, now a part of Sorbie. "Dr. Stuart held that they were Gaulish dedications to Mathurinus of Sens; but Bishop Forbes holds with more probability that Medran, mentioned in the *Martyrology of Donegal*, is herein commemorated."—Maxwell.

but this is a mistake. He was correct, however, in saying that "nowhere in Great Britain is there a Christian record so ancient as the grey weatherbeaten column which now serves as a gatepost of the deserted churchyard of Kirk Madreen on the bleak hill in the centre of the Rinns of Galloway"[1]. He was unaware that the other gatepost shared in this singular interest. To

Sandhead.

bring his statement up to date, it must be added that both the "gateposts" are now safely housed in the porch of the church.

"The Kirkmadrine stones", says the *Inventory*, "are long, narrow, undressed slabs, bearing each on one face and one of them

[1] This statement holds good if the reference is confined to monuments with memorial inscriptions. The Roman church at Silchester and some instances of the Chi-Rho monogram in mosaics, pavements, and building stones in Roman villas, and on some other objects are attributed to the fourth century.

on both faces an equal-armed cross within a circle, displaying at the side of the upper arms a small loop. This cross and loop are a modification of a symbol known as the Labarum or the Cross of Constantine, in reality a monogram derived from the first two letters of the word ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ, adopted by the early Christians as a symbol of their faith. It has been found frequently in the catacombs enclosed within a circle (explained in an inscription at Milan to represent the name of the Almighty as being without beginning and without end), and it continued to be used on sarcophagi until about the end of the seventh century. Both stones at Kirkmadrine bear an inscription in Roman capitals, clearly cut, and carefully spaced, though not divided into words, but on neither do they show such distinctive characteristics as would indicate their date with any exactness. The inscription on the more important of the two stones was originally preceded by the formula A et ω, now incomplete, and this formula Dr. Joseph Anderson has pointed out is not found in Gaul associated with the monogram later than the fifth century or the first half of the sixth. He further indicates that on these stones the loop is a modification of a Roman R and not of a Greek P, thus showing a step in the development towards the simple cross, a conclusion which was not attained in Gaul before the com-

Ancient crosses at Kirkmadrine.

mencement of the sixth century. From such considerations it is held that it would be unsafe to assign an earlier date to the inscriptions on these stones than somewhere in the second half of the fifth century."

The inscription on one of the stones is :

HICIACENT
SCIETPRAE
CIPVISACER
DOTESIDES
VIVENTIVS
ETMAVORIVS

The words are not spaced, there is a mark of contraction over the letters SCI, which stand for SANCTI, and a part of the stone has been broken off after the letters IDES. If these letters with their supplement could be accepted as ID EST, the translation would run : " Here lie holy and eminent bishops, namely, Viventius and Mavorius " ; in an appendix, however, to Bishop Dowden's *The Celtic Church in Scotland,* the Rev. Edmund McClure writes : " Your Lordship's conjecture as to *Ides* being part of a proper name, and not, as is generally assumed, the remnant of *id est,* is doubtless right. An eminent Cambridge Epigraphist puts *idest* out of the question. I would venture to suggest that the name here intended was *Idesus. Id* is a frequent element in early Cymric names . . . . and *Esus* is the name of a Celtic deity . . . . The *et* coupling the last two of three names is possible in late Latin."

Viventius and *Mavorius* are not Roman names, and the authority just quoted suggests that the former may represent an early British *Vevendi,* and that the latter may be a Latinized form of some such name as *Maguor.*

Sacerdos, says Bishop Dowden, " was sometimes employed with reference to both of the highest orders of the ministry—those of Bishops and Presbyters." " It was found necessary, when it was sought to be precise, to use, when referring to Presbyters, such forms as *secundi sacerdotes,* or *secundi ordinis sacerdotes. . . .* "

The legend on the other stone is in debased Latin capitals :

SET
FLOREN
TIVS

V

and looks as if it were meant to be read in connexion with the previous inscription.

A third stone, which has disappeared, bore the Chi-Rho monogram and, in lettering similar to that of the second stone,

INITIUM
ETFINIS

and may have formed the back of the second stone, which has been split off. The general inference is that within a generation or so of the death of S. Ninian Roman Christianity had established itself in The Rhinns.

After passing the end of the Kirkmadrine byway, the road to the Mull makes a descent to the shore, and runs near it until it reaches the little village of Ardwell. Immediately thereafter it skirts The Murder Plantation on the grounds of the Ardwell property. Among the trees near the Ardwell gate lies a large boulder with the word MURDER carved on it, marking the place where one of the MacDoualls of Logan was killed in the sixteenth century. MacDouall wished to marry the daughter of MacKinna, the Laird of the estate of Barncorkrie,[1] which was then called " Portcorkerie " ; but had a rival in Gordon of Clanyard,[2] whose property marched with MacKinna's. Gordon contrived to have the lady carried off and placed in the keeping of his kinsmen, the Gordons of Cardiness near Gatehouse-of-Fleet. The tradition says nothing about the lady's affections ; but it is not likely that she made the journey to Cardiness willingly, as she appears not to have been married to Gordon, and it may be assumed that she favoured the suit of MacDouall, unless, indeed, she was disposed to invoke a plague on both their houses. MacDouall, at any rate, hearing that she was at Cardiness, thought it worth his while to follow her ; but whether his intentions savoured of abduction or of rescue, he had no success. As he came past Ardwell on the way home, he was ambushed by a band of Gordon's vassals, dragged from his horse, and slain.

Although Gordon appears to have carried off the daughter

[1] Gaelic *barr an corcoraichdh*, hill-top of the ruddiness or (plur.) *barran chorcrai*, ruddy hill-tops. There is a mass of ruddy granite exposed here, where the cliff abuts on a bay called Portencorkrie.—Maxwell.

[2] Gaelic *claon àrd*, the sloping height.

of the Laird of Barncorkrie to no purpose, his relations with the family were not at an end. He proceeded next to abduct the father. If he could not have the lands with the daughter, he would have them without. He hung the laird by the thumbs over a high cliff and forced him to repeat the following words in the hearing of witnesses:

> From me and from mine,
> To thee and to thine,
> The lands of Portcorkerie
> I forever resign.

MacKerlie states that Alexander Gordon of Clanyard "had a charter of alienation, dated 1st June, 1551, confirming to him and his spouse, Janet Crawfurd, the five merk land of Portencorkie". Both Barncorkrie and Clanyard are now included in the Logan property.

The MacDouall family is remarkable if only because of the length of their tenure of their estates. According to Sir Herbert Maxwell, they are the only family of Pictish origin in Galloway who have remained in possession of their lands until the present day. They claim, moreover, to be descended from Fergus, Lord of Galloway. Mackenzie, the author of a work on the heraldry of Scotland, published in Edinburgh in 1680, has a curious note: "Macdowal is known to be amongst the ancientest Sirnames of Scotland, because he bears a Lyon collard, with a broken Crown about his neck, in remembrance of Dovallus, his Predecessour (as is alleg'd) killing Nothatus, who was a Tyrant, and who liv'd many years before Christ: which (if true) are the Ancientest Arms I ever saw belonging to any private family in Europe." Sir Herbert Maxwell, after weighing the evidence, concludes that "it seems reasonable to suppose that the collaterals of Fergus formed the clan MacDouall, and that the patronymic emerged as a surname when necessity for one arose". In the latter part of the thirteenth century, when surnames came into common use, "MacDouall" is prominent in the records of Galloway affairs.

Even so late as the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the Crown could not depend on the allegiance of the Galloway lords. They inclined sometimes to the Scottish, sometimes to the English King in the course of the international conflicts. At the battle of Largs in 1263 MacDouall and a large number

of his followers contributed to the victory of the Scottish Army over the Norsemen ; but when Edward the First entered Galloway in 1300 and halted at Cally near Gatehouse-of-Fleet, he sent a detachment into the west to secure the co-operation of Mac Douall, and rewarded him for his support by giving his son the heiress of Hugh de Champaigne in marriage.

When the greater part of the rest of Scotland had been won by Robert the Bruce, Galloway, where the influence of the MacDoualls and their sympathizers was supreme, still stood for the English King. Shortly after the death of Edward the First, Bruce invaded the Province, treating the inhabitants with great severity, but had to retire into Carrick on the approach of an English army under the Earl of Richmond. He went later into the north and won the successes that encouraged his brother Edward to make another attempt on Galloway. The Gallovidian forces, consisting of the adherents of MacDouall and some English troops, were defeated and scattered at the battle of Craignell on the Dee. The western part of Galloway still held out, however, and another battle had to be fought at Kirrouchtrie near the Cree river. The Gallovidian forces were broken again, MacDouall killed, and the inhabitants compelled to swear allegiance to King Robert.

In 1339 Duncan MacDouall renewed his fealty to the King of England and was pardoned for his late adherence to the Scots. The Scots prepared to make reprisals, and in 1342 MacDouall applied to Edward the Third for help. An English force was assembled on the Cumberland coast, and provisions were sent to MacDouall's castle on " the island of Eastholm ". There is no island of this name on the Galloway coast, and it is usually supposed that Heston Island is meant. MacIlwraith, the author of a Wigtonshire guide-book, however, suggests that it may have been The Isle of Whithorn. This opinion is supported by the fact that the MacDoualls had lands in The Machars and in particular at Dowalton. MacDouall had to surrender to his lawful sovereign.

It is not known when the MacDoualls came into possession of the Logan[1] estate. The old castle called Balzieland was destroyed by fire about the end of the fifteenth century, and the family documents are said to have been burned. A new charter obtained by Patrick MacDouall in 1504 states that the

[1] Gaelic *lagan*, a hollow.

lands had been held by the MacDoualls "beyond the memory of man". This, of course, is a common phrase in such instruments. Since that time the property seems to have descended almost, if not quite, uniformly from father to son. The most eminent member of the family was Andrew, a well-known lawyer in the seventeenth century, who was raised to the bench with the title of Lord Bankton and wrote a work on Scots Law.

The modern part of Logan House[1] dates from 1874 and is built of red freestone. The three lofty storeys, with the tall mullioned windows, the crow-step gables, the turrets, and the large square tower, make one of the handsomest houses in Galloway, and the venerable trees on the right and on the left, the broad stretch of gravel immediately in front, and the wide lawns upon which the windows look provide it with worthy surroundings.

The mild climate of this corner of Wigtonshire favours the growth of plants and shrubs such as few travellers expect to see in any part of Scotland, and the neighbouring plantations and the very high beech and other hedges dividing the garden serve as wind-breaks. On coming round a corner, one beholds almost with a shock of surprise a stately row of the Australian palm-fern (*Cordyline Australis*) and a magnificent tree-fern (*Dicksonia Antarctica*); in the more open part of the garden, a long, unbroken row of well-established hydrangeas, several eucalyptus trees—one of them about thirty feet high—a large bamboo plant, and some very tall palms; on the high wall of the garden, the New Zealand parrot-tree (*Clianthus puniceus*) and the passion-flower; at one end of the terrace below the wall, a bank of palms, and at the other, a large plant of Chilian rhubarb, the leaves of which have attained in a favourable year the diameter of nine-and-a-half feet; and near the house a

[1] A bell preserved at Logan has "the following inscription in two lines: NICOLAIVS RAMSA DOMINVS × DE DALHVISSI · ME × FIERI × FECIT · ANO · DNI · MILLESIMO × QVIGENTISIMO × XXXIIII × IHS · MARIA × IHONE × MORISON. The lettering is chiefly Roman of early sixteenth-century type, but the D's, L's, and H's are from a much older Lombardic alphabet. Above the inscription is a rude frieze of short fleur-de-lys. The bell is remarkable in having no lines, rims, or mouldings, except those enclosing the inscription. This bell is said to have been used at Clanyard Castle about the end of the sixteenth century, and it was subsequently in use at the Parish Church of Kirkmaiden."—The *Inventory*.

Japanese umbrella-pine, which is said to be the best example in this country. The proprietor kindly allows visitors to enter the grounds and behold these treasures.

The making of the famous fish-pond on the north side of Port Logan Bay was begun in 1788 and completed in 1800 by

Approach to Logan House.

Colonel Andrew MacDouall. There is a basin, about thirty feet deep, blasted out of the rock, into which the sea flows at high tide through a narrow cleft. The pond itself is about eight feet in depth and is the abode of fish caught in the sea in summer. With the exception of the flounders, which hide themselves on the bottom, the fish become very tame in a few

weeks, and, when a visitor descends the stair to the edge of the pond, come crowding to welcome him in the hope of being fed. "Conceive", says John MacDiarmid, "a lady feeding her poultry, a knot of urchins scrambling for coppers, or a pack of fox-hounds disputing the property of a solitary bone, and you will have some idea of the ludicrous scramble" for the limpets and mussels that are offered them. The cod are the most numerous fish and the most confident, and allow themselves to be lifted out of the water and stroked. "Some of the older ones are blind,"

Port Logan.

says a writer in *The Scottish Field*, "and for many years it was imagined that the cause of this must be the comparative shallowness of the water, the cod being a deep-sea fish and in his natural state living about twenty-five to fifty fathoms below the surface. This, however, is not the reason, for it has been lately ascertained that when several fish together make a dash at the same morsel of food, they often inadvertently scratch one another's eyes with their needle-like teeth, thus injuring them, and ultimately causing blindness." Besides the cod and flounders, there are lythe, haddocks, blockans, and wrasse.

On the south side of the bay are the fishing village of Port

Logan and the ruined pier. The latter, like the fish-pond, was built by Colonel Andrew MacDouall, and was used largely by ships importing cattle from Ireland; with the extension of railways, however, its importance declined, the damage inflicted from time to time by storms was not repaired, and the greater part is now a mass of tumbled stones. Symson, who wrote in 1684, refers to an earlier pier made by Robert MacDouall, younger of Logan, who "hath been at great paines and expences to build a port for ships and barks cast in that way" and "hath lately procur'd an act of his Majesties privy Councill, for a voluntary contribution towards the building of an harbour there".

When Colonel MacDouall made his pier, he wished the villagers to leave their houses on the shore and remove themselves to a new row which he erected on the slope behind; but they clung to their old homes. He built a sea-wall in front of their windows, expecting that this would drive them out. The villagers, however, valued it as a protection from western gales and were only confirmed in their determination to remain where they were. A second storey has been added to some of the cottages, so that from their upper windows the occupants can see the bay. In the case of one house a gangway stretches from the second storey to the top of the wall, where the road now runs.

Between Port Logan and the Mull the land fronts the sea with a great wall of rock. This is on the farther side of the peninsula from the main road, and few of the visitors who pass that way know that little more than two miles to the west there is some of the most impressive cliff scenery in Scotland. An occasional rambler who scorns to be confined to highways may stroll over the high moor to the edge and, throwing a stone seawards, wonder at the time that it takes to strike the water; but to behold the sea-washed crags in all their grandeur one must take a boat. On going down to the shore near Clanyard Castle, I was fortunate in finding a fisherman who would row me along towards Laggantulluch[1] Head. The water was calm, no other boat was in sight, and as we made our little voyage, I was conscious of two immensities—the smooth sea stretching to Ireland and the face of the cliffs reaching towards the clouds. There was no shore, and no breaking wavelets. The rocks ran down into the depths like the side of a pier, and the water rose and fell quietly along their face.

[1] Gaelic *lag an tulaich*, hollow of the hill.

I found at Breddock[1] Bay a steep beach of shingle and a cave which I had hoped to see, and landed. The cave is described in Dr. Maxwell Wood's *Smuggling in the Solway and Around the Galloway Sea-board* as a very large one, "from which the tide never recedes and into which a pretty large boat can be taken at high water. Here again man's handiwork has improved upon Nature, the rock all the way round the cave having been levelled, so that one can walk right round. At high water the sea rises to within a few inches of the edge of the ledge, so that goods could be easily discharged or embarked, as the case might be. As this cave was difficult to find for those not in the secret, and in a rather sheltered position, it was very frequently used by the smugglers." I found that this description applied to the cave no longer. The stones forming the ledge have been dislodged and now make a bank at the entrance, and the sea does not enter unless with a very high tide and a gale. Another cave in this bay contains a large pool of fresh water filled by the drip from the roof.

When Burns wrote the line

Frae Maidenkirk to John o' Groats,

he was inverting the name of the southmost parish of Scotland. Drummore is near the latitude of Bishop Auckland. Besides a little fishing fleet, it has a harbour where a coasting steamer from Glasgow calls every fortnight. Its church stands on the top of a hill half a mile away, and is known popularly as Kirk Covenant from the fact that it was built in 1639, the year in which the National Covenant was signed throughout the country. It contains a triangular wooden panel said to have been removed from the ruined Castle of Drummore and bearing the crest of the Adairs and the following inscription:

P · A · D · R
O · GOD · MAK · ME · TO
HEIR · IN · FAITH · AND · PR
ACKTEIS · IN · LOVE · THY · HO
LY · WIRD · AND · CŌMĀDEMETIS
THOV · ART · ONLY · MY · SVPOIRT
GOD · MAK · ME · THANKFUL · 1618

P.A.D.R. stands for "Patrick Adair".

[1] Gaelic *bràghadach*, place of the throat or gully.

From Kirkmaiden Church the road undulates for a mile or two over a high, treeless country until it reaches a point about three hundred and seventy feet above the sea and then descends in the next two miles and a half to the little isthmus connecting the Mull of Galloway with the mainland. On Mull farm, at the foot of a cliff facing Luce Bay, is the oldest remaining eccle-

Drummore.

siastical structure in Galloway, the Chapel of S. Medana, whose story is given at the end of the chapter on Monreith ; and about thirty yards to the south-east are the Chapel Wells, the largest of which is called The Well of the Co'. These are three natural cavities in the rock, and are filled by the sea at high tide. "To bathe in the well as the sun rose on the first Sunday, of May", says *The Statistical Account*, "was considered an infallible cure

for almost any disease, but was particularly efficacious in the recovery of ' back-gane bairns.' And till no very remote period, it was customary for almost the whole population of the parish to collect at this spot on the first Sabbath of May, which was called Co' Sunday, to bathe in the well, to leave their gifts in the cave, and to spend the day in gossiping or amusements." Bodles and placks of the reigns of Charles the First and Charles the Second and farthings of that of William and Mary have been found.

" Tarbet ", the name of the isthmus, means " draw-boat " and tells us of the ancient practice of taking boats overland between Luce Bay and the Firth of Clyde rather than encounter the dangerous waters off the extremity of the headland.

Across the western end of the Mull runs an entrenchment called The Double-dykes, the last defence of the Picts, according to an ancient tradition, as they were driven southwards by the Scots of Ireland. Here took place the tragedy whereby the secret of the making of the heather ale was irrevocably lost. Robert Louis Stevenson made the story the subject of one of his *Ballads*, and Mr. Neil Munro has used it in the volume of stories entitled *The Lost Pibroch*, and Sir Herbert Maxwell in *A Duke of Britain*.

The Mull[1] itself is a high, bleak promontory a mile and a quarter long and a quarter of a mile broad, and when you go aside from the road running up to the lighthouse, you walk as carefully as if you were on a battle-ship with the deck-rails removed for action. It is really a hill of considerable height with sides almost perpendicular. One may differ from the writer of *The Statistical Account*, who thought that the erection of the lighthouse has " converted what before was merely grand into what is both grand and beautiful in a high degree " —perhaps he would have added to-day that the concussions of the fog-horn provide an impressive undertone for the cries of the wild-fowl !—but the balcony is a point of view three hundred and twenty-five feet above the sea whence one may behold on a clear day the peaks of Cumberland, The Isle of Man, a large part of the Irish coast, The Paps of Jura in Argyllshire, and the mountains of The Stewartry and Dumfriesshire.

[1] "Gaelic *maol*, 'brow of a rock, a cape'; prob. cognate with *maol*, ' bare '. Mull in Wigtown is still pron. myole, myowl."—Johnston.

To be here in a great storm one might endure cheerfully the drenching spray and the buffeting winds. Then, says John

S. Medana's Chapel and the Mull of Galloway.

MacDiarmid, "a great number of adverse tides which seem to centre here, as well as the winds, contend for mastery in fearful

turmoil, hollowing, as they retreat, the sea into troughs that might entomb a fleet in place of a ship, and spouting as they advance with headlong fury against the solid land, till the giant Mull, from its base to its summit, becomes enveloped in one unbroken sheet of foam. The shock is said to resemble the onset of armies; and as the howling blast dies away for an instant, the noise of waters rising and rolling, heaving and dashing, is heard as far off by mariners as the roar of the angry Corryvreckan itself. Where the waves end, the spray begins and descends around in such copious showers that the spectator, though stationed at a considerable distance, gets as completely drenched in a few minutes as he does when overtaken by a thunder-storm. To the westward are some tremendous cliffs; to the east, the shoals of the bay of Luce; and the mariner, during the stormy days of winter, cannot be too cautious in avoiding dangers to which Scylla and Charybdis are poor in comparison."

Even on a windless day, when the whole ocean seems to lie in a perfect calm, there is no peace here. If you scramble down to Lagvag[1] Point at the north-east corner of the Mull, you will find the sea, not making scarcely perceptible surges towards the land, as you might expect, but racing past your feet; and will see a field of tumultuous foam where the currents meet and clash a hundred yards beyond the end of the headland.[2]

There are some caves in the Mull that are accessible only from the sea. "One of these", says MacDiarmid, "is of ample dimensions and is frequented by seals during calm weather, when the phoca, after breakfasting heartily on fish, seeks the sunny side of some ledge of rock, from which he can retreat on the approach of danger. The slightest noise, if he is awake at the time, makes him leap or rather dive into the water, where he is soon hid from observation; but at other times the tribe are surprised while quietly enjoying their wonted *siesta* and either shot at or ensnared with ropes so as to become the fisherman's prey."

[1] Gaelic *lag bheag*, little hollow.

[2] "It is said ther is a place of the sea, close upon the Mule, wher ships, if they enter, are quickly turned round and sunk down."—*Description of the Sheriffdom of Wigtoun* by Sir Andrew Agnew of Lochnaw and David Dunbar of Baldoon (Sibbald MSS. Adv. Lib. Jac. 5th. i, 4), printed as an appendix to Symson's *Description*.

CHAPTER XXII

PORTPATRICK

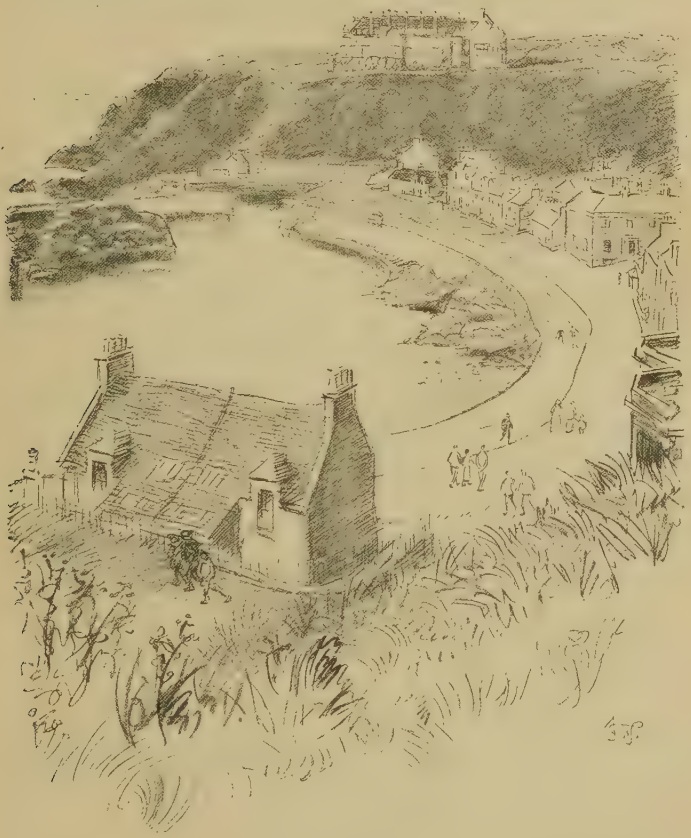
Visitors to Portpatrick—Trade with Ireland—Sunday observance—Colonel Gardiner—The Gretna Green for Ireland—Peter the Great—Defoe—Bishop Pococke—Mrs. Siddons—Keats—The old church—The harbour works—Incidents of war—Dunskey Castle—Sandeel Bay—Sir William Brereton's notes.

It may seem a staggering statement, but I believe it is true, that there are people to whom Galloway means Portpatrick. This is very much as if Canada were Vancouver City or Siberia Vladivostok. These people travel in a comfortable, west-bound express train from Dumfries, indifferent to Sweetheart Abbey, the Colvend coast, Dundrennan, Kirkcudbright, and the shores of Wigton Bay on the left, and the glories of The Glenkens and the Galloway Highlands on the right, making by the most direct route for the salt water, the sea-breezes, and a first-class hotel. Besides these, there is a certain kind of visitor who comes to Portpatrick, lodges at a hotel, plays golf, pays his bill, and goes away, and does not know that he has been in Galloway. Finally, there are the people who, when they are asked if they have been in Galloway, answer without hesitation, "No; but we have been at Portpatrick."

Portpatrick is not a centre. It is on a circumference, and is not, therefore, to be recommended to explorers. For holiday-makers, however, who like a clean, quiet seaside village in a mild climate with a golf-course, bowling green, tennis-courts, walks along the cliffs, and a strand where sea-bathing is possible, it serves very well.

It has been visited in the past by many people who were not mere holiday-makers. The nearness of the Irish port of

Donaghadee—the distance is only twenty-one miles—caused much trade, especially in livestock, to pass this way. The number of cattle and horses imported in 1790 was seventeen thousand,



Portpatrick.

two hundred and seventy-five ; in 1812 it was twenty thousand ; but by 1837 it had fallen away to one thousand and eighty. The decline was due to the invention of the steamship, which made the short sea-route less urgent ; and cattle and horses

were sent thereafter to Glasgow or Liverpool. One of the secondary aspects of the traffic was " the troublesome confusion and indecency attending the landing of cattle on a Sunday " referred to by Robert Heron in the account of his tour through the western counties in 1792. Heron tells how the minister of the parish took firm hold of the nettle. Recognizing that it was useless to insist on the due observance of the Lord's Day if Irish cattle-dealers were allowed to profane it at their pleasure, he told his congregation that if any of them aided the dealers in bringing cattle ashore on a Sunday, he would proceed against them with the censures of the Church and every ecclesiastical penalty in his power unless the owners of the herds were able to state upon oath before the nearest magistrate that contrary winds were the only cause of their failure to reach Portpatrick on the Saturday evening. This measure had all the success that the minister desired.

Portpatrick was on the usual route for sending troops to Ireland, and there were permanent barracks here, a fact which accounts for the name of Barrack Street. The military were once called upon to render an unusual service to the parish. The minister had had occasion to reprove the Laird of Dunskey from the pulpit, and the Laird, thirsting for revenge, incited some of his people to remove and conceal the communion plate. The day for the observance of the sacrament approached, and the minister resolved to proceed as usual even if it were necessary to borrow vessels for the celebration from another parish. A disturbance was feared ; but a squadron of Lord Harrington's dragoons marched in unexpectedly on the Saturday evening with Major (afterwards the well-known Colonel) Gardiner at their head. The minister described the situation to Major Gardiner, who promptly sent a party of soldiers to compel the restoration of the plate. Early on the Sunday morning, patrols were on the watch against any untoward event. The whole squadron were present at divine service, and the Major remained to communicate. There is a reference in Doddridge's *Life and Correspondence of Colonel Gardiner*, under the date " 25 May 1725 ", to the pleasure with which he had attended a preparatory service on the Saturday, and he adds, " I took a walk upon the mountains that are over against Ireland ; and I persuade myself, that were I capable of giving you a description of what passed there, you would agree, that I had much better reason to remem-

ber my God from the hills of Port Patrick, than David from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites from the hill Mizar."

The village served for a long time as the Gretna Green for Ireland. People who were anxious for a hurried or a secret wedding and were able to satisfy the minister that there was no legal obstacle to their union had the proclamation made in the church immediately after their arrival, and the ceremony was completed without delay. Such marriages were registered by the kirk-session and attested by the minister and the witnesses.

Portpatrick in 1815.
(From William Daniell's engraving.)

The fees varied according to the rank and wealth of the contracting parties. At one time the lowest sum was £5, but it was raised latterly to £10 for the minister and £1 for the session-clerk. The Church Courts suppressed the practice in 1826. During the preceding period of about fifty years, the records shew the names of "one hundred and ninety-eight gentlemen, fifteen officers of the army or navy, and thirteen noblemen".

I have not succeeded in putting beyond doubt the tradition that Peter the Great rested for a night here. Peter came to England in 1698 to study naval construction, and spent most of

his time working in the royal dockyards at Deptford. If he paid a visit to Ireland, his most convenient route would be by Portpatrick. The tradition is that he arrived in the evening at the inn which was known later as the Blair's Arms Hotel, and sailed in the morning with the Irish packet-boat. The room he slept in is known as the Emperor's room and is still used as a bedroom in the private house into which the old hotel has been turned.

Daniel Defoe made a succession of exhaustive journeys through the country and published in 1724 the first volume of *A Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain,* which was completed in the next two years. Doubts are entertained as to whether he really visited all the places of which he gives an account; but his notes on Galloway are those of a first-hand witness. His impressions of Portpatrick were not entirely agreeable. He says, "*Port Patrick,* which is the ordinary Place for the Ferry or Passage to Belfast, and other Ports in Ireland, has a tolerable good Harbour, and a safe Road; but there is very little Use for it; the Packet-boat, and a few Fishing vessels, are the Sum of its Navigation. There was nothing here to invite our Stay; for it is a mean, dirty, homely Place: and as we had no business, but to see the Coast, we came away very ill satisfied with our Accommodation."

About forty years later Bishop Pococke described it as "a very poor place". "Here", he says, "they ship the horses from a rock, and when they land them from Ireland they help them out of the packet-boat into the sea, when they have brought the boat as near as they can to the shore."

Mrs. Siddons, accompanied by her husband, once spent a night here before crossing to Belfast to fulfil an engagement. In the morning, about the time for the sailing of the packet-boat, the villagers in the front street were startled by an eloquent outcry on the beach. Mrs. Siddons, who was about to go on board, had suddenly visualized a scene in one of her plays and was declaiming the lines:

> Methinks I stand upon some rugged beach,
> Sighing to winds, and to the waves complaining,
> While afar off the vessel sails away,
> On which my fortune and my hope's embarked!

Mr. Siddons, who was less imaginative, remarked, "Egad! my dear, if we don't hurry, the vessel will be gone absolutely."

John Keats crossed to Ireland early in July, 1818, and returned two or three days later. Writing from Stranraer to his brother Thomas on the 9th, he says, "Having walked to Belfast one day and back to Donaghadee the next, we left Ireland with a fair breeze. We slept last night at Port Patrick, when I was gratified by a letter from you. . . . On calling for the letters at Port Patrick, the man snapped out, 'what Regiment?'"

The old church is cruciform in plan and "according to the

Tower of the old church, Portpatrick.

dates carved on the skew-puts was built between 1622 and 1629." The only feature of interest is the circular tower at the west end. It is "four storeys in height, terminating in a steep, slated roof, apparently modern, with a *flèche* at the apex. It is entered from the ground level by a doorway to the west, and on the first floor there is a door to the east, now built up. On each floor are several small windows. . . . The tower seems to have been erected originally as a watch-tower. . . . The stone-work is of a different colour and consistence from that

of the church—the former being of soft red sandstone much decayed by the effects of weather, while the latter is of a grey-coloured hard stone and has resisted the effects of the weather excellently." There is a tradition that the tower was once used as a lighthouse, and "it is worthy of note", say Messrs. McGibbon and Ross in *The Castellated and Domestic Architecture of Scotland*, "that a similar round tower at the church of Cockburnspath also occupies such a position as this looking out on the sea."

A tomb in the churchyard bears this inscription: "Hanc domum Gulielmus Donaldson extruxit, Anno Domini MDCCLI.

'I thank my God for Poverty,
For Riches and for Gain;
For God can make a Rich man Poor,
A Poor man Rich again.'"

The trade with Ireland, to which reference has been made, was not confined to livestock, and it was necessary to have a customs office here since many Irish products were contraband and others bore heavy duties. A weekly post between Scotland and Ireland by way of Portpatrick was established in 1662, and the letters from England also were sent through the village. The daily post was begun in 1790.

The first pier was built by the Post Office and was completed in 1774. In 1820 the Government decided to improve the harbour for the mail service, and the erection of the large piers on the south and north sides of the entrance was begun in the following year. John MacDiarmid, the Dumfries journalist, wrote a vivid account of the building operations and of the changes which they brought about in Portpatrick. He saw the freestone that had been conveyed from Dumbarton, the limestone from Wales, the iron from England, the wood from the Baltic shores, the diving-bells from London, the countless cart-loads of whinstone poured into the sea to form breakwaters for the piers, the labourers—seven or eight hundred of them—digging, quarrying, building, or trundling barrows, the nightly effect when the work went on in the light of masses of blazing coals heaped up in cradle-grates and long lines of men could be seen toiling up or creeping down the narrow pathways, while "at every little interval the silence of night was left undisturbed till the quarrymen had retired beyond the reach of the mines they meant to spring; and when the train was laid, the powder

ignited, and the explosion heard, sounds resembling distant thunder reverberated among the cliffs, and then rolled along the level ocean, till even the sea-fowl left their midnight haunts, and wondering what the confusion meant, beat the air in fear and perplexity."

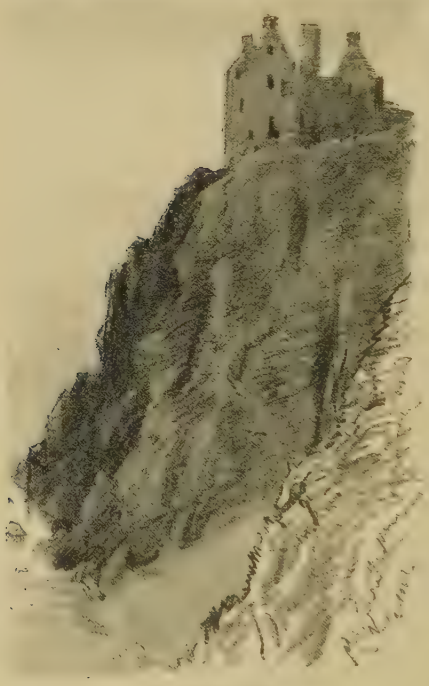
The south pier and the lighthouse at the end of it were finished in 1836. There was an unusually severe storm in January 1839, when the end of the pier was undermined and the lighthouse endangered. A sum of £13,000 which was to have been used for the completion of the work on the north side of the harbour was now spent on repairs, and nothing was ever done to carry the scheme any farther.

The two piers were designed to shelter the harbour. It was intended also that the one on the south should be used for the hauling out of sailing packets until they could clear the port; but when it was finished, steam had come into use, and haulage was necessary no longer.

The Irish mails were diverted to another route in 1849; but the harbour works were still kept in repair. Seven or eight years later the Government resolved to restore the mail service to Portpatrick, to make a new dock, and to deepen the channel. This was due to the simultaneous laying of the line from Castle Douglas and the County Down Railway. The dock was made, and the trains brought alongside it; but the Government departed from their undertaking to renew the mail service and gave the railway shareholders compensation in cash. It was not, however, until 1873, when the Harbour Acts were repealed, that the works were left to the ravages of the sea. It is a mistake to say that the wrecked piers are the evidence of a futile contest with the waves. They fell into ruin because no further care was taken of them.

During the war the port was used by larger craft than fishing-vessels. Patrols steamed in to send messages from the "wireless" station, and swiftly disappeared towards Ireland. Other incidents were that the steamers plying between Stranraer and Larne were convoyed sometimes by airships, and even in Galloway, trains halted and lay low at the warning of Zeppelin airships approaching Britain, as birds crouch in their coverts when a hawk appears on the horizon. In the early months of the war the province was racked with the fearful joy of an airplane scare. There were strong suspicions, amounting almost to imperturbable

conviction, that the enemy had a base in the Minnigaff hills. Over-strained eyes saw hostile airplanes above Glentrool, and there were even rumours of hydroplanes disporting themselves on the lochs. It was reported in Newton Stewart one forenoon that a discovery of "fifteen hundred tins" of petrol had been made; by the afternoon the quantity had reached "fifteen hundred tons"! Schoolboys neglected the works of Mr. Henty and Captain Brereton for more immediate thrills, and Mr. Buchan wrote *The Thirty-Nine Steps*.



Dunskey Castle.

Dunskey[1] Castle stands on a high promontory between two gullies about half a mile south of the village. If you walk round to the farther side of the gully beyond it, you will see how abruptly the precipices fall away to the water, and have the most striking view of the castle. "The main part of the building", says the *Inventory*, "is an example of the L plan, that is, a square keep with a projecting wing at one angle containing the staircase, which in this case is exceptionally wide, with straight steps and intermediate plats—unusual features for the period. The main staircase leads to the great hall, and the upper floors have been served by a wheel-stair in the re-entering angle

[1] Perhaps *dùn sciathach*, the shielded fort.

above the main entrance—a very general plan during the sixteenth century. The ground floor has, as usual, been vaulted throughout. A long narrow wing to the north of the main building has probably been a later addition. The castle is entered by a vaulted passage under the north wing, leading to a spacious courtyard bounded on three sides by the sea cliffs. There seems to have been no means of defending the castle from the walls, so that possibly its natural strength was relied upon for security. Indications of domestic buildings remain within the area of the courtyard, which no doubt included kitchen offices, stables, and servants' quarters." " There appears to have been a castle of Dunskey from very early times, though the present building probably dates no further back than the beginning of the sixteenth century, and may have been erected subsequent to an act of incendiarism ' by John Makke of Myretoune ' and others, for which they received a respite in 1503. It belonged at that date to the Adairs of Kinhilt, and thereafter to the Montgomeries, Viscounts of Airds, from whom it passed in the reign of Charles the Second to the Rev. John Blair, minister of Portpatrick," and ancestor of a line of proprietors.

Visitors go in a northerly direction to Port Mora or Sandeel Bay for the bathing and to the wooded Dunskey Glen for the pleasant walk, and may pass, without noticing, a little cave on the south side of the bay with a stream of water pouring over the entrance. It is referred to in the seventeenth-century *Description of the Sheriffdom of Wigtoun* written by Sir Andrew Agnew of Lochnaw and David Dunbar of Baldoon, who say that near Portpatrick, " close by the sea, is a cave, called the Cave of Uchtriemackean, accessible by six steps of a stair, entering to a gate built with stone and lime, at the end of which is a structur lyke ane altar. The people frequent this place the first night of May, and wash deseased children with the water, which runs from a spring over the cave." Even so late as 1791 this practice continued. " At the change of the quarter (which is still considered with superstitious reverence)," says the old *Statistical Account*, " it is usual to bring even from a great distance, infirm persons, and, particularly, ricketty children, whom they often suppose bewitched, to bathe in a stream which pours from the hill, and then dry them in the cave." There is a tradition that another cave near this one was once inhabited

by a monk. "If", says the writer of the new *Account*, "the indulgence of bathing had been permitted to the hermit, he might here have enjoyed the benefit of a shower-bath with a dressing-room, besides the excellent plunge bath in the bay."

About a mile farther on is the Killantringan Lighthouse. Since it was erected, the lighthouse at Portpatrick has not been used.

Two roads connect the village with Stranraer, the one modern, good, and dull, the other old, precipitous, and delightful. The latter is the more direct. At its worst it must have been a great advance on the conditions in July, 1636, when Sir William Brereton, going from Stranraer to Portpatrick, followed a "foul winter way over the mossy moors". His remarks on the port itself may be added to those given already. "We found only one boat, though yesternight there were fifteen boats here. We hired a boat of about ten ton for five horses of ours, and for five Yorkshiremen and horses; for this we paid £1 and conditioned that no more horses should come aboard save only two or three of an Irish laird's, who then stayed for a passage, and carried his wife and three horses. . . . Here we shipped our horses two hours before we went aboard. It is a most craggy, filthy passage, and very dangerous for horses to go in and out; a horse may easily be lamed, spoiled, and thrust into the sea; and when any horses land here, they are thrown into the sea, and swim out. Here was demanded from us by our host, Thos. Marshbanke, a custom of 2s. an horse, which I stumbled at, and answered that if he had authority to demand and receive it, I was bound to pay it, otherwise not; and therefore I demanded to see his authority, otherwise I was free to pay or refuse; herewith he was satisfied, and declined his further demand."

Balsarroch.

CHAPTER XXIII

LESWALT AND KIRKCOLM

Lochnaw Castle and the Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway—Kempes' Graves and Kempes' Walks—Galdenoch Castle and its ghost—The byways of Kirkcolm—Salt Pans Bay—Smuggling story of Dally Bay—Balsarroch—Corsewall Castle—Portmullin—Celtic cross-slab at Corsewall House—S. Mary's Croft.

After the three dull miles between Stranraer and Leswalt, it is pleasant to follow the road that winds upwards among the trees on the south bank of the Aldouran Glen[1], and pleasanter still to reach the end of the ascent and cycle easily along through the woods of the Lochnaw grounds. With a bend of the road one has a glimpse of water, and in another minute the whole loch appears, and beyond it the home of the Agnews of Lochnaw, who were for some centuries Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway.

The appointment to the sheriffship was made by James the Second in 1451, and the office remained in the family until 1747, when hereditary jurisdictions were abolished. The only break in the tenure began in January, 1682, when Sir Andrew Agnew, the tenth Sheriff, who was considered too lenient in administering the Acts against the Covenanters, and declined the Test, was superseded by John Graham of Claverhouse. He was restored to the office in April, 1689, after the Revolution.

[1] Gaelic *allt dòran*, the glen of the otters.

Lochnaw Castle is a long range of buildings belonging to four different periods—"a simple keep, seventeenth-century and eighteenth-century dwellings purely domestic in character,

Lochnaw Castle.

and a modern mansion-house". "There seems little doubt", says the *Inventory*, "that the keep now standing belongs to the sixteenth century." "The doorway has entered at the ground level, and communicates in the usual way with a vaulted base-

ment and wheel-stair in one of the angles which gave direct access to the upper floors and parapet walk. The parapet is on three sides of the tower, supported by corbelling and having a machicolation at one point. Here the corbelling is in the form of a continuous moulding supporting the projecting parapet on each side. It is an interesting feature, showing clearly the development from the earlier type—a series of single moulded corbels of considerable projection, characteristic of the purely defensive castles." There is the following inscription on the south wall of the keep: DOM ANDREAS AGNEV 1426 NOMEN DOMINI FORTISSIMA TURRIS. "This inscription is said to have been re-cut in the time of the present proprietor's grandfather, but as neither the style of the building itself nor the character of the inscription synchronises with the date, the tablet is probably an insertion of a late period."

At one time the loch, which contributes so greatly to the charm of the situation, was drained away in order to add a fertile hayfield to the cattle-feeding resources of the estate. This was done by Sir James, the eleventh Sheriff, about 1700. Utilitarian motives appear to have been supreme with him, and he did not even spare an old castle that stood on the island. Requiring some freestone for an addition to his house, "he rent it to pieces, spoiling rybats, window-sills, and door-jambs, and blowing up the rubble-work to provide stones for fencing for his cattle." Since the loch had been drained, it was easy to remove the material. A hundred years later Sir James's great-grandson allowed the waters to re-occupy the area to the great satisfaction both of himself and of his descendants.

The grounds have been planted with many fine trees. There are the araucaria avenue on the Leswalt side of the house, and the grove of old beeches towards Portpatrick; and even from the public road there may be seen "many specimens of *Wellingtonia Gigantea*, the 'Big Trees' of the Yosemite Valley; *Sequoia Sempervirens*, or Californian red-wood; *Cryptomeria Japonica*, which forms a great feature in Japanese landscapes; besides araucarias, yews, and many varieties of cypress".

Most of these were planted by Sir Andrew Agnew, the eighth baronet, who died in 1892. We are indebted to him, not only for putting these excellent trees where the passer-by may see them, but also for writing a most entertaining book of Galloway

history, tradition, and anecdote. *The Agnews of Lochnaw: a History of the Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway, with Contemporary Anecdotes, Traditions, and Genealogical Notices of Old Families of the Sheriffdom, 1330 to 1747*, was published in 1864, and a re-written and much enlarged edition in two volumes appeared the year after the author's death under the title of *The Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway, their "Forebears" and Friends, their Courts and Customs of their Times, with Notes of the Early History, Ecclesiastical Legends, the Baronage and Place-Names of the Province*. After quoting the titles in full, it is enough to add that this work is as readable as it is comprehensive.

There are two earthwork promontory forts near Lochnaw, one called Kempes' Graves on the north bank of Aldouran Glen at a point where the stream makes a sharp turn towards the east, and the other known as Kempes' Walks on the south side of Larbrax[1] Bay. The second is the largest work of the kind in The Shire. Of the fort in Aldouran Glen Sir Andrew Agnew says in the first edition of *The Hereditary Sheriffs* that "the remains of these earthen parapets, standing out in rounded hummocks, are called by the peasantry 'Kempes' Graves;' they being quite unconscious that this was a Danish camp, and that 'kempe,' a warrior or champion, is good old Norse. There is something in the traditionary phrase; many of the warriors have probably been buried *near* the spot, but the old breastwork itself does not mark their tomb." In connexion with the camp at Larbrax Bay he says, "This bay was a favourable spot for navigators of early days to beach their boats, while they revelled on shore; the entrenched camp above forming a citadel, by which the natives were kept at bay. There is no doubt that it was formed by the old Sea Kings. The spot is known as 'Kempes' Walks.' Here again, as in the case of the Camp of Aldouran, the name has been handed down from time immemorial; and the present race of peasantry who use the word know nothing of its meaning. We ourselves have been told that 'Kempe' meant fairies! and that the said fairies dance sometimes here at night. This is an instance of how some fragments of truth underlie most genuine traditions. The extravagance of fairy revels at night is but the story, mystified by age, of the Norsemen carousing round their camp fires, whilst outside the entrenchment a grim 'kempe' (or warrior) *walked*

[1] Gaelic *learg breac*, spotted, variegated hillside.

sentry the while—whence the 'Kempe's Walks' which now figures in the Ordnance Maps." When Sir Andrew wrote the second edition of his book, he seems to have departed from one detail of this theory, for he explains "Kempe's Walk" on the map as an English surveyor's mistake for "Kempes' Wark," that is, "Work,"; but it is possible that in the main he is right.[1]

With Galdenoch[2] Castle standing in the open country on the west of the Lochnaw woods and about half a mile from the sea we come back to a comparatively modern structure. We see here once more the familiar L plan; but all the accessible hewn work has been removed, the west wall has been broken down to within eight feet of the ground at one point, and the ruin is now used as a cattle-shed. The gables have crow-steps "of the type peculiar to Galloway, made up of a number of small stones covered over on the upper surface with one large slate-like slab". Galdenoch Castle is less interesting than the racketing spirit by whom it was once haunted.

"The tenant's mother sat one morning at her spinning-wheel; an invisible power bore her along and plunged her in the Mill-Isle burn, a voice mumbling the while, 'I'll dip thee, I'll draw thee,' till the old dame became unconscious. Great was the surprise of the family at dinner-time when grandmamma was missed. Every corner of the buildings was searched; the goodman and his wife became alarmed, while the lads and lassies ran madly about interrogating one another with, 'Where's granny?' At last a well-known voice was heard, 'I've washed granny in the burn and laid her on the dyke to dry!' Away the whole party ran; and sure enough the poor old woman lay naked on the dyke, half dead with cold and fright."

Several ministers tried to lay the spirit by psalm-singing; but if they sang, the spirit out-sang them. A minister who was considered an expert in spirit-laying was beaten like the rest, and, annoyed at his failure, declared that he would never come back. When the yard-gate had closed behind him, the voice begged him to return, promising to tell him something he had not heard before. Beguiled by curiosity, the minister did return,

[1] In the second edition of *The Hereditary Sheriffs* "Kempes'" is given as "Kemp's". This is probably to be explained by the facts that the second edition was written from dictation and that it could not undergo revision by the author.

[2] Prob. Gaelic *gall-daingneach*, stranger's castle.—Johnston.

but only to hear the cry, " Ha ! ha ! I hae gotten the minister to tell a lee ! "

" The farmer's family were now worse off than ever. The spinner's threads were broken short off ; peat clots fell into the porridge ; unsavoury materials were thrown into the kail-pot, when, after many years of trouble, a young man named Marshall, gifted with confidence and a stentorian voice, was ordained to the parish of Kirkcolm. He volunteered to try a bout with the Galdenoch ghost, and a large company assembled to assist. The minister hung up his hat, gave out a psalm, and led off the tune. The ghost sang, too ; the company endeavoured to drown his voice, but failed ; the fiend sang long and loud, and all had ceased but the minister, whose voice rose to a louder and louder pitch as he kept up the strains alone until the ' witching hour.' He called upon the wearied congregation to join once more. A burst of psalmody was the response ; and ' Bangor,' loud if not melodious, resounded through the castle-walls. Again all ceased exhausted, but Marshall undauntedly held on. Faint gleams of light streaked the eastern horizon, when an unearthly voice, husky and weak, whined, ' Roar awa', Marshall, I can roar nae mair ! ' Marshall still continued, determined to make assurance doubly sure ; but the ghost kept his word and was never heard again."[1]

To people who like to escape sometimes from high roads and commit themselves to a network of angular byways where a passing motor-car arouses a sensation not soon forgotten by the cottagers, and even a stranger on an ordinary bicycle is a grave distraction to field-labourers, the parish of Kirkcolm[2] is to be recommended. Look at the map, and it will appear as if in this ultimate protraction of the land the great western road that runs through Stranraer had broken into a delta of many streams. Thus one could go northwards from Lochnaw to Corsewall[3] Point by a dozen or more series of combinations of little cross-roads. Any resident in the district who was condemned to a bout of physical exercise for his health's sake might amuse as well as benefit himself by making the largest possible number of journeys between the starting and the turning point. Some pairs of routes would differ from each other only

[1] *The Hereditary Sheriffs.*
[2] Pronounced " Kirkúm " ; church of Columba.
[3] The cross well, dedicated to S. Columba in this instance.

to the extent of two or three hundred yards. If, however, one has the simple aim of reaching Corsewall Point, one will do well to take the roads near the shore, where the landscape is not impressive, but the seascape is wide. On the Irish coast, which runs from twenty to forty miles away, I remember seeing on a clear day the sunlit fields of Antrim like squares on a chessboard where the land slopes down to the sea. On the north-west is the ancient sea-path of the vikings who sailed their galleys round the Mull of Kintyre; and when you reach Corsewall Point and look up the Firth of Clyde, you are confronted by Ailsa Craig fifteen miles away and The Isle of Arran at the distance of thirty.

The names of Salt Pans Bay at Larbrax and Salt Pan Bay at Airies, like Salt Pans farther south in Stoneykirk Parish, have an obvious meaning. About 1640 Uchtred Agnew of Galdenoch entered into a contract with Alexander Ozborne for establishing salt-works on the Galdenoch shore. "This Ozborne paid him £240 as caution money that he would erect sufficient works, the laird stipulating when these were in operation to repay him this and £240 more, and give him a twenty-one years lease of the premises, an acre of ground to build on, grass for four horses, with liberty to cut and carry peats for his pan, at a silver rent of £480 and sixteen barrels of salt delivered at his mansion yearly. . . . . The venture proved an unlucky one. . . . The work seems to have been utilised for little more than home consumption; its remains may, however, be traced upon the shore, and it gives the name of Salt Pans Bay to the creek where it was formed."

Even this exposed shore was used sometimes for smuggling operations. The following story illustrates the element of comedy that entered sometimes into the relations of smugglers and excisemen:

"Dally[1] Bay (where a beacon now warns the coasting craft of a sunken rock, beyond the Laggan, a natural pillar-stone) had been chosen as a rendezvous for a smuggler's landing, and a large cargo of the usual wares was lying in profusion on the beach. The custom-house officer at Stranraer had received information of their coming, and hurrying to the spot with a stalwart comrade, effected a seizure of the whole. The smugglers offered no resistance, but skulked off, and the tide-waiter, pluming himself not a little on his alacrity, seated himself on

[1] Gaelic *dealghe*, the thorns.

the confiscated goods, and sent off his A.D.C. to press men and horses in King George's name to remove them. His eyes gloated on the prey piled before him—wines, brandies, silks, tea from the East, tobacco from the West, Hollands from Schiedam. A gold-belted sabre hung to his belt, and he looked carefully at the priming of his pistols.

"Presently a weel-faured dame sauntered up, no less than Maggie McConnell (who, as a girl, had seen King William's fleets stand out of Lochryan), still fair though forty, and he, in the highest good humour, pleased at the chance of so pleasant a companion, proferred her the right hand of fellowship. How delusive are human hopes of happiness! Maggie's sonsy face gave no idea of the strength of her well-formed arms, which had the muscle of a prize-fighter, and, as locally expressed, 'could hauld up a two-year-old stirk like a wean.' Hardly had Maggie's right hand received the responsive squeeze of the exciseman when her left flew round his waist, and in a moment he measured his length upon the ground. Vainly he struggled in her embrace. She sat down coolly on her victim. Her next move was to tie her apron over his eyes, then to seize one of his pistols and cock it. In this ignominious position he coaxed and threatened by turns. Maggie was inexorable. He shouted for help in the king's name, and his hopes ran high as sounds of footsteps and horses drew near. Still she held him firmly, but by and by her grasp relaxed. Kindly kissing him, she undid the apron, and he looked up. Bales, boxes, casks had disappeared. Not a man was visible. A few cows, grazing quietly, were the only living creatures within the line of sight, excepting Maggie, who then slipped away also. Crestfallen and somewhat ashamed of having been vanquished and disarmed by an unarmed woman, it is believed he said very little about his deforcement, and it is probable that in due course some little reward was conveyed to his quarters by an unknown hand in acknowledgment of his silence."[1]

About a mile and a half inland from Dally, a plantation shewing the pressure of western gales runs along the roadside. Behind the trees there is the old house of Balsarroch, a little building of two storeys with small windows, crow-step gables, and thatched roof, once the property of the family from whom the explorers, Sir John Ross and Sir James Clark Ross, were

[1] *The Hereditary Sheriffs.*

sprung. Sir Andrew Noel Agnew refers to it in his guide-book to The Shire as "probably a good specimen of a small laird's house in this remote part of Scotland in the eighteenth century". What is called the Marian Tower on a neighbouring hill is said to have been erected by a Ross in memory of his wife.

The oldest castellated and domestic building in The Shire of which any considerable part remains stands about a mile south-east of Corsewall Point. Corsewall Castle, says the *Inventory*, is "an interesting example of the few early fifteenth-century buildings in Wigtownshire". "Only the ground floor now remains, containing a large vaulted chamber with an entrance on the ground level communicating with a wheel-stair in the thickness of the wall at one angle, which led to the great hall on the first floor. The upper floor would, no doubt, contain the usual arrangement of private apartments for the exclusive use of the owner and his family, while at the wall-head would be projecting battlements, supported upon stone corbels, with machicolations from which the garrison could defend the castle when attacked at close quarters."

The lighthouse at Corsewall Point is one of those built by Robert Stevenson. It was begun in 1815 and came into use the next year. The writer of *The Statistical Account* mentions two boat-creeks with roads leading to it. One of them, bearing the name of Portmullin, is about half a mile to the east of the lighthouse and has a dwarf pier. It was on a very still day that I found it. There were not even ripples on the water. I looked into the clear deeps and saw the πόντιον ἄλσος—the underwater forest, its long streamers "of crimson and russet and olive and gold" waving slowly with the gentle surge in "the liquid low twilight"—

Soft blossomless frondage
And foliage that gleams
As to prisonefs in bondage
The light of their dreams,
The desire of a dawn unbeholden, with hope on the wings of its beams.

Through the subtle and tangible
Gloom without form,
Its branches, infrangible
Ever of storm,
Spread softer their sprays than the shoots of the woodland when April is warm.

A A

There was a weird repulsiveness about it as if in its remoter depths it might be haunted by mysterious and horrific broods that were never caught in a fisherman's net. The thought of it came back to me in March, 1915, when I read that in these very waters the *Bayano* had been sunk by a German submarine.

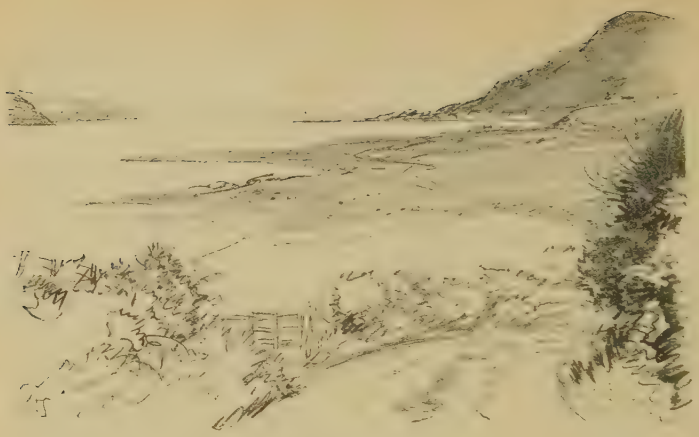
As one follows the road running through the village of Kirkcolm and down the west shore of Loch Ryan to Stranraer, there are two subjects of ecclesiastical interest. In the garden at Corsewall House there stands a notable Celtic cross-slab. Its original site was at Kilmorie[1] Chapel two miles farther south, and when the old church of the parish was being restored about 1720, it was brought thence and used as the lintel for the principal entrance. The building was pulled down in 1820, and the slab was rescued by the proprietor of the estate. "It is sculptured on one face with incised lines," says the *Inventory*, "and on the other in relief, as follows:—*Front*—In the middle, but not extending to the top and bottom of the slab, is a cross with round hollow angles, having a very rudely drawn representation of the Crucifixion incised upon it; the Saviour's limbs shown unbent, according to the ancient Byzantine fashion; below the feet of Christ, the figure of a man or woman with two birds on the left, and a pair of pincers, and another object on the right: *Back*—Occupying nearly the whole of the slab is a cross similar in shape to that on the other face divided into three panels: the first, forming the head of the cross, has a small circular depression in the centre, within which there rises a boss, and the arms are filled with deeply carved foliaceous scrolls; the second, below the head, is a small rectangular compartment within a double incised border, unornamented, but containing at one end a small incised Latin cross; the third, which forms the shaft, shows two horns at the top with a coiled-up serpent between, while beneath are other two serpents forming interlacing designs."

The site of the ancient chapel of Kilmorie is on S. Mary's Croft. Not a stone of the structure remains. Symson, who wrote in 1684, says, "In this parish also, about a mile and an half from the kirk, in the way betwixt it and Stranrawer, there was of old a chapel, called Killemorie, but now wholy ruinous, within a little croft, of about fourty shillings sterling of yearly rent, possess'd by a countreyman, John McMeckin call'd

[1] Gaelic *cill Moire*, church of Mary.

ordinarly by the countrey people, the Laird, he and his predecessours having enjoy'd the same for severall generations. At the side of this Chapel, in the croft, commonly called the Laird's Croft, there is a well, to which people superstitiously resort, to fetch water for sick persones to drink; and they report, that if the person's disease be deadly, the well will be so dry, that it will be difficult to get water; but if the person be recoverable, then there will be water enough." Sir Andrew N. Agnew states that "John McMeikan's descendants still own the spot; and it is an interesting fact that this tiny holding should have continued an independent property, in the hands of a single family, for fully four hundred years. When they received the original grant is unknown; but the grant was renewed as far back as 1526."

Galdenoch Castle.



Loch Ryan.

CHAPTER XXIV

FROM STRANRAER TO GIRVAN

The Mote of Innermessan—Craigcaffie Castle—The Deil's Dyke—Lochryan House—Glen App—Carrick—Ballantrae—The Warlock of Innermessan—The Stinchar Valley—Kirkdomine—The martyr's grave in Barr Churchyard—The shore road from Ballantrae to Girvan—The ballad of May Collean—Girvan—Ailsa Craig—Its geology and history—Pennant's notes.

Loch Ryan was known to the Romans as *Rherigonius sinus*, and *Rherigonium*, a town assigned to the *Novantæ* by Ptolemy, is supposed to have occupied the site of the later Innermessan, the most considerable town in these parts, says Symson, until Stranraer was built. The site, about two miles to the north-east of Stranraer, is marked by a few cottages only; but near at hand is one of the antiquities of the neighbourhood, the Mote of Innermessan, rising steeply to the height of thirty feet above the bottom of the encircling ditch. A former minister of Inch says, "On the 24th November, 1834, I caused a hole, three feet deep, to be dug in the centre of the plain on the top. After passing through a fine rich mould, we came to a stratum consisting of ashes, charred wood, and fragments of bone."

The road crosses the Kirkclachie Burn, twists to the right,

and brings Craigcaffie Castle into view about a quarter of a mile away. We have in it an instance of an old castle that has been preserved almost undamaged. "Externally the keep is simple in appearance, the gable walls being finished with parapets and terminating in angle bartizans. There is no evidence to show that the parapet continued round the building. The entrance doorway in the north wall has a bold quirked bead on the angles of the jambs, and has evidently been surmounted by a pediment, of which little can now be traced. Over the doorway, and at some height from the ground, is a panel within a moulded architrave, divided into two parts; the upper containing an inscription now illegible; the lower two escutcheons. The dexter shield surmounted by the initials I N, for John Neilson, displays the Neilson arms: parted per chevron; in chief, two sinister hands couped and erect; and, in base, a dagger, point downwards: a star at fess point for difference. The sinister shield is surmounted by the initials M S, for Margaret Strang, his spouse. It is much weathered, but appears to have been charged with a chevron between three lozenges. The doorway is defended by a machicolation at the wall-head level carried upon two corbels. The windows have moulded jambs, and the architrave of the north-east window on the second floor has a late dog-tooth enrichment." The kitchen is a vaulted apartment and contained a well two feet in diameter, which is now filled up. The entrance to a small domically-vaulted chamber with a trap in the dome is almost in line with the well. The trap is now floored over, but "would probably be used for the haulage of water and other supplies from the kitchen to the principal floor."[1]

The earliest notice of the property belongs to the beginning of the fourteenth century, when Robert the Bruce made a grant of the lands of "Kellechaffe" to John, son of Neil, Earl of Carrick. The castle was built in the sixteenth century, and the Neilsons were in possession until the latter half of the eighteenth. The property has been in the hands of the Earls of Stair since 1791.

About a mile and a half farther on, the road passes Lefnol[2] Point, where a fragment of the ancient rampart, usually called

[1] The *Inventory*.

[2] Gaelic *leth pheighinn Amhalghaidh*, Olaf's or Aulay's half-penny land.

The Deil's Dyke, can be detected on the north side of the Beoch Burn. Eight feet broad at its base, with a ditch on its north side, it wound across Galloway from Lefnol Point to the Nith.[1]

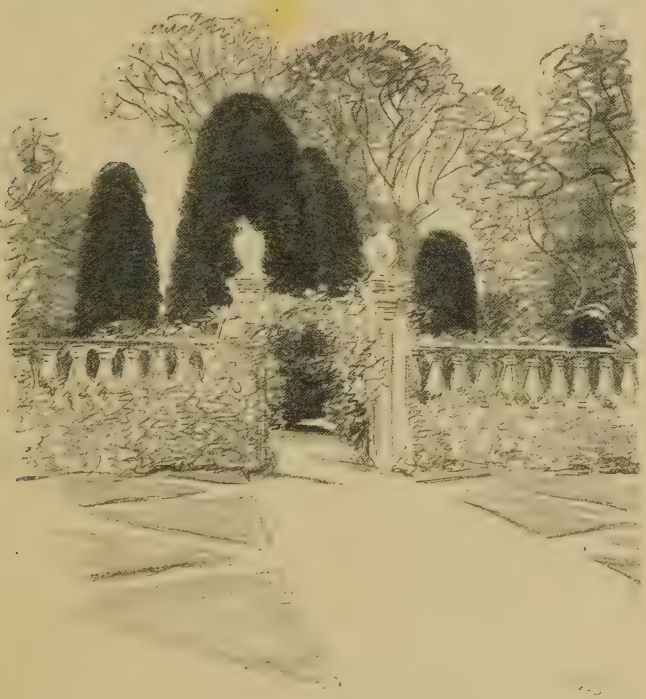
It was on a bright, warm day in the middle of June that I went along this shore-road. Little waves were rising under a light breeze on the left, and a haze softened the view of the upper part of The Rhinns beyond the loch. Besides the works of ancient dwellers in the land, there were signs of the changes wrought by natural forces in the raised beaches at various points on the right-hand side, picked out sharply in the strong light and shadow of the day; and the whitewashed cottages and gardens, decked with roses and poppies, of the present inhabitants of Cairnryan, shone out in their modest glory.

Behind the lighthouse at Cairn Point, just beyond the village, are the wooded grounds of the Lochryan estate, and a short avenue planted thickly on both sides leads up to the mansion. At the end of the approach one's admiration is divided in a kind of bewilderment between the charming quaint aspect of the house itself and the wonderful, majestic clipped yews in front of the court, towering above one in the midst of a little triangular lawn. Here is unusual material for the etching pencil, sketch-book, camera, or pen, if by any means one could do justice to it, for the house has something of an exotic look, as if one had wandered into some quiet corner of France or Flanders and come face to face with an old *château* in the midst of its carefully tended pleasaunce. Just beyond the yews—they stand on the lawn like colossal sentinels—is a high carved stone balustrade with the entrance between pillars surmounted by stone eagles; behind this structure is the court, laid down with turf and intersected by gravel paths; and rising above the farther end is the tall house front with its two wings projecting along the sides of the court. The harled walls, the little windows with sliding wooden shutters, the battlemented roof of the centre, the roofs of the wings falling steeply away towards both ends, the green hill called the Cairn rising abruptly behind the pleasaunce, and the *hortus inclusus* effect produced by the lofty masses of foliage impart a thrill of delight.

Among the contents of the large square hall, used in modern fashion as a living-room, are an old brass-bound charter-chest,

[1] See page 288.

and the skins and heads of wild animals acquired by various owners of Lochryan. Some pieces of armour include a Toledo blade, and hanging in the staircase at the back of the hall are Marshal Ney's saddle, holsters, and stirrups, picked up by

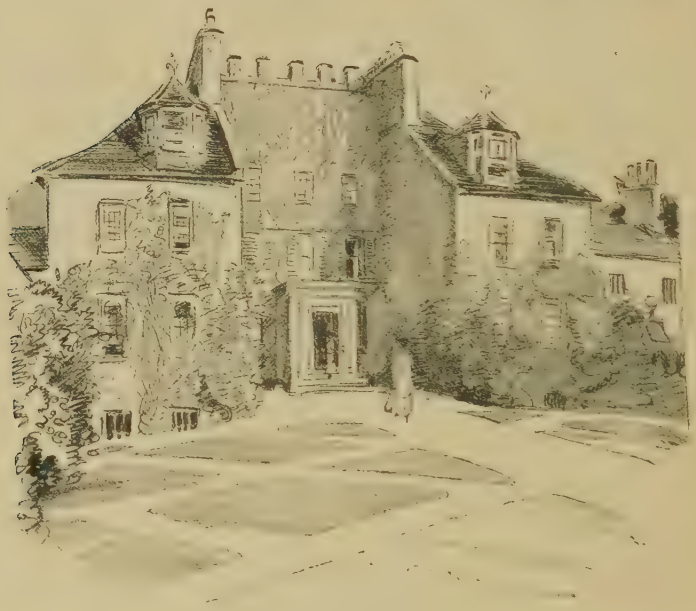


Approach to Lochryan House.

General Alexander Wallace of Lochryan when Ney's horse was shot under him on the battlefield of Busaco.

The principal apartments on the second storey are the drawing-room and boudoir, with Queen Anne panelling painted in white and gold, and the dining-room with stained Queen Anne panelling and a collection of family portraits. One of the subjects is Frances Anna Wallace, an heiress of Lochryan, who was married to John Dunlop of Dunlop in 1748, and became famous as the

friend and correspondent of Robert Burns. At a time of great distress caused by the death of her husband in 1785 she read and was delighted with "The Cottar's Saturday Night". "Mrs. Dunlop", says Gilbert Burns, "sent off a person express to Mossgiel, distant fifteen or sixteen miles,[1] with a very obliging letter to my brother, desiring him to send her half a dozen



Lochryan House.

copies of his *Poems*, if he had them to spare, and begging he would do her the pleasure of calling at Dunlop House as soon as convenient." Burns begins his answer to the letter by saying, "I am truly sorry I was not at home yesterday when I was so much honoured with your order for my copies, and incomparably more so by the handsome compliments you are pleased to pay my poetic abilities. I am fully persuaded that there is not any

[1] From Craigie House, near Ayr.

class of mankind so feelingly alive to the titillations of applause as the Sons of Parnassus; nor is it easy to conceive how the heart of the poor Bard dances with rapture when those whose character in life gives them a right to be polite judges, honour him with their approbation." In the concluding paragraph he says, "I have only been able to find you five copies: they are all I can command. I am thinking to go to Edinburgh in a week or two at farthest, to throw off a second impression of my book; but on my return, I shall certainly do myself the honour to wait on you, and thank you in person for the obliging notice you have been pleased to take of, Madam, your much indebted and very humble servt." This was the beginning of a friendship continuing throughout the poet's life, and described by Professor Nichol as one of "the most pleasing and permanent in literature". A reproduction of Mrs. Dunlop's portrait is published as the frontispiece to Mr. William Wallace's *Robert Burns and Mrs. Dunlop: correspondence now published in full for the first time, with elucidations.* The dining-room furniture includes a small table which belonged originally to the Wallaces' house of Craigie and came into Burns's possession. After his death his son presented it to Miss Keith Dunlop, one of his friend's daughters.

At the same end of the room is a lively presentment of Eglintine, daughter of Sir William Maxwell of Monreith and wife of Thomas Wallace. It is said that when her sister Jean, the future Duchess of Gordon, diverted herself and the onlookers by riding a sow along the High Street of Edinburgh, she aided the enterprise by running behind, beating the animal with a stick! She is said to have been "a favourite in the literary circles adorned by Hume, Adam Smith, and John Home", and, looking at her portrait, one can readily believe the statement that she was "noted for her smart and humorous sallies". She wrote two plays, *The Ton, or the Follies of Fashion*, produced at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, in April, 1788, but without success, and *The Whim*, a comedy in three acts, which was disallowed by the Lord Chancellor on account of its political allusions, but was printed in 1795.

Here are portraits also of General Alexander Wallace and his wife. He commanded the 88th Regiment, or Connaught Rangers, throughout the Peninsular War. Lord Wellington, having seen him lead his regiment in a gallant charge in the battle

of Busaco, rode up, and, taking his hand, said, "Wallace, I never saw a more gallant charge than that just now made by your regiment." He distinguished himself also at Fuentes d'Onoro and Salamanca, was made a K.C.B., and rose to the rank of general in 1851.

The jessamine covering the east front of the house recalls the statement in an old charter that a certain amount of cloth was allowed the gardener annually "for ye jasmine on ye mansion house" to fasten it. Coming out by the door on this side, which may have been at one time the main entrance, one gets a general view of the dressed grounds filling the space between the house and the hill behind. To right and left the house is flanked by alleys of tall yews casting long shadows on a sunny day over the great lawns, and opposite the door, and running upwards to the wooded slope, is a wide raised alley of grass traversing the terraced lawns like a kind of causeway, and on both sides a row of sweet bays trimmed to resemble orange trees. Besides the trees and shrubs that are arranged formally, many magnificent conifers, including some examples of the blue pine, grow at intervals on the lawns. The grass-grown alley leading to the wooded lower slope of the hill ends under the shadow of two very old Spanish chestnuts with boles of enormous girth, and from this point a shaded path winds up the hill among firs, larches, and other trees, with here and there an araucaria or a clump of pampas grass. Among the trees and shrubs in the grounds are the bronze filbert, the yucca, the Japanese maple, the Chilian rhubarb, the eucalyptus, the bamboo, the myrtle, and the *cordyline australis*. This last plant was in flower when I saw it in June. One of Mr. Wallace's predecessors introduced many rare rhododendrons. These have now attained a gigantic size, and bloom luxuriantly for many months in succession. The grassy slopes, it may be said in passing, present a glorious display of daffodils and lilies in spring. The *anchusa*, the New Zealand flax, and the *clianthus*, are notable occupants of the flower garden.

On a square tower at the north end of the wall that separates the garden from the deer park an old equatorial sundial has been placed at such an angle that, on the one face or on the other, it indicates the time of day throughout the year. The upper face bears the date 1662, and is incised, in a series of concentric circles, with the signs of the Zodiac, the months of the year, and

the names of twelve parts of the human body. All the available space is covered with a curious jumble of astronomical calculations, moral aphorisms, and Scripture texts.

A round tower at the other end of the wall is called the Pulpit because at a time when the nearest church was seven miles away the minister used to conduct open-air services here, preaching his sermon from this tower to a congregation seated on the grass below. It was not until 1841 that Cairnryan was made a *quoad sacra* parish, and the church built at the north end of the park.

The lands of the Lochryan estate bore the name of Croach[1] in ancient times, and the old house of Croach stood high on the edge of the Several[2] Moor, overlooking the Clady[3] Glen. The lands were a part of the estate of Innermessan, which the Agnews of Lochnaw acquired by charter in 1429. They were given by Sir Andrew Agnew, the second Hereditary Sheriff, to his second son, William. The Croach family intermarried with the MacDoualls of Logan and the Dunbars of Mochrum. In 1662 Alexander Agnew of Lochryan was fined six hundred pounds for his adherence to the Presbyterian form of church government. His son succeeded him in 1680, and married Margaret, daughter of Sir James Agnew of Lochnaw, in 1700. He rose to the rank of major in the Scots Greys, and also became a brevet lieutenant-colonel in the Army. It was he who built Lochryan House in 1701. The next proprietor was his son Thomas, with whom the male line of the Agnews of Lochryan ended. His sister Eleanor was married to Sir Thomas Wallace of Craigie in Ayrshire, who obtained the property in right of his wife.

The Wallaces of Craigie claimed kinship with both of the national heroes, Sir William Wallace of Elderslie and Robert the Bruce. One of the most distinguished members of the family was Sir Thomas, who became Lord Justice-Clerk. He was the father of Sir Thomas, who married Eleanor Agnew of Lochryan. Their only son, Thomas, died before his father, and the succession passed to their daughter, Frances Anna, who was married to John Dunlop of Dunlop, also the descendant of a very old Ayrshire family. Mr. and Mrs. Dunlop's youngest

[1] Guttural pronunciation; Gaelic *cruach*, a stack or a hill.

[2] Separate land. "*Severale*, applied to landed property as possessed distinctly from that of others, or contrasted with a common." —Jamieson.

[3] Gaelic *cladach*, the shore.

daughter is mentioned by Burns as "the blooming Keith". She died unmarried.

Mrs. Dunlop does not appear to have lived at Lochryan after her marriage, and the house was allowed to fall into disrepair. Robert Heron, who passed this way in 1792, says of the house that "for these last forty years, it has been uninhabited. It contains some spacious rooms. Several fine paintings have been left to fade and moulder away, on the staircase. It has been by degrees disfurnished of almost everything else. The partitions still remain: and the roof although ruinous, is not yet entirely destroyed: but, the lapse of a few years will leave nothing but the bare walls."

Thomas Dunlop fell heir not only to the Lochryan estate, but also to the lands and barony of Craigie, and assumed the name of Wallace. He had to sell the Craigie property in 1783. It was he who married Eglintine Maxwell. They had two sons, Thomas, who died in infancy, and John Alexander Agnew, who succeeded to Lochryan. He was followed by his son, William Agnew, in 1857. On his death in 1892 the estate passed to a nephew, Mr. John Alexander Agnew Wallace. A claim to the baronetcy had been asserted by Mrs. Dunlop's son and his successors until 1892, but is maintained no longer.

It only remains to note that the famous ballad, *The Lass of Lochryan*, is not believed to have any historical foundation, and that Taliessin's phrase, "Between Caer Rian and Caer Rwyg", used in connexion with The Deil's Dyke, refers to Cairn Ryan and Crawick on the Nith.

I have said the best that can be said of the journey from Stranraer to this point and have nothing to withdraw; but it must be confessed that the road itself is in the main of a grovelling habit. Immediately after Cairnryan it changes its character and, as if tired of the close companionship of the salt waves, mounts and twists upwards in a spirited manner along a wooded hillside. The trees are not so closely set as to shut out the view on the left, and there comes at the same time the effect of greater spaciousness in the outlook, for the seascape begins to open out from the narrow bounds of Loch Ryan to the broad stretches of the Firth of Clyde. Far beyond Milleur[1] Point at the north end of The Rhinns the dim coast of Antrim be-

[1] Gaelic *meall odhar*, grey hill.

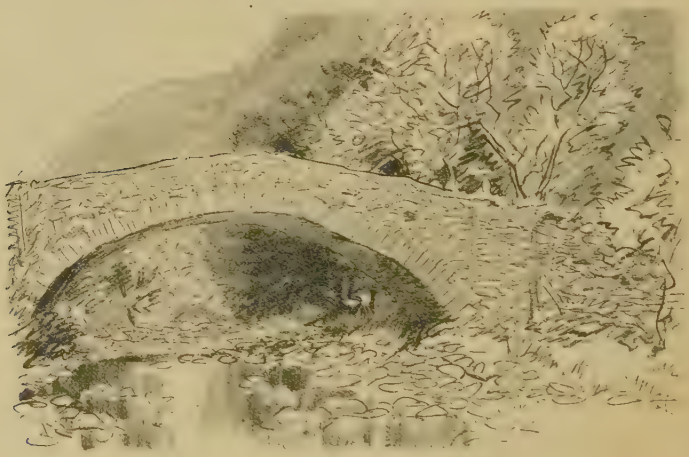
comes visible, and more to the right the little less faint line of the Kintyre peninsula. As if designing a kaleidoscopic impression for the traveller, the road then turns its back on the sea and runs inland up an open glen where there is in summer a great wealth of hawthorn and golden broom on the lower slopes, while in autumn the tale of colour is taken up by large patches of purple heather higher up. The road, after preparing itself by a gentle ascent so far, takes a fancy to the other side of the glen, crosses the burn, and makes a sudden attack on a steeper hill than it has yet known. The hill is covered thickly with

Glen App.

long-established, towering pines forming a deep, continuous shade, so that, although the traveller is climbing, he feels as if he had plunged abruptly into a depth. On a hot day there is a pleasing coolness here, and the moist rock-faces with their colonies of ferns growing in pockets and crevices are a joy. Besides the ferns there are many wild flowers, and the whole of the left bank of the road makes a natural rock-garden. Such are the delights of Glen App.

The name of the glen is traced to that ambitious monarch of the eighth century, Alpyn, who proposed to add Galloway

to his dominions, overran the country with an army, was defeated by a native chief near Kelton on the Dee, and as he was retiring from this enterprise, was slain by a single assailant in the neighbourhood of this glen. A pillar-stone called Leight-Alpyn marks the place of his burial. This explanation of the name is more credible than that of the philologist who maintained that "Glen App" meant "glen of the ape", adding that "at some very remote period those animals, therefore, must have existed in the south of Scotland, though they are long since extinct"!



Bridge in Glen App.

I found this road so alluring that I omitted to recall at the moment the significance of a little stream of water plashing down among rocks and trees shortly before the road turns away from Loch Ryan. This falling streamlet bears the name of the Galloway Burn, and marks the boundary between Galloway proper and Galloway *Irredenta* or Carrick. Of Carrick, Kyle, and Cunningham, the three ancient regalities into which Ayrshire was divided, the first was a part of Galloway until 1186. It was the home of the royal line of Bruce and the scene of the initial success of King Robert in the War of Independence. Robert the Third included the lands of the earldom of Carrick

in the appanage of his eldest son in a charter of 1404, and it is in consequence thereof that the Prince of Wales takes the title of Earl of Carrick. This was the land of the Kennedies and the arena of one of the most virulent and sustained feuds in Scottish history. A house in Maybole, the capital of Carrick, echoed to some of the faithful contendings of John Knox. The Covenanters were strong in the district, and nearly every churchyard has its martyr's grave. A bold claim is made for Carrick in the popular rhyme:

> Carrick for a man,
> Kyle for a coo,
> Cunningham for butter and cheese,
> And Galloway for 'oo.

This does not mean that the soil of Carrick was unproductive. It yielded such plentiful harvests of grain in the seventeenth century, when Mr. William Abercrummie, Episcopal minister of Maybole, set down his observations, that "from hence are yearly transported considerable quantities of meal, both to GALLOWAY, and the *Fishing* in CLYDE". "It affoords also store of cattle, so that great droves of cowes and bullocks are carryed yearly hence, both into ENGLAND and other places of our own kingdome."

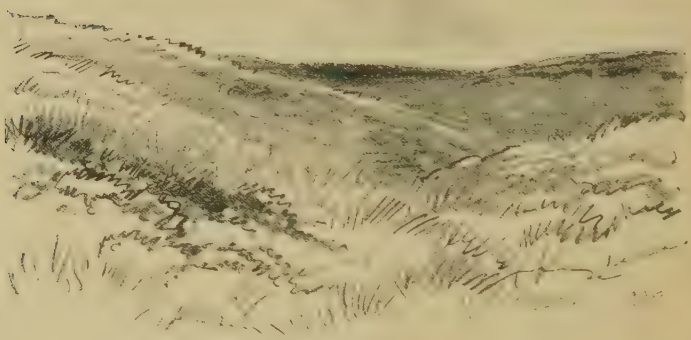
A mile or two after emerging from the top of Glen App, the road begins to descend into the valley of the Stinchar (the *ch* has the soft pronunciation), and two conspicuous features in the northward view arrest one, a hill on the land and a hill in the sea, the conical Knockdolian[1] rising eight hundred and sixty-nine feet on the other side of the Stinchar, and the rock-island of Ailsa towering out of the midst of the Firth of Clyde to the height of almost eleven hundred feet. From the sea in foggy weather the former is sometimes mistaken for the latter, and is known hence as "the false Ailsa Craig".

Ballantrae, a widely-scattered village lying round the bay into which the Stinchar flows, depends on fishing and on summer visitors. The beach is stony, but there is a little sand where bathers disport themselves. A golf-course runs along the shore. There are pleasant inland walks, and the Stinchar has some

[1] Gaelic *cnoc*, a hill, and *dall*, to mislead; the misleading hill, so called for the reason given in the text.

reputation as a fishing stream. If I were proposing a holiday residence on the Carrick coast, my choice would certainly fall on Ballantrae.

There are two literary facts about the place which the visitor ought to know. One is that the village is not the scene of Stevenson's romance, *The Master of Ballantrae*. I have given the truth of this matter in the chapter dealing with Borgue. The other is that Burns wrote a poem beginning, "Beyond yon hill where Stinchar flows", and in deference to the judgment of some polite critics who thought "Stinchar"



Ailsa Craig from the moors above Glen App.

inelegant replaced this name with "Lugar", the name of a tributary of the Water of Ayr. In Mr. Lang's edition the original reading is restored.

John Keats, writing at Ballantrae to his brother, on the 10th of July, 1818, says, "Yesterday we came 27 Miles from Stranraer—entered Ayrshire a little beyond Cairn, and had our path through a delightful Country . . . When we left Cairn our Road lay half way up the sides of a green mountainous shore, full of clefts of verdure and eternally varying—sometimes up sometimes down, and over little Bridges going across green chasms of moss, rock and trees—winding about everywhere. After two or three Miles of this we turned suddenly into a magnificent glen finely wooded in Parts—

seven Miles long—with a Mountain stream winding down the Midst—full of cottages in the most happy situations—the sides of the Hills covered with sheep—the effect of cattle lowing I never had so finely. At the end we had a gradual ascent and got among the tops of the Mountains whence in a little time I descried in the Sea Ailsa Rock 940 feet high—it was 15 Miles distant and seemed close upon us.

Ballantrae.

The effect of Ailsa with the peculiar perspective of the Sea in connection with the ground we stood on, and the misty rain then falling gave me a complete Idea of a deluge. Ailsa struck me very suddenly—really I was a little alarmed."

The older name of Ballantrae was Kirkcudbright-inner-Tig, arising from its association with the evangelist, S. Cuthbert, and the situation of the church on a bank of the Tig, a confluent of the Stinchar. When a new church was erected early in the

seventeenth century, the name was changed to "Ballantrae", "the village on the shore".

The ivy-clad ruin standing on a knoll beside the village represents the castle where the Bargany[1] branch of the Kennedies lived. Ardstinchar is said to have sheltered Mary, Queen of Scots, on the night of the eighth of August, 1566. A carved tomb in the churchyard is another memorial of the Bargany Kennedies. There is the following inscription above the entrance: "This Aisle contains a Burial Place of the Family of Bargany and Ardstinchar Chief of the Name of Kennedy, and a Monument raised over the remains of Gilbert the 16th Baron who was slain in a feudal conflict with his cousin the Earl of Cassillis at Maybole in 1601, at the early age of 25, on which occasion, when overpowered by numbers, Bargany displayed the most consummate bravery. The Epitaph having been defaced the Representative of the Family Hew F Kennedy now of Bennane, mindful of their virtues, has considered it his duty to erect this Tablet to the memory of his Ancestors." Some account of the Carrick vendetta will be given in a later chapter.

The brothers Chambers, who wrote about 1832, have some notes on the morals and manners of the inhabitants of Ballantrae in the smuggling period. The people in these parts were, they say, "till within the last twenty or thirty years, almost as wild and rude as the remote Highlanders of Ross-shire, though no doubt a great deal wealthier. And what the natural circumstances of the district gave rise to was greatly influenced, at one period, by the lawless state into which much of the population was thrown by smuggling. It is not yet more than forty years since the immense bands of people who, in this district, attend funerals would fall out on the road to the parish town, where the churchyard is situated, and, without regard to the sober character of their duty, set down the corpse and fight out their quarrel with fists, sticks, and such other rustic weapons as they happened to be possessed of, till, in the end, one party had to quit the field discomfited, leaving the other to finish the business of the funeral. Brandy from the French luggers that were perpetually hovering on the coast was the grand inspiration in these unseemly brawls."

If there is little serious history to be recorded about Ballantrae,

[1] The pronunciation is "Barginny"; Gaelic *barr gaothanach*, windy height.

there are one or two odd tales about Peter, the boat-builder and warlock of Innermessan, which have Ballantrae for their scene. Peter was once employed to build a boat for the fishermen of the village. "As he busily shaped the timbers, surrounded by many lookers-on, a rider was seen descending Drumconal at a tremendous pace and approaching the ford of the Stinchar. (This was many a day before the bridge was built.) 'The laddie goes hot-foot,' remarked one of the idlers. 'Does he?' rejoined the seer; 'he'll just bide there a bit.' Peter then laid his enchantments upon him so effectually that the man's horse was arrested in his stride, his hind hoofs fixed in the ground, his forelegs curved in a semi-circle; rider and steed were rooted to the spot in such an attitude as we have been accustomed to associate with another great Peter's statue on the Neva. Then Peter of Innermessan, having gratified his audience with this interesting tableau, coolly proceeded with his work until presently it pleased him, with a muttered 'Gang yer gate!' to allow the rider to proceed upon his journey."

The chronicler states further that "the fishermen of Ballantrae, superstitious like others of their calling, chuckled at the idea of the luck that must attend the boat built by so powerful an enchanter; but their hopes were short-lived; for as the wizard received the stipulated sum into his palm and turned to trudge homewards, he vouchsafed the unwelcome hint as to the future—'That boat will droon her fu';' and so it occurred in due course. One calm evening, the vessel, with an unusually large crew, was nearing the shore, when a sudden squall drove the party out to sea. Night coming on, no assistance could be given; and neither boat nor fishermen were ever heard of after."

I do not suppose anyone could live at Ballantrae without being beguiled inland by the attractions of the Stinchar valley. As Abercrummie says, the Stinchar "makes a pleasant strath in all its course". In particular there is the village of Colmonell,[1] which has a euphonic name, as well as a pretty aspect, and as one journeys up the glen, one begins to be impressed by something that is most noticeable throughout Carrick as a whole—the great number of old castles. The country fairly bristles with them. In the lower part of the valley between Ballantrae

[1] "From St. Colmonella, died 611; called in *Adamnan*, Columbanus; Colum an Eala, 'Colum of the Eala' (name of stream in King's Co.)."—Johnston.

and Pinwherry[1] there are, for instance, besides Ardstinchar Castle, the remains of the strongholds of Knockdolian, Kirkhill at the entrance of Colmonell, Craigneil on the other side of the glen, and Pinwherry at the meeting of the Stinchar and the Duisk[2]—these five within the space of eight miles. Colmonell has its memorial of the great persecution in the grave of Matthew

Colmonell.

MacIlwraith—"By Bloody Claverhouse I fell". It has been supposed that the martyr's name suggested "Mucklewrath" to the author of *Old Mortality*.

Above Pinwherry the valley narrows, the hills on both sides are steep and covered with woods, and at various points along

[1] Prob. "penny-land of the copse"; Gaelic *peighinn fhoithre* (pron. whirry).—Johnston.

[2] Gaelic *dubh uisge*, black water.

the lower slopes there are many hawthorns and rhododendrons. You pass here along one of the most delightful highways in Carrick. Near Pinmore[1] the road climbs out of the Stinchar valley, crosses a pass at the foot of the Dinvin[2] hill, and gives a remarkable view of Girvan, the sea, and Ailsa Craig, all framed within a setting of high hills. Also near Pinmore, a road breaks off to the right, leading past the site of an old church, Kirkdomine,[3] to the upland village of Barr.

As the scene of well-known fairs, "Kirkdamnie, or as it is now usually further corrupted Kirkdamdie, long had a celebrity in the western shires quite equal to that of Donnybrook in the sister isle."[4]

Of Barr there is little to say except that the churchyard contains a martyr's grave and that the view of the Galloway hills is of interest to the geologist.[5] The inscription on the martyr's tombstone is as follows:

1685
HEAR · LYES · EDW
ARD · McKeeN · W
HO · WAS· ShoAT · IN
THIS · PARISh · BY · C
ORN: DOUGLLAS F
OR · ADheRANCE · TO
THE · WORD · OF · GOD
AND · SCOTLLANDS ·
COUENATED · WORK
OF · REFORMATION.

On the other side of the stone there is a sand-glass at the top, and below it a hand holds a tablet bearing the words:

BE· FAITH
FUL · UNT
O · DEAT
H · &c.

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[1] Gaelic *peighinn mòr*, big penny-land.—Johnston.

[2] Gaelic *dún fionn*, white fort.

[3] The oldest form of the name seems to be that in a charter of 1404, "Kildomine", the Lord's church.

The remains of the church were removed in 1636, when the Presbytery of Ayr decided that it was "necessary and expedient that the materials of Kirkdomine as yet standing be taken down and transported to the place where the new kirk is to be builded", that is, the kirk of Barr.

[4] *The Hereditary Sheriffs.*

[5] There is a drawing in Sir Archibald Geikie's *The Scenery of Scotland viewed in Connection with its Physical Geology.*

This was a case of shooting without trial. Wodrow tells how Cornet James Douglas with twenty-four soldiers "finding Edward Kyan a pious good man from Galloway, lately come thence to buy corn, who had fled in betwixt the gavel of one house, and the side-wall of another, they dragged him out, and took him through a yard. He was asked where he lived, and told them, upon the water of Menock. When one of the soldiers had him by the arm dragging him away, without any warning, further questions, or permitting him to pray, the said lieutenant, who was governor of the garrison at Balwhan, shot him through the head, and presently discharged his other pistol, and shot him again in the head, when lying on the ground struggling with death; and one of the soldiers of the party coming up, pretended he saw some motion in him still, and shot him a third time. . . . He was but a youth, and could not have been at Bothwell, or any of the risings, and they had indeed nothing to charge him with but his hiding himself." Wodrow had before him "an attested account signed by persons present."

Apart from the section between Ballantrae and Girvan, the road along the Carrick coast is not likely to arouse enthusiasm. During these thirteen miles, however, it makes a bold bid for admiration, and the carriage-hirers of Girvan have labelled it a "popular coach-drive". It reminded me of another running along the east side of Luce Bay between Port William and Auchenmalg. I prefer the latter, partly because it is little-travelled, and the quietness is less likely to be shattered by crowded brake-loads of hilarious holiday-makers; but have no hesitation in admitting that the road from Ballantrae to Girvan, running near the shingly beach, twisting round the bold Bennan[1] headland, rising at one point to a hundred and fifty feet above the sea, and commanding the whole width of the Firth of Clyde, the low line of Kintyre, The Isle of Arran with its lofty, jagged skyline, and Ailsa Craig, that colossal rock in the middle distance, will give the traveller much joy on a fine summer day.

About three and a half miles from Ballantrae, it passes near the mouth of a large cave which penetrates the Bennan Head for seventy feet. This is the nightly refuge of gypsies and other tramps. According to Carrick tradition, it was once the dwelling-place of that monstrous ogre, Sawny Bean, the cannibal,

[1] Gaelic *beinnan*, a little hill.

who has probably had something more than justice done him in Mr. Crockett's romance, *The Grey Man*. Gamesloup, a precipitous crag overhanging the sea a little farther on, was, according to another legend, the scene of a different class of villanies and of their appropriate conclusion. A laird of Carleton amassed wealth by marrying heiresses and then throwing them over this precipice into the sea. He was about to add one more to the series of his matrimonial iniquities by drowning a lady called May Collean or Culzean when he came by a violent end. According to the ballad, however, he had not married the lady, but had merely abducted her and was going to content himself with robbing her of her personal belongings.

Fause Sir John a-wooing came
To a maid of beauty rare;
May Collean was this lady's name,
Her father's only heir.

He's courted her but, and he's courted her ben,
And courted her into the ha',
Until he got the maid's consent
To mount and ride awa'.

She's gane down to her father's stable,
Where a' the steeds did stand,
And she has taken the best steed
That was in her father's land.

He's got on, and she's got on,
And fast as they could flee,
Until they come to a lonesome part—
A rock abune the sea.

"Light down, light down," says fause Sir John,
"Your bridal bed you see;
Here have I drowned seven ladies fair,
The eighth one you shall be.

"Cast off, cast off your jewels fine,
Cast off your silken gown,
They are owre fine and owre costly
To rot in the salt sea foam."

"O turn ye then about, Sir John,
And look to the leaf o' the tree,
For it never became a gentleman
A naked woman to see."

He turned himself straight round about
To look to the leaf o' the tree;
She has twined her arms around his waist,
And thrown *him* into the sea.

"Now lie you there, thou fause Sir John,
Where ye thought to lay me;
Although ye'd hae stripped *me* to the skin,
Your claes ye hae gotten wi' thee."

"O help, O help now, May Collean,
O help, or else I drown;
I'll tak you hame to your father's gates,
And safely set ye down."

"Nae help, nae help, thou fause Sir John,
Nae help nor pity to thee;
Ye lie not in a caulder bed
Than the ane ye meant for me."

So she went on her father's steed
As fast as she could gae,
And she cam' hame to her father's house
Before it was break of day.

I went to Girvan feeling sure that I should not like it. It was obvious, however, from a study of the map, that it would be the most convenient point from which to explore the northern part of Carrick. There must be a considerable number of people who do like it, or there would not be so many rows of houses with the legend, "apartments to let", displayed in the windows; and for people to whom it does not matter much where they spend their holidays so long as there are a beach, a golf-course, and a railway station with a good service of trains to the nearest city, it may do very well. Against the dull, bleak streets, and the high winds and clouds of dust that prevailed during the days that I spent there, I must mention on the credit side the outlook across the Firth to Arran and Ailsa[1] Craig, the interest of the frequent atmospheric transformations, and the fact that a little steamer sails from Girvan to the Rock. The voyage is worth making, for Ailsa Craig is not merely an island with a lighthouse, but has some remarkable features and several fragments of history, and gives, moreover, a novel standpoint from which to look at the main-

[1] Norse for "Ailsi's isle."

land. Indeed, a visit to it will stand out as the most notable of one's Carrick experiences.

Geologists say that "like the rock of Dumbarton and the Bass Rock, Ailsa Craig consists of igneous rock which once filled the throat of a volcano, probably in carboniferous times. This throat penetrated softer strata and may have been submarine, surmounted by a cone and crater. The agents of denudation have, however, subsequently removed the original summit of the volcanic mass, together with much of the stratified materials once enclosing it, and they have left the hard consolidated core, as we see it, rising from the sea-bed, and forming an elongated dome."[1] "The rock of Ailsa Craig is a light greenish-gray, fine-grained micro-granite. Examined in thin slices under the microscope, it is seen to be composed essentially of orthoclase-felspar quartz, and a dark-blue variety of hornblende known to mineralogists as riebeckite. Zircon also occurs sparingly as one of the rock-constituents. The most interesting of these minerals is riebeckite, which is of rare occurrence—the only other locality in Britain from which it has been recorded being the hill of Mynydd Mawr, some three miles west of Snowdon. Riebeckite was first discovered in granite from Socotra in 1888. Since then it has been detected in Corsica and in Colorado. It is this mineral which spots the Ailsa Craig rock with the irregular dark-blue blotches. . . . During the glacial period, Ailsa Craig was completely smothered in the great stream of ice which poured down the Firth of Clyde and made its way into the Irish Sea. Fragments of the micro-granite were thus detached and carried away by the ice, and are now met with occasionally in the Isle of Man."[2]

Keats's sonnet is entitled *To Ailsa Rock.*

Hearken, thou craggy ocean pyramid!
Give answer from thy voice, the sea-fowl's screams!
When were thy shoulders mantled in huge streams?
When, from the sun, was thy broad forehead hid?
How long is't since the mighty power bid
Thee heave to airy sleep from fathom dreams?
Sleep in the lap of thunder or sun-beams,
Or when grey clouds are thy cold cover-lid?
Thou answer'st not, for thou art dead asleep!
Thy life is but two dead eternities—

[1] Edward Hull, F.R.S., in *Ailsa Craig: its History and Natural History* by the Rev. R. Lawson.
[2] James Geikie, F.R.S., *ibid.*

The last in air, the former in the deep ;
First with the whales, last with the eagle-skies—
Drown'd wast thou till an earthquake made thee steep,
Another cannot wake thy giant size.

Wordsworth's sonnet belongs to 1833 and bears the heading, IN THE FRITH OF CLYDE, AILSA CRAG. DURING AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, JULY 17.

Since risen from ocean, ocean to defy,
Appeared the Crag of Ailsa, ne'er did morn
With gleaming lights more gracefully adorn
His sides, or wreathe with mist his forehead high :
Now, faintly darkening with the sun's eclipse,
Still is he seen, in lone sublimity,
Towering above the sea and little ships ;
For dwarfs the tallest seem while sailing by,
Each for her haven.

The first documentary notice of Ailsa Craig occurs in a royal charter of 1404 confirming to Crossraguel Abbey the lands belonging to it, and naming among the rest *Insula de Ailsay, cum pertinenciis*. The Rev. Robert Lawson, whose monograph on the island will be useful to visitors, epitomizes the history of its tenure thus : "The Earls of Carrick, previous to the endowment of Crossraguel Abbey ; the Abbots of Crossraguel Abbey, from that date to the Reformation in 1560 ; the Cassillis family from the Reformation to the present day."

The few historical incidents that have a link with Ailsa Craig are connected with the Spanish danger. Lord Maxwell, after the failure of his rising in support of the expected invasion, escaped down the Solway Firth and was pursued by a government vessel. He sailed into the Firth of Clyde, and finding when opposite Ballantrae that the pursuing ship still held after him, "withdrew himself, and passed with ane and himself in ane cokboit to *Ilshay*, and on the back of that ile, fand ane fischer boit, quhairin he cam to the land foranent the Abbey of Crosregale", and there was captured.

"Becaus he could gett no entrance in the Abbey," says Calderwood, "he was forced to retire to an oastler hous in the toun, to gett his dinner. Whill he is at dinner, six or seven gentlemen were breaking up the doores of the hous. He fleeth to the wood, where he was taikin in a cave upon the fyft of June, by Sir William Stewart."

The next event in the history of Ailsa Craig arises out of the Spanish designs against Britain after the failure of the

great Armada. Hew Barclay of Ladyland in Kilbirnie had become a Protestant, but had reverted to the old Church and been excommunicated. He went abroad and returned a few years later to plot with other Roman Catholics for the overthrow of the government.[1] In particular, he proposed to take possession of Ailsa Craig for the following purposes:—"to sett up and manteyne ane public Masse, quhilk should be patent to all distressed papists, wherefra so ever they shall come; to serve as ane place of releife and refreshment to the Spanyart or rather a port to them, on ther arryval in Ireland; to establish ane storehouse to keep furnishing and all things profytable to the use of the Erle of Tyrone, with the quhilk Erle, Ladyland by his commissioners had been buissy sen his last coming to Scotland."

His intention became known to Andrew Knox, "minister of God's Worde at Paseleye", who informed the government. Finding the warning disregarded, the minister of Paisley, with a company of nineteen men, sailed to Ailsa Craig and took possession of the rock himself. Barclay arrived with thirteen supporters "to fortify the island, and victual the same for the ressett and comforte of the Spanishe armey, luiked for be him to have come and arryvit". He found himself confronted suddenly by the minister and his army, who "forgadderit with him and his compleceis, tuke sum of his associatis, and desirit himselfe to rander and be takin with thaime, quha wer his awne freindis, meaning nawayes his hurte nor drawinge of his blude". Barclay refused to surrender. He was driven backwards into deep water and so was "drownit and perisheit in his awne wilfull and desperat resolution".[2] After this incident the Earl of Cassillis arranged for the proper custody of the island.

[1] "The Laird of Ladyland in Cunninghame, latelie come home out of Flanders, an apostat, reasoning against the truthe and blaspheming."—*Certan Greeves of the Generall Assemblie of Scotland assembled in Edinburgh, givin in to His Majestie the 20th of Februar* 1587.

[2] The minister of Paisley seems to have regarded the Firth of Clyde as a part of his parish. Nothing could happen there without his being on the spot at the opportune moment. In 1592, Calderwood tells us, "a certain young gentleman, named Mr. George Ker, brother to Marke Lord Newbottle, being readie to make for the saile out of Fairlie Raid, at the West Sea Banke, his speeches were taikin heed to, and he perceaved to be a Papist passing to Spaine, to traffique betuixt the King of Spaine and some Scottish noblemen. Mr. Andrew Knox, minister at Paisley, accompanied with some schollers of Glasgow, gentlemen's sonnes, and other

Many people who never heard of Hew Barclay must have thought what a splendid fortress Ailsa Craig would make; yet no galleries have been driven into its mass, no guns wait to spread a curtain of fire across the sea. On the outbreak of war in 1914, however, certain less obvious means were adopted for the defence of the Firth, and it is rumoured that some German submarines came to a final rest on the sea-floor.

Besides the lighthouse men, there is a little population on the rock who are supported by the granite industry. The rock of Ailsa is in great favour for making curling stones.

A nervous reader should be warned not to be startled and lose his footing as he climbs if a passing steamer blows its horn in order to raise the cloud of birds. In Pennant's opinion "the walk is horrible, for the depth is alarming." He ascended, however, to the castle, a square tower of three storeys, and saw the view of the bays of Girvan and Campbeltown on either side of the Firth, but did not go to the summit of the rock as the day was very warm. He notes that the Earl of Cassillis rents Ailsa Craig "for 33*l. per ann.* to people who come here to take the young gannets for the table; and the other birds for the sake of their feathers. . . . The fowler ascends the rocks with great hazard, is provided with a long rod, furnished at the end with a short hair line with a running noose. This he flings round the neck of the bird, hawls it up and repeats it till he takes ten or twelve dozen in an evening." Pennant was impressed by the "stupendous and amazing assemblage of precipitous columnar rocks of great height rising in wild series one above the other" on the east side, and thought it wonderful that "throstles exerted the same melody in this scene of horror as they do in the groves of *Hertfordshire*". 1772 was the year of his visit.

freinds, apprehended him upon the 27th of December in the Yle of Cumra, before Boote, when he was ready to embarke, searched his coffers, found diverse letters and blankes directed from George Erle of Huntlie, . . . and other practisers, some in Latine, some in Frenche, together with their caschets and signets" with the result that Mr. George Ker was lodged in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. Some of the documents found are known to history as the Spanish blanks. On the 20th of October, 1596, the General Assembly "entered in consideratioun of the dangers of the kirk, arising of the forefaulted excommunicated erles within the realme, and what remedeis might be devised for preventing therof" and appointed a vigilance committee. As we might have expected, the minister of Paisle was one of the commissioners for the west.

CHAPTER XXV

THE GIRVAN VALLEY

Castles and Covenanters—Old Dailly Church—The charter stone—The Baron's Stone of Killochan—Remarkable incident of an entombed miner—The Girvan Valley coal-field—The Sunday labour question in 1701—The Burning Pit—A pit that burned for a hundred years.

Along the Girvan Water, as in the Stinchar valley, there are many castles. Ascending the stream, we find on the one or on the other bank those of Killochan,[1] Bargany, Brounston, Dalquharran,[2] Drummochreen,[3] Kilkerran,[4] Cloncaird,[5] and Blairquhan,[6] and Penkill Castle in a tributary glen. Some of them come into notice as the homes of actors in the Carrick vendetta, and not a few have a place in the story of the persecution of the Covenanters. From some hillside rising above the Girvan Water one may look down upon a series of points the history of which brings before us all the personal factors in that period of terror, agony, woe, and stupidity: the faithful meeting secretly to worship God according to the rites which Scotland had received from the Reformers and to listen to the exhortations of their "outed" ministers, the high and the low suffering alike for their fidelity, the informer and the covetous anxious to make what they could out of the suspicions of the times, the perverse

[1] Gaelic *cill, cille*, cell, church, or *coill*, a wood, and *lochan*, a little loch.

[2] Perhaps Gaelic *dail charrain*, meadow of the scurvy-grass or corn-weed.

[3] Gaelic *druim-a-chritheinn*, hill-ridge of the aspen tree, from *crith*, trembling.

[4] Church of Kiaran.

[5] Gaelic *cluain ceàird*, meadow of the smith.

[6] Probably *blar bhan*, white-looking, fair plain.

and incompetent government attempting an impossible task, the armed savages who acted as its enthusiastic tools.[1] The present house of Bargany, for example, was built by John, Lord Bargany, who suffered in the cause of the Covenant. When "The Bond" was pressed on the noblemen and other landlords in 1678—"The Bond" was a document by which the signatories bound themselves to abstain from conventicles, to keep their tenants clear of "the rebels", and to do all in their power to crush the popular movement—he was one of those who refused to sign it. During the renewal of persecuting zeal which followed upon the battle of Bothwell Bridge, personal enemies of Bargany who coveted his lands secured his imprisonment on the charge of having been concerned in the rising. When he was brought to trial, however, no evidence was produced in support of the charges formulated against him on this and on other counts. Again, the dining-room of Killochan Castle was the scene of conventicles. Drummochreen, represented now by a bit of ivy-covered wall, was the abode of John Macalexander, a resolute Covenanter, who was forced to give free quarters to some of the Highland Host and was fined eighty pounds. Kilkerran was the home of Alexander Fergusson, a son-in-law of the Bishop of Galloway, who guided the dragoons to the house of James Semple, the martyr, whose body lies in Old Dailly Churchyard. It was at Blairquhan Castle that the dragoons were quartered.

The erection of the old church of Dailly[2] Parish, three miles east of Girvan, is attributed to a period not later than the four-

[1] "And now the Highland Host (as it was called) appear upon the stage. . . . After they past Stirling they carried as if they hade been in ane enemies countrey, living upon free quarter where ever they came. They spread themselves through the whole counties of Clidesdale, Renfrew, Cunninghame, Kyle, Carrick; Galloway they did not reach. . . . As for the oppressions, exactions, injuries, and cruelties committed by the Highlanders among the poor people of the west countrey, it is a bussiness above my reach to describe. . . . A thinking man may apprehend what a company of barbarous Highlanders would doe, when they were sent upon design to turn the innocent people of the west countrey mad by their oppressions, in which office indeed you may believe they were very faithfull. . . . When this goodly army retreated homeward, you would have thought by their baggage they hade been at the sack of a besieged city."—Kirkton's *History*.

[2] Gaelic *dealghe*, thorns.

teenth century. A former minister gives the following description: "Like all ancient churches, the building stands due east and west. In length it is about ninety-two feet, in breadth twenty-five feet, over the walls. Each of the two gables is surmounted by a belfry. A cross formerly stood on the eastern belfry, but it was knocked down by the branch of a tree during a storm about a century ago. The double belfry is a very unusual circumstance, and testifies to the ancient importance of our old church. The western bell was used in Roman Catholic times for summoning the people to worship, while the eastern or 'sanctus bell' was only rung when the more solemn services of the Church were being performed. The 'piscina,' a stone basin in which the priests washed their hands and also rinsed the chalice at the celebration of the Mass is said still to remain in the wall, within the tomb of the Bargany family, in the east end of the building."

Two large blue stones lie within an enclosure built against the north wall. Their size, roundness, and smoothness make them difficult to lift, and the attempt to do so has been regarded in the parish as a test of strength. Scott refers to one of them as "a charter stone" in a note to *The Lord of the Isles*. It is believed that they lay originally beside the altar in the church and that they served as sanctuary stones for criminals who could make their way to them. An incident in the history of the charter stone is given thus in Scott's note: "The village of New Dailly being now larger than the old place of the same name, the inhabitants insisted that the Charter Stone should be removed from the old town to the new, but the people of Old Dailly were unwilling to part with their ancient right. Demands and remonstrances were made on each side without effect, till at last, man, woman, and child of both villages marched out and by one desperate engagement put an end to a war, the commencement of which no person then living remembered. Justice and victory, in this instance, being of the same party, the villagers of the old town of Dailly now enjoy the pleasure of keeping the 'blue stane' unmolested."

There is another notable stone not far away. The lifting of it has never been suggested as an athletic test, nor has it been bandied about by rival communities struggling for its possession. It has been put in its present place by the stupendous forces of nature, and by them alone is it likely that it will ever be dis-

turbed. It is a great detached mass of granite measuring about four hundred and eighty cubic feet and weighing therefore about thirty-seven tons, and is known as The Baron's Stone of Killochan. Resting on a gentle, green slope, it is a reminder of the glacier that once ground its way down the Girvan Valley and bore fragments of granite, great and small, from the central mass of the Galloway Highlands towards the Firth of Clyde. The tradition is that the barons of Killochan used it as a judgment-seat, as a place of execution, and as a centre where they could muster their forces, hold their councils, and divide

Dailly.

the spoils of victory. Sir Archibald Geikie has make it the subject of a fascinating discourse in his *Geological Sketches*.

The same writer devotes another chapter in that volume to "The Colliers of Carrick", and includes a detailed account of the remarkable incident of a miner remaining alive after being buried in a coal-pit for twenty-three days. The facts are recorded as follows on a tombstone in Dailly Churchyard: "In memory of John Brown, Collier, who was enclosed in Kilgrammie[1] Coal Pit, by a portion of it having fallen in,

[1] Doubtful. Perhaps Gaelic *coill gramachaidh*, the wood of the clenching or the gripping fast.—Johnston.

Octr. 8th, 1835, and was taken out alive, and in full possession of his Mental faculties, but in a very exhausted state, Octr. 31st, having been twenty-three days in utter seclusion from the world, and without a particle of food. He lived for three days after, having quietly expired on the evening of Novr. 3d, aged 66 years." During his entombment he had been able to walk about at first and supply himself with water; but growing weaker, had stumbled and fallen into the position in which his rescuers found him.

The Girvan Valley is the only part of Carrick where coal is mined. We have here "a little bit of the great Scottish coal-field which by some ancient terrestrial revolution has got detached from the rest and become, as it were, jammed in between the two steep sides of the valley of the Girvan". There is evidence of coal having been wrought in this district so long ago as 1415, and "coal heuchs" and "coal pottis" are mentioned in charters of the following century. In 1701 the Kirk Session of Dailly Parish were exercised on the subject of Sunday labour at the Drummochreen colliery. The miners thought it necessary to keep the hand-pump going in order to prevent the water from flooding the pit, and the Session appointed a deputation to speak to the coal grieve "anent his drawing water out of the hough of Dramochrein on Sabbath day". The chronicler does not say if, as a result of the Session's remonstrance, the water was allowed to accumulate.

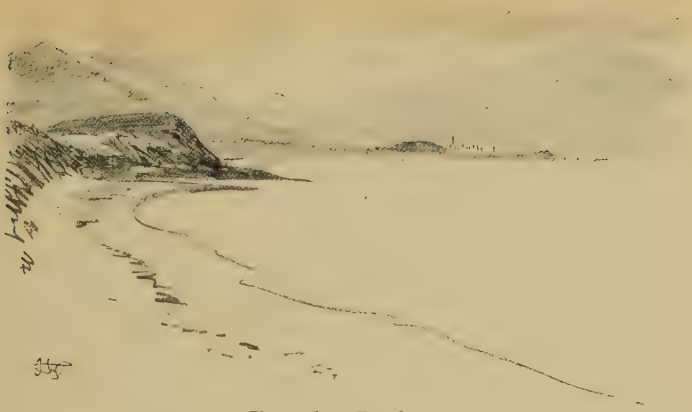
A special interest attaches to what is known as The Burning Pit. Owing to miscalculations in excavating and propping the workings, the pillars began to break down in 1848. The subsequent history as it is told by a local authority has a curious fascination. "Men were employed to prop and build up the workings, but all their efforts were of no avail. The *creep* gradually extended away to the east and as far west as the whin dyke, which proved a barrier against it in this direction. From this point it gradually, day after day and week after week, travelled uphill, affecting all the seams in its course, until it became evident that a portion of the workings would entirely break down. A desperate effort was now made to save the incline by propping and building the workings on each side, but this had no effect in stopping the creep. At last on the 6th of December, 1849, the whole workings from the eastern extremity to the whin dyke came down with one crash, shaking

the whole surface as with the shock of an earthquake. Notwithstanding the serious aspect of matters previously, nobody about the place anticipated such a catastrophe. But the worst remains to be told. On that night, the 6th of December, or on the morning of the 7th, in consequence of the coal falling amongst the red-hot bricks of the engine furnace, the workings took fire. At five o'clock in the morning the fire was so strong that the flames reached the top of the pit, a distance of two hundred feet, and set the pithead frame in a blaze.

"All the attempts to extinguish the fire were unsuccessful, and it continued to make rapid progress. It appeared to come direct from the pit to the surface and also to spread along west to the whin dyke above Wallacetown and east to another whin dyke beyond Craigieside. The whole brow of the hill between these two points was red-hot for years. These two dykes, however, proved to be effectual barriers to the spread of the fire east and west. After all the coals near the outcrop were burned, the fire gradually crept away down the workings, and the surface became cooler until, at the present day, the main evidence that the fire still exists is the constant discharge of gases from the cracks and rents on the surface."

Another pit in this neighbourhood, that of Dalzellowlie, took fire in 1749. It belonged partly to the Kilkerran and partly to the Culzean estate, and one version of the disaster is that either the Kilkerran or the Culzean colliers had been working a seam belonging to the other property, and in order to save themselves and their employers from discovery had ignited the coal. Another tradition is that two shepherd lads had crept down and amused themselves by making a fire in the dark and that the flames had spread from this source. It was impossible to subdue the conflagration by excluding the air, as the pit was wrought from the surface; the ground, moreover, cracked as the fire extended; and the coal continued to burn for about a hundred years! An effect of the subterranean heat was seen in the rapid growth of the trees planted on the hill.

This reminds me that the hills on both sides of the Girvan Water above Old Dailly are richly wooded, and that when, from the heights where the railway runs between Killochan and Kilkerran stations, one looks down upon the valley, the effect has a certain grandeur.



Girvan from Turnberry.

CHAPTER XXVI

FROM GIRVAN TO THE DOON

Turnberry—Marjory, Countess of Carrick, and Robert Bruce—The birth of the future king—King Robert lands at Turnberry—Culzean—What Sir William Brereton saw—The grounds—Dunure—The roasting of Allan Stewart—Greenan.

As one follows the coast between Girvan and the Doon, there come into view one by one the castles of Turnberry [1], Culzean [2], Dunure [3], and Greenan [4], standing each on a rocky promontory or crowning a cliff. Of the road to Turnberry there is little to be said except that there is a continuous series of potato fields between it and the sea—this coast produces the earliest crops of potatoes in Scotland—and that there is on the right the slope of a raised beach. When Stevenson passed this way, he noted an odd feature of the cottages—"a triangular porch projected

[1] "Prob. hybrid; Nor. Fr. *tourne*, 'a feudal court', and O.E. *byrig* or *burg*, 'a fortified place, castle', *cf.* Queensberry. *Turn* may just mean 'turn' or 'corner'."—Johnston.

[2] Doubtful. Perhaps from Gaelic *cùil gheinne* (*gh* mute), nook or corner like a wedge.—Johnston.

[3] Gaelic *dùn odhar*, grey fort.

[4] Gaelic *grianan*, a sunny spot, summer-house, also a mountain peak.

from above the door, supported at the apex by a single upright post; a secondary door was hinged to the post, and could be hasped on either cheek of the real entrance; so, whether the wind was north or south, the cotter could make himself a triangular bight of shelter where to set his chair and finish a pipe with comfort. . . . So far as I am aware, it is peculiar to the little corner of country about Girvan."

The roads in northern Carrick as a whole, with one or two exceptions, are disappointing, and I shall attempt little in the way of praise. Not only are the roads dull, but the undulating or merely flat look of the country palls on one who has beheld the various glories of the coasts and mountains of Galloway and southern Carrick, and it is only when one turns to old tales that one realizes that this is still a country where the sentimental traveller may journey with something more than patience.

An accidental but important meeting occurred in this district in 1271. The persons were Marjory, Countess of Carrick, and Robert Bruce, son of the Lord of Annandale and Cleveland. The Countess was the daughter and heiress of Neil, second Earl of Carrick, and a granddaughter of Duncan, to whom the earldom had been awarded in 1186 on his resigning his claim to the lordship of Galloway. Before her meeting with Robert Bruce she had been married to Adam of Kilconcath, who had gone to Palestine in 1269 in the army of Louis the Eleventh of France to fight for the Holy Sepulchre and had died at Acre in the following year.

She was riding over her ancestral estate, followed by her attendants, when a knight who had been hunting crossed her path. His appearance and bearing produced on her mind an instantaneous and deep impression. It was doubtless in accordance with the etiquette of the period that she should send her attendants to offer him the hospitality of her castle of Turnberry. The stranger, knowing that his would-be hostess was a ward of the crown, did not wish to incur the royal displeasure, and refused the invitation. The Countess, after the manner of her sex, was the more determined to have her way, ordered her company to surround him, and led him with gentle but firm constraint to her castle. After a few days of her society, Bruce resolved to brave the King's wrath and married the Countess forthwith. The King, in his anger at this infringement

of his rights, seized the castle and estates, but was pacified ultimately with a substantial fine. Thus it came about that the earldom of Carrick passed to the Bruce family. The Earl and Countess had twelve children. Their eldest son was Robert, the future King of Scotland.

There is no record of the place of his birth, but it is quite likely that he was born at Turnberry, and the shore and links near the castle were doubtless his earliest playground. They were the scene also of the beginning of his struggle for a kingdom. After his coronation at Scone in 1306 and his reverse at Methven, he is said to have retired with his brother, Edward, Sir James Douglas, Sir Robert Boyd, and other supporters to the Isle of Rathlin near the coast of Ireland; but there are reasons for thinking that he found refuge in some part of the Norwegian dominions.[1] In the spring of 1307 Douglas and Boyd landed on Arran with some followers, intending to drive the English out of the castle at Brodick, and hid themselves in a wood. Their opportunity came when three ships sailed into Brodick Bay and began to discharge stores for the enemy. A large part of the garrison went down to the beach to assist the sailors in unloading, and as they were climbing the slope with their burdens, Douglas came upon them with his men, killed some, put others to flight, and made a very welcome capture of provisions, clothing, and arms.

The King came to Arran presently with a fleet of thirty-three boats and three hundred men and looked often across the Firth to the flat lands of Ayrshire, not hoping to win his kingdom with so small a force, but trusting that the men of Carrick and Annandale and many others throughout Scotland, whose interest did not lie with the English oppressor, would rise in answer to a bold lead. A scout named Cuthbert was sent over to the mainland to discover what prospect there might be of a rising in strength. If the outlook seemed favourable, a lighted beacon on the Carrick coast was to be the signal for Bruce to bring his men over. Cuthbert found little encouragement, and it was plain to him that he must not give that signal to the watching eyes across the water.

The day when the signal was to be expected arrived. Bruce looked over the Firth to the other shore and saw what he had hoped to see. The wish was not father to the vision. There

[1] See Bain's *The Edwards in Scotland*.

was no doubt about that column of smoke, and he set sail with his men from King's Cross Point.

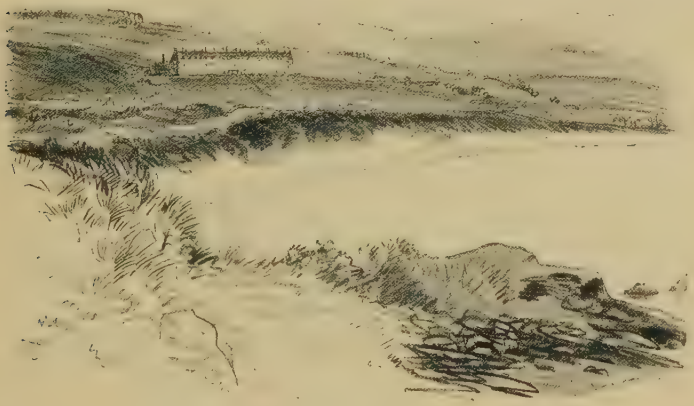
The wind was contrary and the passage slow. Before the little fleet could reach the Carrick shore darkness had fallen, and now instead of the column of smoke floating skywards the voyagers saw the glare of the fire itself. The boats were grounded near Turnberry Castle, and there Cuthbert met them, dismayed at this misadventure. He told the King that he had lit no signal

Turnberry Castle and Lighthouse.

fire, that the people of the country had been burning whins that day, and that it was vain to look for a rising in the King's favour. He was able, however, to give some useful information about Turnberry Castle, and the King, supported by his brother, Edward, resolved on a forward movement. An assault on the castle itself was impracticable; but the greater part of the garrison, two hundred men, were quartered, not within it, but at the small village of Clachanton a short distance away. A surprise attack was made here, and only one of the enemy escaped. Bruce retired thereafter into the wilds of Carrick and Galloway and drew to himself gradually the support of his fellow-countrymen.

At Turnberry one may see little more than the ditch on the landward side, the courtyard occupied now by a lighthouse,

and a fragment of wall facing the Firth. A great contrast to this ruin is presented by the stately modern castle of Culzean spread over the edge of the land where it falls away to the sea in a steep cliff a little farther north. There is a similar contrast between the low, bare promontory where Turnberry Castle stands and the beautiful wooded grounds of Culzean. From the landward side, Culzean Castle gives more of the impression of palatial grandeur than any other building in the district; from the seaward side, where it has less appearance of height



Turnberry Golf-links.

on account of the cliff below, it strikes one as finer than anything like it on the Rhine.

This is the seat of the Marquess of Ailsa, who is the chief of the Kennedy family. It was built in 1777. An old house called The Cove stood here before that date, and it is believed that its tower was incorporated in the new building, forming the central part of the south-east front. The Cove took its name from the coves or caves running into the rock below. It belonged to a branch of the Kennedy family; and if the May Collean of the ballad who eloped with and then drowned "the fause Sir John" had a dwelling-place outside the ballad-writer's imagination, it was here. This was the home also of Sir Thomas Kennedy, who rode into an ambuscade in the wood of S. Leonard's near Ayr in 1602, and was slain in revenge

for the death of the Laird of Bargany in the previous year. Later in the same century it belonged to Sir Archibald Kennedy, whose name has an unenviable place in the inscription over the grave of Gilbert MacAdam, the Covenanter, in Kirkmichael Churchyard.

Sir William Brereton, who travelled down this coast in 1636, visited both the house and the caves. "We went", he says, "to the cave of Carick, which is about eight miles from Aire, where there dwells a laird, Sir Alexander Kendrick of Cullen, who hath a pretty pleasant seated house or castle, which looks full upon the main sea; hereinto we went, and there found no hall, only a dining-room or hall, a fair room, and almost as large as the whole pile, but very sluttishly kept, unswept, dishes, trenchers and wooden cups thrown up and down, and the room very nasty and unsavoury. Here we were not entertained with a cup of beer or ale; only one of his sons, servants and others, took a candle, and conducted us to the cave, where there is either a notable imposture, or most strange and much to be admired footsteps and impressions which are here to be seen of men, children, dogs, coneys, and divers other creatures. These here conceived to be Spirits, and if there be no such thing, but an elaborate practice to deceive, they do most impudently betray the truth; for one of this knight's sons and another Galloway gentleman affirmed unto me that all the footsteps have been put out and buried in sand over night, and have been observed to be renewed next morning."

The present-day visitor will be impressed by the noble grounds and gardens. These contain many interesting exotic shrubs and trees, upon which Sir Herbert Maxwell has discoursed with his customary felicity in a chapter of *Scottish Gardens*. It is long since the horticultural resources of Culzean were known, for Abercrummie speaks of The Cove as "standing upon a rock above the Sea, flanked on the South with very pretty gardens and orchards, adorned with excellent Tarrases, and the walls loaden with peaches, apricotes, cherries, and other fruit; and these gardens are so well sheltered from the North and East winds, and ly so open to the South, that the fruits and herbage are more early than any other place in Carrict."

In the case of Dunure Castle, we come again to a ruin, but one much better preserved than that of Turnberry. The most famous event in its history is the roasting of Allan Stewart, Commen-

dator of Crossraguel Abbey, in "the black vault". The office of Commendator had been created when the property of the Church was secularized at the Reformation, and was held by a layman appointed by the Crown. Gilbert, Earl of Cassillis,

Dunure Castle.

was made Commendator of Crossraguel Abbey by his uncle, Quentin Kennedy, the last Abbot; but this arrangement, lacking royal confirmation, did not hold good. The King appointed Allan Stewart, who had married a sister-in-law of the Laird of Bargany. According to the *Historie of the Kennedyis*, the Earl was "ane particuler manne,

and ane werry greidy manne, and cairitt nocht how he gatt land, sa that he culd cum be the samin ". Diplomatic attempts to make the Commendator surrender his rights failed, and the Earl then resorted to the procedure of which the victim gives such a minute and gruesome account in his appeal to the Privy Council. The Earl carried Stewart to Dunure Castle and into " the black vault " and caused him to be stripped, bound to a spit, and roasted before a great fire, and, says Bannatyne, " that the rost suld not burne, but that it might rost in soppe, they spared not flambing with oyle (Lord luik thou to sic crueltie !). . . . In that torment they held the poore man, whill that oftymes he cryed for Godis saik to dispatche him ; for he had alsmeikle gold in his awin purse as wald bye poulder aneugh to schorten his paine." After prolonged torture, Stewart signed a paper renouncing the lands of the abbey. This was on the 1st of September. On the 7th the Earl returned with a confirmatory document and required Stewart to sign it ; but he said that he would rather die. The Earl ordered the fire to be relit for his captive as before. Then, says Stewart, " being in so grit paine as I truste never man was in with his life, I cried, ' Fye upon you ! Will ye ding whingaris in me and put me of this world ! Or elis put a barrell of poulder under me, rather nor to be demaned in this unmercifull maner.' The said Erle, hearing me cry, bade his servant Alexander Richard put ane serviat in my throat, whilk he obeyed ; the samin being performed at xi houris of the nyght ; wha then seing I was in danger of my lyfe, my flesch consumed and brunt to the bones, and that I wald not condescend to thair purpose, I was releivit of that paine, whairthrow I will never be able nor weill in my lyfetyme."

The Earl escaped with a very light punishment, being ordered by the Privy Council to find security for £2000 to keep the peace towards the Commendator. He might very well do this since he was allowed to keep the Commendator's lands ! The ordinary justice of the county was under the Earl's control, and in such a matter the Council declined to interfere. We learn also that Stewart survived his tortures and enjoyed a pension from the Earl, but " was ewer thairefter onabill of his leggis ". The threatened torture of Isaac the Jew in *Ivanhoe* appears to have been based on this narrative.

Of Greenan Castle Abercrummie says that it is " a high

house upon the top of a rock, hanging over upon the sea, with some lower new work lately added to it, but never finished. It is too open to the cold and moisture, arysing from the Sea, to be a desyreable habitation ; and has been designed to be the owner's security against a surprize, rather than a constant residence." Sir Thomas Kennedy of Culzean spent the night of the 11th of May, 1602, here, and rode forth in the morning to be murdered in the wood near Ayr.

Culzean Bay from Turnberry Castle.

CHAPTER XXVII

CASSILLIS AND AUCHENDRAYNE

Cassillis—The ballad of *Johnie Faa*—Auchendrayne—The beginning of the Carrick vendetta—The fourth Earl of Cassillis *versus* the Laird of Bargany—Sir Thomas Kennedy of Culzean *versus* the Earl—Continuance of the vendetta between the fifth Earl and the young Laird of Bargany—The young Bargany and John Mure of Auchendrayne *versus* Culzean—The Earl *versus* Bargany—The Earl's design against Ardstinchar Castle—First attempt on the life of Culzean—The King intervenes—The Earl and his Galloway vassals—Bargany goes to his aid—Bargany's new grievance against the Earl—A treaty of peace—Fresh trouble between the Earl and Bargany—Culzean causes a plot against the Earl's life to miscarry—Consequent plot against Culzean betrayed by Auchendrayne—The King intervenes again—The vendetta receives fresh fuel—The Earl compasses Bargany's death—Culzean murdered by the Bargany faction—First prosecution of the Mures—The murder of William Dalrymple—Second prosecution of the Mures—Their execution.

In an earlier chapter I have promised the reader some account of the Carrick vendetta ; but when I think of its many successive phases, its cold-blooded schemings, its plots within plots, its hot-blooded deeds, its legal incidents, and the multitude of persons involved, I feel tempted to let the whole matter go by saying simply that the whole of Carrick was agitated in the latter part of the sixteenth century and the early years of the seventeenth by a feud between the Cassillis and the Bargany branch of the Kennedies as to whether the Earl of Cassillis, the chief of the family, was to be " King of Carrick " in fact as well as in name. Yet this would be inadequate treatment of a story which formed the theme of Sir Walter Scott's *Auchendrayne, or the Ayrshire Tragedy,* and supplied

Mr. Crockett with the material for one of his best romances, *The Grey Man*. An excellent account will be found in Mr. William Robertson's *Ayrshire : its History and Historic Families*, where it occupies about thirty octavo pages. This chapter must be confined to a brief outline. The principal sources are the anonymous *Historie of the Kennedyis* and the records of the High Court of Justiciary.

The houses of Cassillis[1] and Auchendrayne,[2] the homes of two of the leading actors in the vendetta, stood a few miles apart in the valley of the Doon. The old tower of Cassillis still forms the principal part of the house, and the Dule Tree, or Tree of Sorrow, where the Earls hanged those whom they thought it well to hang, grows beside it. Here, the author of the ballad, *Johnie Faa*, would have had us believe, the sixth Earl hanged fifteen gypsies who had carried off his lady ; but there is no foundation for the tradition embodied in the ballad.

The gypsies cam to our gude lord's yett,
And oh but they sang sweetly ;
They sang sae sweet and sae very complete,
That down cam our fair lady.

And she cam tripping down the stair,
And all her maids before her ;
As sune as they saw her weel-faur'd face,
They cuist the glaumourye ower her.

" Oh come with me," says Johnie Faa ;
" Oh come with me, my dearie ;
For I vow and I swear by the hilt of my sword
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye ! "

. . . . . .

And when our lord cam hame at e'en,
And speired for his fair lady,
The tane she cried, and the other replied,
" She's away wi' the gypsy laddie."

" Gae saddle to me the black, black steed,
Gae saddle and mak him ready ;
Before that I either eat or sleep
I'll gae seek my fair lady."

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[1] " Prob. Gaelic and Irish *caiseal*, ' a wall, a castle ', with the Eng. pl. *s*."—Johnston.

[2] Gaelic *achadh an draigheann*, field of the blackthorns.

And we were fifteen weel-made men,
Although we were na bonnie;
And we were a' put down for ane,
A fair young wanton lady.

The trouble began in the time of Gilbert, the fourth Earl of Cassillis, and was occasioned by his cruelties practised on Allan Stewart, Commendator of Crossraguel Abbey. In these outrages he was leaving some of his own relatives out of account. The author of the *Historie of the Kennedyis*, referring to Stewart as "the Abott," says that "this Abott had mareyitt ane sister of the Lady Barganyis; and for that respect, the Abott wsitt with the Laird of Bargany, and followitt his opinione in all his adois." The Laird of Bargany besieged the Castle of Dunure, took it by storm, and carried Stewart off, "brunt as he was, to Air". "The King of Carrick" was infuriated by this mingled insult and injury, but Bargany had strong sympathizers and supporters both in Carrick and in the rest of Ayrshire, and was able to hold his own. Peace was made after a time: the Earl kept his ill-gotten gains, and allowed Stewart a pension. Soon after this the Earl died of a fall from his horse.

Carrick was once more convulsed by an open feud, for in appointing a tutor or guardian to his son and heir, the Earl had passed over his brother, Sir Thomas Kennedy of Culzean, and given the office to Lord Glamis, Lord Chancellor of Scotland. The Earl had had a good reason for doing so. One dark night some years earlier, Culzean had surrounded and fusilladed Dunure Castle, intending that the assault should be credited to the Laird of Carse, who was then at feud with the Earl. His purpose in making the attack was to cause the Countess, who was at that time *enceinte*, to miscarry, and thus secure his own succession. The Earl had learned the truth of this matter.

When Lord Glamis came into Carrick as guardian of the fifth Earl, Culzean and the Laird of Bargany resisted him in arms. Shortly thereafter Lord Glamis, attending a Convention of Peers at Stirling, was killed by a shot which was said to have been fired by one of Bargany's men. Culzean at once assumed the guardianship of his nephew. About this time the Laird of Bargany died and was succeeded by his son.

It is now to be shewn how Culzean ranged against him the

young Laird of Bargany and John Mure of Auchendrayne. A certain lady known as Black Bessie Kennedy had been infefted in the Brounston lands by her third husband, William Kennedy of Brounston—lands previously infefted in the Earl of Cassillis. In the course of a dispute that arose, she transferred her rights to the Laird of Bargany, who put her in possession of the six-pound land of Newark. She took up her abode in the house of her ally, but yielded presently to the influence of Culzean and took her departure, whereby the Laird of Bargany was grievously offended. The other quarrel was caused by the fact that Culzean, who had secured for Mure his appointment as Bailie of Carrick, used his influence with the Earl later to have him removed from the office.

A new issue concerning the Earl and Bargany followed on the death of John Baird of Kilhenzie,[1] who had married Bargany's sister. Baird had a son by a former wife, who succeeded him. The young Laird forcibly dispossessed his stepmother of some stores which had been left her by her husband. Bargany, anxious to avenge his sister, raided Kilhenzie and carried off an equal quantity of goods. The Laird of Kilhenzie was one of the Earl's dependants and appealed to him for remedy. The Earl would have marched upon Bargany, but was warned that the Laird would not be taken by surprise and decided to wait for a more convenient season.

Thus far we have as protagonists in these various quarrels Sir Thomas Kennedy of Culzean and his nephew, the Earl of Cassillis, on the one hand, and, on the other, the Laird of Bargany and John Mure of Auchendrayne. The anonymous *Historie of the Kennedyis* is written from the Bargany standpoint, and has been attributed to Mure of Auchendrayne himself. Although it may have been coloured by partisan feeling, there is nothing incredible in its statement that the Earl was resolved to crush the House of Bargany out of existence. It is said that he intended to begin by obtaining a treacherous entrance to Ardstinchar Castle and blowing it up, but that when he conferred with his uncle, he was dissuaded on the ground that the death of the young Laird and his wife, whom he had married out of the King's house—she was a sister of Lord Ochiltree and had been one of the Queen's Maids of Honour—would be

[1] Church or wood of Kenneth, Gaelic *Coinneach*.

thought much of by the King and the Queen, and that the destruction of so many innocent persons as would be involved in the blowing up of the castle would be a matter of general lamentation. Culzean advised the Earl to lie in wait for Bargany and his brother when they were abroad hunting, and the Earl accepted his advice. Bargany got wind of the plot against his life and accused Culzean of being a party to it. Culzean assured him that he had given his advice to the Earl merely in order to turn him from his more ruthless purpose. The prospect of peace was not improved by this explanation, nor by a legal victory won by the Earl in an action against Bargany upon the "assignation which he had got from Black Bessie of the lands of Newark". Bargany took counsel with the Lairds of Auchendrayne and Dunduff and with the Master of Cassillis, the Earl's brother, who had a quarrel of his own with his uncle, and the sequel was an attempt on the life of Culzean.

According to the indictment, the accused had gone to Maybole on the 3rd of January, 1597, armed with hagbuts and pistols, and tied up their horses at the gate of the goodwife of Knockdai. They had then concealed themselves in Thomas Nasmyth's yard, which adjoined Culzean's house in Maybole. Presently Culzean, accompanied by his wife, his eldest son, and his two daughters, came along between the hedges in the yard, and the accused fired eight shots at him. Culzean and his family escaped without hurt.

The leading conspirators were Auchendrayne and Dunduff, and they had become sureties for the appearance of the others before the Court of Justiciary. Dunduff alone appeared. He was fined nine hundred merks for the non-appearance of the rest of the accused, was imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle, and set at liberty on his finding security for the payment of a thousand merks for his share in the outrage and of the other fine. Auchendrayne and the others implicated were now "put to the horn", that is, outlawed, and their movable goods and gear "escheat", that is, forfeited to the Crown. Culzean, by way of signifying his approval of the sentence, went to the Tower of Auchendrayne, destroyed all the plenishing, and wrecked the yarding. Mure and his colleagues were the more determined to compass his death. The Earl, on his part, brought an action at law against Bargany for the payment of arrears of teinds and obtained a decreet for forty thousand merks.

The King intervened in the hope of making peace between Cassillis and Bargany. He summoned them to his presence and "gart thame schaik handis; and also the laird of Colzeone in sum missour: bot not with thair hairttis, because thair particular wes not sett doun at the agreanse".

The Earl decided at this time to deal more hardly with his Galloway vassals in the matter of rents, and obtained a decreet to break their leases. When he summoned them to a court at Glenluce, they came in such force that they were able to besiege him in his house of Inch. He bethought him of Bargany as a possible source of succour. The minister of Colmonell was with him and became his ambassador, being allowed to pass through the line of the besiegers on the understanding that he was going to his kirk. The minister reached Ardstinchar in the evening and gave Bargany the Earl's message that if he would come to his relief, he would mend all the ill he had done him in the past and value him above all his other kindred to his life's end. Bargany at once "lapp on with forty horse", ordered reinforcements to follow, and, riding all through the night, relieved the Earl at daybreak. He also acted as arbiter between the Earl and the lairds and effected a compromise. Then "my Lord drew on his bwittis and raid with the Laird to Ardstinchar, being convoyit be the Galloway menne to Glenapp, quhair the Laird of Barganyis frendis and seruandis mett him." He rested that night in the house which he had once intended to blow up; but when the Laird called upon him some days later to carry out his recent undertakings, the Earl, influenced by Culzean, "geff na ansuer, bot lat the samin pass ouer with silense." Bargany thus acquired a new grievance.

Auchendrayne, who ever appears in the *rôle* of the cool and clever plotter, thought that endeavours should be made to restore peace to Carrick, and it is likely that the thoughts of others were tending the same way. The leaders of the rival factions agreed that there should be a general oblivion of the past quarrels; Auchendrayne was allowed to return to the King's peace; and to signalize the brighter day that was supposed to be dawning, Culzean's daughter was married to John Mure, younger of Auchendrayne. Mure did not prove himself a desirable husband or an agreeable son-in-law, and in entering into the marriage Helen Kennedy may have been immolating herself in

the interests of conciliation. If this was so, her sacrifice was in vain.

There was soon a fresh outbreak of trouble between Bargany and the Earl. The former maintained a claim to the teinds, or tithe crop, of the lands of Girvanmains although the Earl had obtained a decreet against them on account of a debt owed him by Bargany. Bargany forestalled the Earl's intention of seizing the crop by occupying the stackyard at Girvanmains in such force that the Earl was balked. The Earl, however, had a similar decreet against the lands of Dungarth, and, determined not to be beaten there, sent his servants to reap the corn. Bargany descended on the farm, seized the grain that had been cut, and carried it off to Ardstinchar, justifying himself on the plea that the decreet against the land did not include the crop. Two days later the Earl arrived at Dungarth with a little army to reap the corn that was still uncut. Bargany appeared with nine hundred men. The Earl's force was larger, but not so well armed. A bloody contest was averted through the mediation of Lord Cathcart, whose wife was related to the Earl, and whose son had married Bargany's sister. In the end Bargany took the corn, agreeing to find security for the payment to the Earl of the duty on the land.

The Earl considered that Bargany had become inconveniently strong and sought to depress him by vexatious legal proceedings until the Laird's heart grew hotter than ever against his chief. The *Historie* states that he designed the Earl's death and that it was arranged that Girvanmains and the young Laird of Blairquhan should lie in wait for him near Ardstinchar Castle as he was riding from Carrick into Galloway. The scheme miscarried, however, for as he approached the ambuscade, the conspirators saw that he was accompanied by Culzean. According to the *Historie*, Culzean was privy to the plot, and it had been understood by Bargany and Auchendrayne that he was not to ride with the Earl so that he might not be implicated in the affair. Mure went to Castle Kennedy to upbraid him for his deceit. The Earl learned of his presence, confronted him, and charged him with being concerned in Bargany's design to murder him. Although Mure vehemently denied the charge, the Earl meant to keep him a prisoner; but Mure contrived to escape. The Earl thereafter took action upon a decreet which he had obtained against the Laird of Blairquhan and

deprived him of Kelly Castle and Killenhow. Blairquhan retaliated by sending his son to be in Bargany's immediate following and to foment strife between him and the Earl.

It appeared to the conspirators that Culzean must have revealed their plot to the Earl, and they resolved to be avenged. Learning that he was about to go into Galloway, they arranged to entrap and slay him at Ardmillan Hill. It happened that Auchendrayne was about to have a meeting with him, and it was obvious that if the plot succeeded, he might be supposed to have had a hand in it. He therefore sent a letter to warn him of his danger, and Culzean kept a servant riding in front of him to spring any ambush. The conspirators seized the servant, and Culzean turned back, rode to Edinburgh, and made a complaint to the King. Bargany was summoned to the royal presence. He denied any knowledge of the affair, and when Culzean asserted that he had witnesses to support his accusation and these were produced, their evidence cleared Bargany. Once more the King sought to make peace between him and the Earl, and "gart thaim drink togidder and schaik handis." New dissensions soon arose; there was a fresh plot against the life of the Earl; and he decided that the time had come to put a period to Bargany's activities.

In the month of December, 1601, Bargany had business in Ayr, and although he knew that it was now dangerous for him to pass through the Earl's country, he rode thither with about a dozen horsemen. The Earl heard of this and sent spies to Ayr in order that when Bargany began his return journey, he might have instant knowledge of it. Meanwhile he gathered a force of twenty musketeers and two hundred horsemen armed with pikes. Auchendrayne rode to Ayr to warn Bargany of the Earl's preparations and besought him to remain in the burgh as he had not enough men to protect him. The Laird laughed at Auchendrayne's forebodings, but found eighty men among the burghers of Ayr to strengthen his company.

Thick snow was falling when he led his men out into the open country. They crossed the Doon by the old bridge and then halted while Auchendrayne once more urged the Laird to turn back as his men were still too few. Bargany, however, would not be discouraged. Addressing his followers, he said, "Sirs, I am heir to protest befoir God, I am nocht to seik the bluid of me Lord, nor his dishonour, in na sortt; bot ryd hame

to my Hous, in peace, giff he will lat me. And giff me Lord be to persew me, I hoip ye will all do your dewitteis, as becumis menne; and he that will not be willing to do this, for my luiff and kyndnes, he will ather say he will tairy with me to the end, or leaff me now at this present!" They all shouted that they would go on with him whatever befell, and advanced in two companies, Bargany leading the one, and Cathcart, the young Laird of Carleton, the other. The snow was still falling so thickly that "nane cud seine the lenthe of ane lanse befoir him"; but as they approached Maybole, it cleared, and they saw against the white background of the slope beyond the Brockloch[1] Burn the dark figures of their enemies. Bargany was anxious to avoid a conflict. "I will nocht persew me lord," he said, "bot I will eschew all cummer, alse far as I may"; and to this end he made to pass Maybole without entering it. The Earl ordered his men to attack, and his musketeers opened fire. Bargany was riding at the head of his company with a few other lairds. The fire brought down Knockdaw's horse and shot the bridle out of the hand of Bargany's brother, Drummurchie,[2] who fell and dislocated his shoulder. The burghers of Ayr broke away and fled. "Gude sir," cried Bargany, "we ar ouer few!" With three other lairds and his page Bargany charged the Earl's horsemen "in sik sortt as the young laird of Grinak was strukin throw the chin, and he and horse baith strukin to the eird, and Row Cuninghame, Pochquhairnis broder, was strukin in at the knie with ane lanse and out at the buttok", and the Earl's steward was killed. Bargany's page also lay dead, two others of his few followers were unhorsed, Auchendrayne lay in the snow, seriously wounded in the thigh, and while Bargany was engaged with two spearmen, a third, whom he was not watching, "ane fellow callitt Johne Dik", drove a lance into his throat. He could fight no more, and when he had turned his horse from the fray, fell to the ground. His friends carried him back to Ayr, where he died in a few days. "He was the brawest manne that was to be gottin in ony land;" says the historian of the Kennedies, "of hiche statour and weill maid; his hair blak, bott of ane cumlie feace; the brawest horsmanne and the ebest of mony at all pastymis, for he was feirse and feirry and winder

[1] Gaelic *broclach*, a badger warren.
[2] Gaelic *druim Murcha*, hill-ridge of Murdoch.

nembill. He was bot about the aige of 25 yeair quhane he was slayne, bot of his aige the maist wyise he might be, for gif he had tyme to add experience to his witt, he hed been by his marrowis." The Earl escaped any penalty for his death on the ground that Bargany's force had included certain outlaws whom he had been authorized to pursue with fire and sword. He had recovered an undisputed supremacy in Carrick.

This did not mean, however, that there was an end of plottings and deeds of blood. Bargany had had devoted friends who would have considered themselves disloyal to his memory if they had allowed matters to rest. His death cried out for expiation.[1] Thomas Kennedy of Drummurchie, Bargany's brother, and Walter Mure, the Laird of Cloncaird, were the leading spirits of the faction, and there was always the sinister figure of Auchendrayne in the background, usually in the confidence of both parties. The recollection of old grudges caused them to turn their thoughts to Sir Thomas Kennedy of Culzean, and circumstances arose to give them an opportunity of singling him out for a blow. Culzean had occasion to go to Edinburgh, and before setting out sent a messenger to ask Mure to meet him on the following day near the town of Ayr that they might confer on some business matters. The messenger did not find Mure in Maybole, and therefore asked the schoolmaster to write down the request in a letter which was sent to Mure at his house of Auchendrayne by the hand of " ane puir schollar, quha beggit his leirning, callit William Dalrumpill ". The lad brought the letter back and asserted that Mure was not at Auchendrayne.

A chapel called S. Leonard's stood in a clump of trees among sandhills about a mile south of Ayr. As Culzean rode this way with his servant, expecting to meet Mure and anticipating no danger, Drummurchie, Cloncaird, and four others broke from

[1] " At this tyme, me Lord of Abercorne, and the haill freindis, concluditt that the buryiall of the Laird of Bargany . . . suld be on the xv day off September . . . in the New Kirk of Ballantry; quhilk the Lady had caussit build for hir husband, quhair scho had gartt sett wp ane glorieous towme . . . His sister-sone, Young Auchindrayne, beirand the Banner of Rewendge, quhairin was payntitt his portratour, with all his wondis, with his sone sittand at his knevis, and this deattone writtine betuix his handis, JUDGE AND REWENDGE MY CAUS, O LORD!"

—*Historie of the Kennedyis.*

among the trees and slew him " with shots and strokes ". The murderers were put to the horn, but evaded all endeavours to bring them to justice.

Mure had taken care to be at home on the day of the murder ; but the Earl believed that he had been a party to the plot, and resolved that he should be punished. As Justiciary of the district he would, no doubt, have been satisfied to have this done by ordinary process of law ; as head of the Kennedy family, he was prepared to use cruder methods and entered into the following agreement : " We, JOHNE EARLE OF CASSILLIS, Lord Kennedy, &c., Bindis and Oblissis ws, that howsovne our broder HEW KENNEDY of Brounstoun, with his complices, taikis THE LAIRD OF AUCHINDRANEIS lyf, that we sall mak guid and thankfull payment to him and thame of the sowme of tuelff hundreth merkis, zeirlie, togidder with corne to sex horsis, ay and quhill we ressaw thame in houshold with our self : Beginning the first payment immediatlie after thair committing of the said deid. ATTOUR, howsovne we ressaw thame in houshold, we sall pay to the twa serwing gentillmen the feis, zeirlie, as our awin houshald serwandis. And heirto we Obliss ws, vpoun our honour. SUBSCRYVIT with our hand, AT MAYBOLE, the ferd day of September, 1602.

" JOHNE ERLE OFF CASSILLIS."

Common rumour likewise connected Mure with the murder of Culzean. Mure was aware of an atmosphere of suspicion, and it became a primary object with him to conceal the fact that he had been cognizant of Culzean's intended journey to Edinburgh. It appeared subsequently that he had really received the letter sent by the hand of the " puir schollar ", William Dalrymple ; that after reading it he had closed it again, returned it to the lad, and instructed him to tell the schoolmaster and Culzean's servant that when he had gone to Auchendrayne, he had not found the Laird at home. Besides this, he had sent a message to Drummurchie informing him of the journey Culzean was to make the next day and shewing how Bargany's death might be avenged. It was important, therefore, to ensure the silence of Dalrymple. Mure had him carried off to Auchendrayne, where he kept him for two or three months. Meanwhile Mure had to answer a summons to appear at the bar of the Privy Council on the charge of being art and

part of the murder of Sir Thomas Kennedy. As the essential witness was not forthcoming, the prosecution failed; but the Court ordered Mure to find caution in a thousand pounds for his subsequent appearance if he were summoned. Auchendrayne now considered that he would be safer if Dalrymple were removed from Ayrshire, and contrived to send him to the care of a friend in Arran, Montgomerie, the Laird of Skelmorlie; but Dalrymple did not like his new home and came back. Auchendrayne now designed a longer journey for him, and had him shipped to Flanders as a recruit for the Scottish Horse. If Dalrymple died for his country, Auchendrayne's mind would be at rest. Two or three years passed, and then, to Mure's dismay, Dalrymple, just returned from the wars, was seen in the district. It appeared to Auchendrayne and the younger Mure, who had also been concerned in the plot against Culzean, that more effectual measures must be used for ending an obvious risk.

They lodged Dalrymple with James Bannatyne, one of Mure's tenants, at the farm of Chapeldonan near Girvan, and purchased Bannatyne's aid in the carrying out of their design with "ane Lyfrent Tak of his rowme of Chapel-Donane, all writtin with Young Auchindranes awin hand". It was arranged that Bannatyne should bring the intended victim "to the Sandis of Girvan" on a certain night at ten o'clock. As the Mures rode to the place of meeting, they carried spades. At first some conference took place among the conspirators. Bannatyne recoiled from the idea of murder and suggested that Dalrymple should be sent to Ireland. The elder Mure seemed to incline to this plan; but hesitation was dispelled by his son, who rushed suddenly at Dalrymple, threw him on the sand, and did not let him go until, assisted by his father, he had strangled him. They proposed to bury the body on the shore, where the rising tide would wipe out all signs of the deed, but found that whenever they dug a hole, it was filled immediately with water. They then drew the corpse out into the sea so far as they could wade, and committed it to the deep, hoping that an off-shore wind would take it to the Irish coast. The wind did not blow; the body rested all the next day where they had left it; and they waited in a fever of anxiety. At night they decided to bring the body ashore and bury it on land, but could not find it. They rode away uneasily from the scene of their vigil. The body had

at last been carried seawards by the wind. It was tossed about for the space of five days and was then borne back to the place where it had begun its aimless voyaging. Some peasants saw it butting the shore among the foam and carried it to the nearest churchyard, where it was buried.

The report of the discovery spread abroad, and the Earl of Cassillis thought it desirable that an opportunity should be given for identifying the body. The mother and sister of Dalrymple asserted that he was the murdered man. Suspicion was directed upon Mure by a story that his little granddaughter had wandered into Girvan Church, where the body was exhibited, and that as she stood looking at it, blood had flowed.

Mure now devised measures to clear his tracks. As formerly Dalrymple, so now Bannatyne was the source of danger. He was sent to Ireland, and when the Earl of Abercorn caused him to return to Ayrshire, Auchendrayne hired James Pennicuik to murder him. Before this could be done, the Earl of Cassillis had induced Bannatyne to make confession before the Privy Council. This cleared the way for the trial of the Mures, and on the 17th of July, 1611, they, with Bannatyne, were placed at the bar of the High Court. Auchendrayne was charged with being art and part of the murder of Sir Thomas Kennedy of Culzean, and all three with the murder of William Dalrymple. They were found guilty and sentenced to death. Bannatyne, however, received the royal pardon and was set at liberty.

Reference has been made already to the theory that the *Historie of the Kennedyis* was written by the elder Mure. It is supported by the fact that the *Historie* breaks off thus: "Now, wpone malice for this caus, the Eirle of Caissillis and his (freindis) raissitt ane bruitt on Auchindrayne and his sone, and this manne of his, that thay suld haue forgadderitt with this boy William Dalrumpill, quha, as thay allegitt, was the cairreyar off this letter to Auchindrayne fra Colzeone; and that thay, for to hyd the same letter, thay thrie had slayne him. . . ."

CHAPTER XXVIII

MAYBOLE, KIRKOSWALD, KIRKMICHAEL, AND STRAITON

Maybole—Its name—The Castle—The Collegiate Church—John Knox's House—The Maybole martyrs—Crossraguel Abbey—Kirkoswald—"Highland-looking"—Martyr's grave at Kirkmichael—Straiton Church—Thomas MacHaffie, the martyr—Roads beyond Straiton.

A FORMER minister of Maybole, the Rev. Robert Lawson, has written some pleasant notes on the town and its neighbourhood, and is excellent on the subject of its name. "Be the etymology what it may, the name itself in its modern form is one of which any town may well feel proud. What a fine, mouth-filling sound it has! There is no name of a town along the whole line of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway which is for a moment to be compared with it. Ayr, for instance, is plainly too short, and Kilmarnock too long. Troon and Beith are insignificant. Girvan and Greenock want sound, and Paisley wants strength. Kilwinning is too smooth, and Ardrossan too rough. Even Glasgow is no better than it should be. But Maybole is simply perfect." It is a great thing when a minister can be thoroughly enthusiastic about the name of his parish if about nothing else! The name probably means "the town by the marsh". A bit of land, formerly a swamp, but now drained and cultivated, is still called The Bog.

I entered Maybole from the north and should advise anyone else to do otherwise. After surmounting the last of the undulations stretching between the river Doon and the town, I came upon some ugly factory buildings and heard the grinding and humming of machinery within. It might have been a fragment of the Kingston district of Glasgow! Maybole, I may explain in passing, has a large bootmaking industry and

also makes agricultural implements. One may congratulate Maybole on the enterprise and wealth represented by its chimney-stalks and pass on to more attractive subjects.

The old castle in High Street arrests one. Look at its narrow tower, its crow-stepped gables, its mouldings, the quaint head-

Maybole.

ings of the little windows, the antique turrets, the oriel window overhanging the old front, and feel grateful for its preservation !

It is believed to have been built about the middle of the seventeenth century, and was formerly the town house of the Earls of Cassillis, for if Maybole could not be the county town of Ayrshire, it was at least the capital of Carrick. At one time

there were twenty-eight "gentlemen's houses" here. No doubt, the Earl's was the grandest; but if some of the others even approached it in beauty, it would have been worth while to thread one's way through several miles of factories to see them. The building which has served as the Tolbooth for nearly two centuries and a half is known to have been originally the town house of the Lairds of Blairquhan; the modern Town Buildings, however, have been built against it, and it is now impossible to infer its aspect as a domestic structure.

The Collegiate Church, founded in 1371 by Sir John Kennedy of Dunure in order that daily services might be celebrated for the happy state of himself, his wife Mary, and their children, is the oldest building of all. It was served by a provost and three other priests. Most of the windows have been built up; but it is still possible to admire their tracery and an elaborately-carved doorway. After the Reformation the church fell into disrepair and became a mere place of burial for the Cassillis and one or two other families. A tablet at the east end of the church gives the names of members of the Cassillis family who were laid here between 1701 and 1832. It is quite likely, however, that the whole line of the former "Kings of Carrick" were buried here—David, the first Earl, who fell at Flodden; Gilbert, the second Earl, who was killed at Prestwick by Hugh Campbell of Loudoun; Gilbert, the third Earl, who died at Dieppe, it was supposed of poison; Gilbert, the fourth Earl, who roasted Allan Stewart; John, the fifth Earl, who caused the Laird of Bargany to be killed; and John, "the grave and solemn Earl", who represented the Church of Scotland at the Westminster Assembly. A tombstone in another part of the interior bears the following statement within inverted commas: "He cannot return to us, but with God's help we hope to go to Him"—surely a remarkable instance of careless quotation!

The way from High Street to the Auld College, as the church is called, lies down a very steep lane known formerly as the Back Vennal, but now named John Knox Street; and on the right-hand side there is the old residence of the Provost of the College. It is labelled "John Knox's House" because it was the scene of a great disputation between the Reformer and the last Abbot of Crossraguel on the question whether the bread and wine brought forth by Melchizedek to Abraham were a

type of the Mass or not. The debate took place in September, 1562, and lasted for three days. The Abbot could not prove the affirmative, nor Knox the negative; so the logomachy ended where it began.

The story of the six Maybole men who lost their lives on

Doorway of the Collegiate Church, Maybole.

account of their fidelity to the Covenant differs from the normal types of martyrdom. The men were among the twelve hundred prisoners who were taken at Bothwell Bridge in 1679 and confined in Greyfriars Churchyard in Edinburgh. They were also among the two hundred and fifty-seven who were shipped

at Leith for the American plantations. The prisoners were shut up in a hold that was much too small for them, and endured twelve days of its horrors before the ship set sail. The voyage to the Orkney Islands took a whole fortnight. Anchor had been cast off the Mainland of Orkney on the 10th of December when a storm arose, the ship broke from its moorings, and drove upon the Moul Head of Deerness. The crew scrambled ashore, but the hatches had been battened down upon the prisoners, and the master of the vessel refused to lift them. As the ship went to pieces on the rocks, forty-eight men struggled to land, but the remaining two hundred and nine were drowned, and among them were the six from Maybole. These men surely deserve to be remembered along with those who perished by the bullet or the sword. The names of the Maybole martyrs were Mungo Eccles, Thomas Horne, Robert MacGarron, John MacHarrie, John MacWhirter, and William Rodger. Their memorial stands in a corner of a field near the town.

A scrutiny of the names on the map makes it plain that, however many of the roads radiating from Maybole be left untravelled, the one leading to Kirkoswald must not; for this is the way to Crossraguel Abbey, the greatest of the old ecclesiastical institutions in Carrick and the best preserved of the monastic buildings of Scotland.[1]

As I followed the road, it was interesting to recall what Stevenson had written about it.[2] It is on the whole a dull one, and he did not say much. Yet it is a little surprising that he

[1] The Order to which Crossraguel Abbey belonged had its headquarters at Cluny in Burgundy, and French influence appears in the architecture, "noticeably in the apsidal termination of the choir, a distinctly Continental feature and one rare in Scotland, as distinguished from the square end more peculiar to this country". The apse is polygonal. The recurring damages and repairs to which the abbey has been subjected make it impossible to assign it to any one period. An attempt to reconstruct its architectural history has been made by Mr. James A. Morris in *Charters of the Abbey of Crosraguel*. The abbey was fortified with strong towers.

[2] Stevenson's essay, *A Winter's Walk in Carrick and Galloway*, is belied by its title. It was left a fragment unfortunately and contains nothing of the Galloway part of the tour. In a letter written in February, 1876, Stevenson says, "I went to Ayr, Maybole, Girvan, Ballantrae, Stranraer, Glenluce, and Wigton. I shall make an article of it some day soon, 'A Winter's Walk in Carrick and Galloway'. I had a good time."

considered the phrase, "dilapidated castles and monasteries", enough for Baltersan[1] Castle and Crossraguel[2] Abbey. There is, indeed, little to detain the fancy about the keep; but in the case of one who wrote so much about the monastery of Our Lady of the Snows we might have looked to hear something of the convent. It is true, Our Lady of the Snows was the

Crossraguel Abbey.

home of a living piety and a hospitable lodging-place as well, while this is a deserted ruin; but, as the local writer whom I have quoted already says, "the sacristy and the chapter-house, the cloisters and the cellars, the scriptorium and the gatehouse tower are all nearly intact, and one almost expects as one

[1] Gaelic *bail tarsuinn*, village set obliquely.

[2] Pron. Crossráygel, 1225–65 Cros- and Corsragmol. *Circa* 1560 Corsragvell. Prob. Gaelic *crois ràthaig mhaoil*, cross beside the bare or towerless fort.—Johnston.

wanders among the ruins to see a monk coming round the corner with his bare feet and shaven crown ", a suggestion that might have come from Stevenson himself. Moreover, the reader who turns to the two magnificent quarto volumes of the Abbey Charters will find some very lively matter. He will also learn the outstanding facts about the convent : that it was one of the few Clugniac settlements in Scotland, that its founder was Duncan, the first Earl of Carrick, that it had the Kings and Queens of Scotland, both of the Bruce and of the Stewart line, for its benefactors—Robert the First may have been educated here—that it held temporal sway over nearly the whole of Carrick, and that it maintained its witness to the things of the spirit for three centuries and a half until, when its life was thought to be gone, the eagles were gathered together. The explanation of Stevenson's silence—the sufficient explanation—doubtless is that he did not happen to be in the mood for monasteries that winter morning.

He thought the village of Kirkoswald " Highland-looking ". Had his acquaintance with Carrick and Galloway been longer and more intimate, I am sure he would have joined the ranks of those who protest against this kind of description when it is applied to the south-western counties, who think it a superficial sort of appreciation which says of Galloway that it is as fine, or nearly as fine, as the Highlands, that its hills, its moors, its rivers, its lochs, its villages are " Highland looking ", for to know Galloway intimately is to have for it an affection that can be given to no other part of the earth—there are some people who fall in love with it at sight—and to bear about with one a treasury of visions of glorious bog-myrtle-scented moors stretching to the skirts of most memorable hills, of weird mountain desolations with no associated sounds save the croak of the raven, the screech of the hawk, and the whisper of the wind in the heath, of wooded glens where pellucid floods swirl over smooth rock or are shattered into dazzling foam among silvery boulders, of shining pastoral villages where peat-reek floats from the chimneys and its smell is carried on the air, of a far-drawn sea-board broken by little bays and estuaries, where woods embowering old-world homes come down to the edge of the waters, and one would no more say that Galloway was Highland-looking than one would say that the lady who commands one's heart's devotion was as adorable as Helen of Troy.

The ruined church of S. Oswald is very old. It was within its walls that Quentin Kennedy, the Abbot of Crossraguel, preached those sermons against the Reformation which involved him in his debate with John Knox. It was in this church also that Robert Burns worshipped in the summer of 1776, when he "learned to look unconcernedly on a large tavern bill", made love to Peggy Thomson, and studied trigonometry in the parish school. The churchyard is the most carefully kept that I have seen in these parts. There is no rank growth of grass and weeds a yard in height, but a smooth sward of a rich green such as one may find in a College court. Visitors come to see the graves of Burns's maternal ancestors, of his schoolmaster, Hugh Rodger, and of Douglas Graham, the original of "Tam o' Shanter".

There is more than one way of going from Maybole to the moorland village of Straiton. The most direct runs through Crosshill; but it is better to leave it about a mile and a half from Maybole and take a short byway running north-west and bringing you in a few minutes to a road leading through Kirkmichael. The churchyards of Kirkmichael and Straiton both have martyrs' graves. Gilbert MacAdam was attending a prayer-meeting near the House of Kirkmichael when he was made a prisoner by Sir Alexander Kennedy of Culzean and the Laird of Ballochmyle. He attempted to escape from their clutches, and they shot him. The inscription on the memorial stone has had something of a history. The lines conferring an undesirable notoriety on his executioners were at one time obliterated. "Old Mortality" carved the names afresh on a narrow block and inserted it in its proper place. The epitaph runs thus:

HERE · LYES · GILLBERT ·
MᶜADAM · WHO · WAS ·
SHOT · IN · THIS · PARISH ·
BY · THE · LAIRD · OF · CO
LZEAN · AND · BALLOCHMIL
FOR · HIS · ADHERANCE · TO
THE · WORD · OF · GOD · AND ·
SCOTLANDS · COVENAN
TED · WORK · OF · REFORM
1685 · ATION

JULY

I have referred to the poverty of northern Carrick in the matter of delectable roads. For a few miles beyond Kirk-

michael as you go towards Straiton, however, the way is enclosed among trees and runs high on the right bank of the Girvan Water, winding and doubling with surprises that fairly take your breath away, and giving now a lengthwise and now a broadside glimpse of quiet pools and little cascades in the river. If the time of your travelling be early summer, when the leaves are most delicate and the greens most vivid and the waters abundant, and if the day be one of strong sunshine, your journey will stand out among your memories of "sweet wayfaring."

Straiton Church has a pre-Reformation aisle with a Gothic window and an outside staircase. No attempt was made to build the modern part of the church in harmony with it. Indeed, the former could scarcely be balder than it is. The aisle looks as if it would gladly shake its unnatural companion into well-merited ruin.

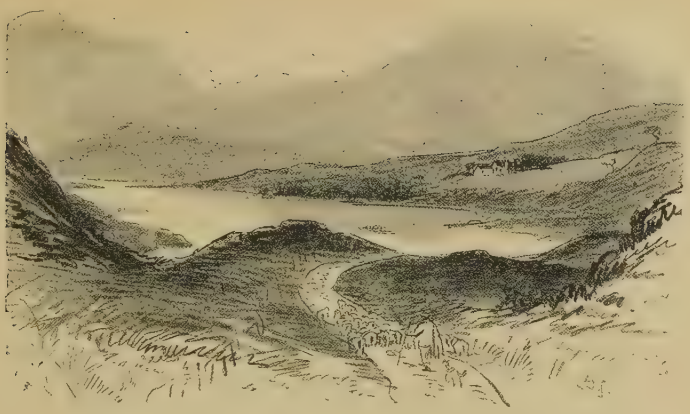
The martyr's grave is that of Thomas MacHaffie, the son of a farmer in the parish. He was hiding in a glen on the farm of Linfern about three miles south of Straiton when the dragoons who were scouring the country caught sight of him. He was suffering from a fever brought on by his fugitive life in the wilds, but fled to the house of a friend. He was so weak that on arriving he threw himself down on a bed. Here the soldiers made an easy capture, and on his declining to take the Abjuration Oath led him out and shot him. The inscription is:

HERE · LYES · THOMAS
M^{c}HAFFIE · MARTYR · 1686.
THO · I · WAS · SICK · AND
LIKE · TO · DIE
YET · BLOODY · BRUCE
DID · MURDER · ME
CAUSE · I · ADHERED
IN · MY · STATION
TO · OUR · COVENANT
ED · REFORMATION
MY · BLOOD · FOR · VENG
ANCE · YET · DOTH · CALL
UPON · ZIONS · HATERS
ALL

Two memorable roads run from Straiton, one east and another south. The former crosses an undulating moor till it reaches Dalmellington, which is about seven miles away.

Sometimes, when the hills are out of sight, you might think you were in the heart of the Russian steppes. The latter climbs at first through a wild and grim hill-country that might be a miniature Caucasus and then leads you on a long trail through the desolate moors that lie at the feet of the mountain giants of Shalloch on Minnoch, Tarfessock, Kirriereoch, and Merrick towards Bargrennan and Newton Stewart. It passes the site of The Murder Hole at Rowantree.

Thrieve Castle.



The Foot of Loch Doon.

CHAPTER XXIX

TO THE DUNGEON BY LOCH DOON

Loch Doon—The story of The Murder Hole—Tradition of Loch Doon Castle—Ancient canoes—John Stevenson, Covenanter—King Robert and the miller's wife of Polmaddy.

THE head of Loch Doon is distant from Dalmellington about ten miles, and there is a road nearly all the way. On leaving the highway to Carsphairn, you cross some heights that are thinly wooded with remains of the ancient forest, and then descend to the point where the river Doon issues from the loch and goes tossing down its rocky bed through the narrow, wooded Ness[1] Glen. I remember the unusual beauty that the place wore on a day early in January. For two or three days before, heavy rain had been falling. The links of the Doon near Dalmellington were hidden beneath the far-spreading overflow of Bogton Loch and every hillside burn was roaring. This morning, however, the rain had ceased, and the sky cleared. Mist never looks so beautiful as when it is drifting among pines and the sun is shining. It swathed those low, wooded hills at the foot of Loch Doon, so that one could not have told whether

[1] Gaelic *an eas*, the cataract.

they were low or great. Below them spread the blue waters, rippling under the light breeze.

On the west of the loch there rises a broad tract of moor in long sweeps and curves, and in the lower parts are some small,

Ness Glen.

rarely-visited sheets of water. A place called Rowantree on the farther side was the scene of one of the traditional tales of Galloway, the story of The Murder Hole.[1] No travellers came that way for pleasure, few came on business, and these

[1] *Blackwood's Magazine*, February, 1829.

became fewer as rumours of unexplained horrors enacted in that waste spread through distant villages in the surrounding country. It was said that several persons who were known to have entered the moor had not been seen again. Officers of justice came to investigate, but left the mystery as it was. Other persons disappeared, and terror fell upon the few inhabitants. Some spoke of strange cries heard in the dark of the night. A shepherd who had lost his way in that quarter reported that he had seen three men struggling violently at a considerable distance, and that the struggle had ended with the sudden vanishing of one. The people of the moor began to leave it for less alarming neighbourhoods, until there remained only an old woman and her two sons, who complained bitterly of the poverty that hindered them from following so natural a course.

You are now to imagine a pedlar youth crossing the moor in haste amid the darkness of a night in November. Following the path among those lochs and mosses, he sees before him a light. He is more than half regretting his hardihood in making the journey when he remembers, with a feeling of relief, an old woman's cottage at which he had lodged for a night in the previous year along with a considerable company of travellers. He recalls also some eagerness on the part of his hosts to retain his company when the other travellers were going on their way, and looks now for a kindly reception. He comes close up to the cottage and knocks. The door is not opened, but an instant hubbub arises within. The youth steps aside to a window and looks into the lighted interior. The woman is hastily sprinkling sand on the floor. The men are crushing something large into a great chest.

A mischievous whim seizes the youth, and he taps on the window. All start round with such obvious dismay that he begins to be afraid ; but before he can retreat one of the men appears suddenly at the door, and, gripping him by the arm, hustles him into the cottage.

" I am the pedlar who came to you last year," he cried.

" Are you alone ? " inquired the woman.

" Yes," said the boy.

" Then you are welcome," said one of the men.

The pedlar was made to seat himself by the fire, and was not reassured as he furtively studied the dwellers in the cottage.

Almost immediately he was taken to a little room, where he was to pass the night. Everything here was in disarray. The curtains which were meant to screen the bed appeared to have been torn down violently. There was a table that had been broken. A stool lay on its side. The fastening of the door had been wrenched, and was now useless. The youth lay down on the bed and remained awake for a long time, imagining unnumbered possibilities and listening anxiously; but as no new cause of alarm arose, fell presently into an uneasy sleep. He was startled broad awake by a cry close at hand. He raised himself on the bed, looked around, and noticed a stream of blood creeping under the door. He stepped down silently, moved across the room, and put his eye to a chink, and almost smiled at his fears when he saw that it was a goat that had been killed; but, before he stepped back, heard that which renewed them a thousand-fold.

"An easier job than yesterday's," said the man who held the goat. "I wish all the throats were cut as easily. Did ever you hear such a noise as was made last night?"

"The Murder Hole is the thing for me. It makes a cleaner job. You have them dead and buried to your hand at once, and no signs left."

"Which is it to be for him?" asked the woman.

The elder son drew across his throat the knife that was wet with the goat's blood.

In three steps the listener was at the window of his room. He wrenched back the casement and scrambled into the darkness, but not apparently unheard. From the inside of the cottage came the sudden cry, "Loose the bloodhound!" The boy ran in a frenzy of fear, stumbling over embedded stones and slipping among moss-hags. The baying of the bloodhound soon broke the quiet of the dark moor, and along with it were heard the voices of the men as they urged it on to the pursuit. The pedlar stumbled once more and fell this time with violence upon a heap of stones. Wearing nothing but the shirt in which he had fled, he was badly cut, and lay there dazed and bleeding. His pursuers were now so near that he felt as if the edge of that knife, stained with the goat's blood, were already at his throat. He staggered to his feet, and again rushed onwards. The hound came to the place where he had fallen. It found blood there, regarded its work as done, and could not be persuaded to take

up the scent again. The pedlar continued his terrified flight until the morning, when he came to a village. The indignation aroused by his story was none the less great that several of the inhabitants had lost relatives or friends in the manner that had been unaccountable hitherto. The male population set out immediately to seize the authors of the outrages, and on reaching their abode, nearly tore them limb from limb before hanging them on gibbets. Before their execution the criminals confessed to the destruction of nearly fifty persons in The Murder Hole, a narrow pool of enormous depth hid among the long grass of the moor. When the cottage was ransacked, there was found in the great chest the body of their last victim.

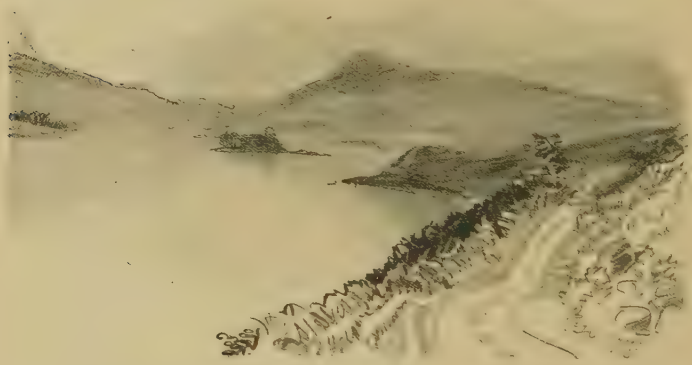
A pleasanter tradition is connected with Loch Doon Castle, the remains of which stand on an island near the head of the loch. During the wars of the fourteenth century the stronghold was besieged by the English, who, having failed to take it by assault, proposed to flood it by raising the waters of the loch. At the point where the river begins they built a barrier of earth and stones, and for additional security lined it with raw hides. As the water crept up the castle walls one of the besieged soldiers, named MacNab, volunteered to cut the dam. In the dark of midnight he slipped into the water with a large "bonnet sword" folded in his cap, swam down the middle of the loch, and reached the embankment unnoticed. He broke it at several points, but before he could escape, the pent-up waters swept away the obstruction and him along with it, so that he was battered to death as the liberated flood raged through the Ness Glen. It is said that, in recognition of the service he had rendered his country, a grant of land was conferred on his son. It still bears the name of Macnabston,[1] and is now a part of the farm of Beoch. It may have been just after this incident that the defenders of the castle landed on the Carrick shore of the loch and, meeting the English on a moorland height, which is still called the Brucean Hill, defeated them.

A discovery made in 1826 may take one back to a much earlier century than that of the War of Independence. In the dry summer of that year some fishers observed several canoes lying on the bottom near the Castle Island. These were raised from

[1] According to another version it was the reward of a traitor who yielded the castle to the English when it was held for Bruce by Sir Christopher de Seton after the battle of Methven.

their immemorial resting-place and were found to have been hollowed out of oak trees. Some of them may now be seen in a pond at the foot of Loch Doon.

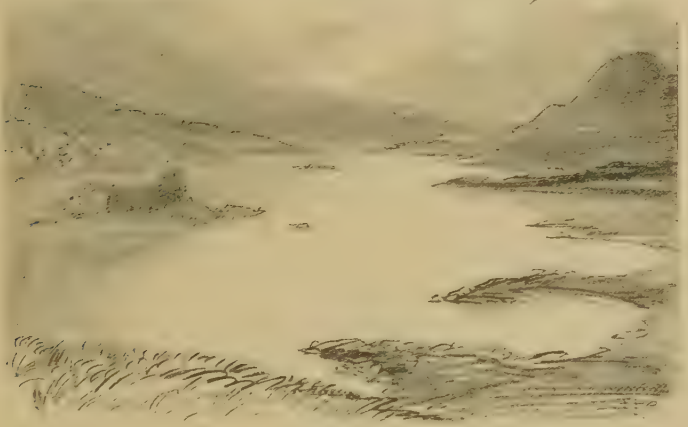
The moor over which you approach The Dungeon from the head of the loch is confined between two converging series of hills that seem to meet on the horizon. It is now as if you were in the midst of a colossal kind of avenue sweeping upwards to the north side of Craigtarson and the brink of The Cauldron. It was probably up this avenue that John of Lorn led his Highlanders in quest of the Bruce in 1307 ; but, except that some of the persecuted Covenanters sought refuge in these wilds, nothing of any note has happened here since then.



The Head of Loch Doon.

The hills were usually shrouded in mist when John Stevenson, the author of *A Rare Soul-Strengthening and Comforting Cordial for Old and Young Christians*, had occasion to travel this way. Stevenson is described on the title-page of his book as "Land-labourer in the Parish of Daily in Carrick, who died in the year 1728", and he includes an account of "what strange and remarkable providences he was trysted with". "I must own to His praise and glory that God dealt well with my soul when He led me into the wilderness, and as I escaped the sword of the enemy, so I found grace in the wilderness ; yea, during my nine years' suffering, I was much filled with joy and peace in believing ; I was made to take joyfully the spoiling of my goods, and with

pleasure for His name's sake wandered in deserts and in mountains, in dens and caves of the earth. I lay four months in the coldest season of the year in a hay-stack in my father's garden, and a whole February in the open fields not far from Camragen, and this I did without the least prejudice from the night air: one night, when lying in the fields near to the Carrick-Miln, I was all covered with snow in the morning. Many nights have I lain with pleasure in the churchyard of Old Daily, and made a grave my pillow; frequently have I resorted to the old walls above the glen, near to Camragen, and there sweetly rested." In the later part of his life he suffered from scrofula and "found



The Castle Island, Loch Doon.

an inclination to go to Moffat, though my circumstances were so low at the time, I knew not well how to get there; but having asked counsel of the Lord, I said I would go, and make use of the water in faith, as a mean appointed, and frequently made useful by God."

He had been present at the battle of Bothwell Bridge and escaped unhurt. "When our forces fled from before the enemy, and all took what way to go they judged most proper for their safety, I rode not through Hamilton with the rest, but went about the town, and having got over a glen, when I got to the other side of it, I espied a party of the enemy just

below me, and in the very way by which I behoved to ride. I could not turn back without alarming them, and therefore rode on. My comrade was riding just before me, with his head-piece and other pieces of armour which he had provided for his safety. I saw him dismayed, and that he could not well sit his horse through slavish fear; on which, I whispered to him to go on composedly; and I went before him with my carbine over my arm, and my sword drawn in my hand. The enemy came so close up to the way, and all standing under arms, that I could not ride past without touching clothes with them; on which their commander, in a threatening way, asked me the word. I had resolved not to speak, whatever they asked of this nature, because I knew not their word, and thought it would irritate them the more if I told them what was not their word. As I spoke nothing, but rode on, depending entirely on the God whom I had chosen for my covering in the day of battle, I got past them unmolested; but whenever my comrade came up, I heard the officer ask him, The word, dog; on which, through fear, he told him what was not their word, which so provoked the commander, that he struck him over the head with his broad-sword, which, by reason of my comrade's head-piece, broke in two. This so enraged the commander, that he ordered some of his men to fire, which they did, and killed him on the spot. I still stepped on without the least hurry or confusion, and they never in the least molested me. Just as I passed them, I saw Colonel Burns lying in his blood, whom they had shot a little before, so that I must own the Lord was my safety, and the covering of my head in the day of battle: he hid me as in the hollow of his hand, and set remarkable bounds to the remainder of the wrath of the enemy, so the snare was broken, 'and I escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler'; and my sure and all-sufficient help was in Jehovah's name, who made the heavens and the earth."

He tells his experiences among the hills of the Dungeon district thus: "The kind providence of God had provided a nursing for my wife in Craigdarroch, Ferguson, in Nithsdale. . . . Some months after I left Carrick to go and see my wife, but not knowing the way, I got a lad who had been in that country to be my guide. Accordingly we set off, but durst not keep the common road for fear of the enemy, it being now like the days of Jael, when the highways were unoccupied, and no peace to

honest people when they went out or when they came in. Being obliged, then, to go by the mountains, there came on a frightful mist and fog, so that we wandered in a desert and pathless way, and knew not whither we were going. I told my guide that we were surely wandering, and therefore I would sit down and pray, as I usually did and do when in such a case. . . . Before I had done, the Lord had carried off the mist, so that we saw we had wandered, and afterwards were directed into the right way. . . .

"About a year and four months after this, I carried my daughter Elizabeth to Craigdarroch. . . . I got a horse and a woman to carry the child, and came to the same mountain, where I wandered by the mist before; it is commonly known by the name of Kells-rhins: when we came to go up the mountain, there came on a great rain, which as we thought was the occasion of the child's weeping, and she wept so bitterly, that all we could do could not divert her from it, so that she was ready to burst. When we got to the top of the mountain, where the Lord had been formerly kind to my soul in prayer, and showed me the way where I was to go, I looked round me for a stone, and espying one, I went and brought it. When the woman with me saw me set down the stone, she smiled, and asked what I was going to do with it. I told her I was going to set it up as my Ebenezer, because hitherto and in that place the Lord had formerly helped, and I hoped would yet help. The rain still continuing, and the child weeping bitterly, I went to prayer, and no sooner did I cry to God, but the child gave over weeping, and when we got up from prayer, the rain was pouring down on every side, but in the way where we were to go there fell not one drop, the place not rained on was as big as an ordinary avenue."

A monument in honour of "John Stevenson, of Camregan," was set up in Old Dailly churchyard in 1886, so that his memory appears to flourish in the district. The tombstone reads—

HERE · LYES · THE
CORPS · OF · JOHN
STIVNSON · WHO
DIED · MERCH · 17
1729 · AGE · 73.

The hills on either hand increase in height as you go onwards. The highest points of the lofty range on the left are Meaul and

The Carlin's Cairn, a name which brings you once more into touch with the Bruce traditions of Galloway. On the other side of these hills some streams converge and form the Polmaddy Burn, where there lived a miller whose wife helped the King in his need. She sheltered him for several days and misled his enemies when they came that way searching for him in every glen. In later days, when the King was able to reward his friends, he gave her a bit of land in the Polmaddy Glen, and she in turn, desiring to commemorate this royal gratitude, caused her friends to carry stones to one of the highest points overlooking the glen.

While stating that little reliance can be placed on the tradition of the origin of The Carlin's Cairn, the *Inventory* points out that "its very remote situation renders its sepulchral character doubtful"

In a Galloway wood.

CHAPTER XXX

CARSPHAIRN

The road from Dalmellington to Carsphairn—A story of the Covenanters—Inscriptions in the churchyard—Antiquarian rambles—A deserted mining village—Knockgray—Captain Clark Kennedy's notes on the wild life of the district—Two roads to Dalry.

When Lord Cockburn went on the South-Western Circuit in the autumn of 1844, he entered Galloway by Dalmellington and Carsphairn[1] and was impressed by the "extensive inland views, bounded and varied, not by wide plains, which, because they are high above the sea, are said to be hills, but by real, plainly marked, sticking-up mountains. There are a great many beautiful places, and the whole country is alive with streams." Beginning at Dalmellington, the road runs for nearly four miles up a narrow defile with a stony water-course at the side—no doubt it is its length and narrowness that always make me think of a miniature Ampezzo-thal—and at the end of the ascent one comes out suddenly on a high moor giving some of those "extensive inland views". At the foot of the heathery slopes falling away to the west the continuity of the moors is broken by a bit of Loch Doon; farther to the west the sunshine on a clear day will pick out from its dark moorland setting a little sheet of water called Loch Finlas; and farther still in the same direction rise the hills near Rowantree, the site of The Murder Hole. On the south you have the large hills of the Kells range, and parallel with them the more imposing and rugged, "plainly marked, sticking-up mountains" of the Merrick group; and between the two ranges a long moor over which the eye travels into a hazy distance filled by The Dungeon.

[1] Carse of the alders; Gaelic *fearna*.

The road undulates now along the valley of the Deugh with moors on the left and the steep, grassy sides of the Kells hills on the other bank of the stream until it reaches the little, clean, wind-swept village of Carsphairn.

Nowhere so inevitably as here does one recall these lines of Stevenson :

> Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are flying,
> Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now,
> Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are crying,
> My heart remembers how !
>
> Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,
> Standing-stones on the vacant wine-red moor,
> Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent vanished races,
> And winds austere and pure :
>
> Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,
> Hills of home ! and to hear again the call ;
> Hear about the graves of the martyrs the peewees crying,
> And hear no more at all.

Carsphairn abounds in hills of sheep and has its circle of standing stones, but is the only parish in The Glenkens—the district including the parishes in the valley of the Ken, namely, Carsphairn, Dalry, Balmaclellan, and Kells—where there is no martyr's grave. The village, however, has its story of the Killing Time. Pierson, the Episcopal minister, maintained a persecuting policy towards the Covenanters in the parish, and kept Lagg informed of those who absented themselves from church. The people were not cowed, but merely exasperated, and, led by James MacMichael, proposed to make some sort of treaty with the minister to secure peace in the parish. Pierson received a deputation in the manse, but on learning their errand was enraged, would listen to none of their remonstrances, barred the door, and drew out his pistol. Companions of the deputies, who had remained outside, hearing cries from within, broke down the door with MacMichael at their head. He, seeing the pistol outstretched and conceiving his friends to be in imminent danger, shot Pierson dead.

His act was not approved by the Societies of the Covenanters, who removed his name from the roll of membership ; but, says the author of *The Martyr Graves of Scotland* naively, " he loved freedom in spiritual things as much as ever, only in the

future he had to be more careful in his movements, and to keep more away from the busy haunts of men." The shot had other consequences. Claverhouse came into the district, and MacMichael and some others of his way of thinking sought concealment on Auchencloy Hill near Loch Skerrow. Claverhouse contrived to come upon them by surprise. Two of the men fled unnoticed, but the six who remained had to fight. Claverhouse became involved in a duel with MacMichael and was pressed so hardly that he called for help. MacMichael then said, "You dare not abide the issue of a single combat; and had your helmet been, like mine, a soft bonnet, your carcase had now found a bed upon the heath." While he was speaking, a dragoon had been approaching quietly from behind and the next moment split his skull with his sword. Of the other Covenanters, Robert Ferguson, John Grier, and Robert Stewart were shot, and William Hunter and Robert Smith were taken to Kirkcudbright, where they were hanged and beheaded.

The following atrocious incident is related of John Semple, who was the first minister of Carsphairn and died about 1677. It is an illustration of how the "saints of the Covenant" shared abundantly in, and even fomented, the delusions of the time. "His painful endeavours were blessed with no small success, especially on sacramental occasions. This the devil envied very much, and particularly one time, among many, when Semple designed to administer the Lord's Supper; before which he assured the people of a great communion, by a gracious and remarkable down-pouring of the Spirit, but that the devil would be envious about this good work, and that he was afraid he would be permitted to raise a storm or speat of rain, designing to drown some of them. 'But,' said he, 'it shall not be in his power to drown any of you—no, not so much as a dog.' Accordingly, it came to pass on Monday, that, when he was dismissing the people, they saw a man all in black entering the water a little above them, at which they were amazed, as the stream was very large. He lost his feet, as they apprehended, and came down on his back, waving his hand; the people ran and got ropes, and threw them to him, and there were ten or twelve men upon the ropes, yet they were in danger of being all drawn into the water and drowned. Semple looking on, cried, 'Quit the rope, and let him go; I see who it is, it is

the devil; he will burn, but not drown; and by drowning of you would have God dishonoured, because He hath got some glory to His free grace in being king to many of your souls at this time.' All search was made in that country to find if any man was lost, but none was heard of, which made them to conclude it to be the devil."[1]

If the angler who comes to Carsphairn to fish the Water of Deugh[2] should be interrupted by a day when the attempt to beguile trout is manifestly foolish, he may go to the churchyard and see some old tombstones in the western part and ponder the epitaphs of men who, it is very likely, were anglers too since they lived in Carsphairn. There are three of these old inscriptions—

YOU TRAVLERS AS YOU
PASS BY COME READ AND
DO NOT FEAR FOR DO
UN BELOV THIS STON DO
TH LY TRUTH CHAMPION
BVRIED HERE ALTHOUG
H HIS BONS BELO THIS
STON DO PICE AND PICE
DECAY HIS SOUL IN
HEAVEN OF GLORY SHAL
ANE DEDM VEAR FOR AYE.

R · G · G · G
faithful · Robert · Grierson
Doth · ly · beside · this · stone
Who · in · his · life · tyme · was
Repute · ane · honest · one
Religeon · he · did · AWN
When · Few · it · countenancd
Eternity · is · come
Where · he · is · high · advancd
WHO · DIED · THE · II · OF · JVNE
1 6 9 9 · A G E D · 50

[1] *The Scots Worthies.*
[2] Gaelic *dubh uisge*, black water.

This · monument · doo · now
the · tell · wher · old · lochhead
intered · was · his · nams · David
mᶜlnay · who · nou · doth · pras · and
not · pre · useful · church · milatnt
and · the · church · traphant
1696

At a first reading this last inscription seems to lack lucidity. The point is that the deceased, being now a member of the Church Triumphant, has no further occasion for prayer. While he was still in the ranks of the Church Militant, he was probably tenant of Loch Head farm at the south end of Loch Doon.

If, again, the visitor is curious about other memorials of bygone generations or of vanished races, he should go to Holm of Daltallochan farm, where he will see a cairn, a stone circle, a standing stone, and a cross-slab; and to Lamford, where there is a well-preserved cairn about half a mile east of the shepherd's cottage, and "a small group of cairn-like mounds, probably the ruins of small circular stone huts", about a quarter of a mile east of the cairn. In the course of a walk to the south of the village he may come upon the site of a long chambered cairn on Carnavel farm, two cross-slabs about three hundred yards south of the summit of Braidenoch Hill, a cross carved in relief at the entrance to the Dalshangan[1] grounds, the remains of Dundeugh Castle a short distance north of the point where the Deugh falls into the Ken, and a fort in an angle of the Deugh on the farm of Carminnow about three-quarters of a mile west of the High Bridge of Ken. Ascending the upper valley of the Ken, he will find about three-quarters of a mile west-south-west of Craigengillan "a large circular cairn, over the top of which two walls have been erected at right angles to form a sheep shelter", and at Nether Holm of Dalquhairn[2] "a large circular cairn with a diameter of about eighty-four feet, but now consisting merely of a ring of loose stones around the line of the circumference. An oblong depression near the centre

[1] Gaelic *dail seangan*, field of the ants.
[2] Gaelic *dail chàirn*, field of the cairn.

possibly marks the position of a cist which has long since been opened."

Near Carsphairn are the remains of Lagwine Castle, once the home of the Macadams, ancestors of the famous road-maker; and high on the side of the Coran of Portmark, about two miles distant, is a small cluster of cottages, the deserted mining village of Woodhead, where the schoolhouse has been turned into a summer lodging by a family who must surely share the tastes of the Silverado Squatters. Lord Cockburn remarks of Woodhead that "the lately detected lead-mines near Carsphairn, instead of marring, to my mind improve the scene, and even increase its wildness. It looks like a colony of solitary strangers who were trying to discover subterranean treasures in a remote land." Since the village was deserted, it has made the place look wilder still.

Leaving Carsphairn by the road on the left bank of the Deugh, one arrives in a few hundred yards at the gate of the shooting-lodge of Knockgray[1]. The avenue running up the slope at right angles to the road is lined on both sides with conifers of several kinds and an undergrowth of large rhododendrons with blossoms of wonderful, delicate hues, and it is delightful to leave the dusty road on a hot day and turn into the midst of its coolness and fragrance. Two or three generations ago Knockgray was a lonely house on the face of a moor; but the aspect of the place has been so altered by planting that it looks now like a garden in a wilderness. Herons nest near the house, and tame turtle-doves perching on the branches of the pines or alighting sometimes on the sundial make the air musical.

Knockgray glories in its situation on the windy heights and in its view of the Kells range. Cairnsmore, one of the highest hills in Galloway, rises immediately behind it. An old rhyme runs:

> There's Cairnsmore of Fleet,
> And there's Cairnsmore of Dee;
> But Cairnsmore of Carsphairn's
> The highest of the three.

It is unlike many high mountains in that its summit gives a wide outlook in several directions. This is due, of course, to

[1] Gaelic *cnoc gréaich*, hill of the elevated flat.

its isolation from other heights on all sides but one. Its immediate neighbours stand huddled to the east towards Cumnock; but in the north-west one can see the peaks of Arran, in the south the Solway and the Cumberland hills, and between these directions the great mountain masses of the Galloway Highlands.

Knockgray has a literary association with that hill country on the south-west. Its late proprietor, Captain Clark Kennedy, made the adventures of Robert the Bruce in Galloway the subject of a spirited work reminiscent in its style and its episodic method of the romantic poems of Scott. *Robert the Bruce, a Poem, Historical and Romantic*, was published in 1884. For those who share its author's minute knowledge of the Galloway wilderness, the recurrence of the names of remote hills, crags, lochs, and burns that are known to few but the shepherds who dwell among them and the occasional sportsman who comes with rod or gun gives it a special interest. The poem is followed by a large body of notes full of the lore of the hills. There is a long note, for example, on the sundew, a little bog-plant especially common in Galloway. Referring to the eagle and other wild creatures, he says, "Often have I seen it in the forest of Buchan, winging its way to some high crag over the Loch of Dee or Doon. The buzzard, the peregrine falcon, the raven, the badger or 'brock,' as the folk of the country call it (as they do in the north of Ireland also), the otter and the mountain-fox are still common, and a few real wild cats (nearly extinct in Scotland now) still hold their own in wilds where of old the savage wolf wandered over the mountains, the red deer made his abode in the forest, and the wild boar was numerous in the marshes. The osprey or 'fishing-eagle' is also still to be met with, and still, I believe, breeds annually in Ayrshire and Galloway; at all events, it did so since 1871, and is often to be seen by the sea-shore, and sometimes also inland, by the more sequestered of the many mountain lakes." "Even to the present time there are some goats in a state of wildness in the mountains around Loch Dee and Trool and especially on the farm of Craigencallie, amongst whose precipices I have occasionally observed the wild goats with their shaggy beards and long horns. They are very hard to approach, but can sometimes be killed with the rifle. Many of those so-called 'wild goats' were originally tame, but have become shy by reason

of their wild habits and the ease with which they find their sustenance, even in heavy snow." Captain Clark Kennedy was a keen sportsman and hunted his own pack of otter-hounds.

I do not suppose that, even if one had to travel every day over the roads between Carsphairn and Dalry, one would ever grow tired of them. To the cyclist certainly the road on the east side of the Deugh and the Ken is difficult in a contrary wind, for it runs high above the river levels and has many ups and downs ; but it is a good road to follow. Three miles from Carsphairn you hear behind the trees on the right the roaring of the Deugh Linn, and, turning into the shaded byway, reach in a minute or two the bridge spanning a narrow gorge, whence you look down at the water surging far below. A stone-throw farther up the channel, the stream makes a deep fall and does not recover a placid surface until after it has passed under the bridge. You are sheltered here from the winds, for there rises above you another kind of gorge formed by the plantations on both sides, and it is a place where you may very well linger and smoke a pipe or two, watching the play of the water and the movements of the trout.

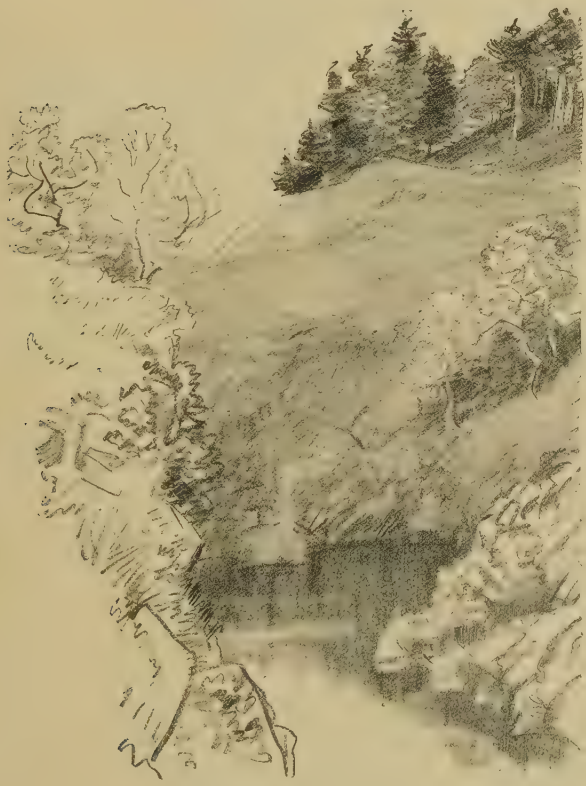
Long before the bridge was built, a tinker once leaped across the ravine. He was suspected of some theft, and a party of dragoons had been sent to capture him ; but he had eluded them for some days. At last they caught sight of him lying asleep near this point. They rushed at him with a triumphant shout. The tinker was awakened, rose and rushed at the narrowest part of the river, and cleared the chasm. Hence comes the popular name, " The Tinkler's Loup ".

A mile nearer Dalry there are another bridge and another waterfall, the College Linn beside the High Bridge of Ken. Thereafter your attention is distracted from wayside details and held by the noble range of mountains some miles away on the opposite side of the valley.

The gradients on the other road are less formidable. Just after leaving Carsphairn and crossing the Deugh, you ascend for a mile over Bardennoch Hill ; but thenceforward, especially if you are helped by a north wind, you may go on an ordinary bicycle almost as easily as if you were sitting in a motor-car. In the case of such roads as these the bicycle is the most rapid means of travel that one should permit oneself. One really ought to walk.

This road, like the other, gives for a time an impressive view of the mountains, and one may also see The Tinkler's Loup by making a digression of a little more than a mile. I shall not try to catalogue the other attractions of the route, but leave them for the reader to discover for himself.

Happy is the traveller who takes either of these roads, and happier still is he who has time for both.



The Ken near Earlston.

CHAPTER XXXI

DALRY

The approach to Dalry—The mountains of Kells—The village—Earlston Linn—The Gordons of Earlston—Mossroddick—Lochinvar—The Holy Linn—The path to Balmaclellan—The roads to New Galloway—The Glenlee ghosts—Inscriptions in Kells Churchyard—The Garroch Glen—A pilgrims' way—The Pentland Rising—The martyrs' grave—The Kenmure burial aisle—The church—Names of the village—How to address letters—The Pulharrow Glen—Loch Dungeon—The Cauldron of The Dungeon—A winter sunset—Winter perils of The Cauldron.

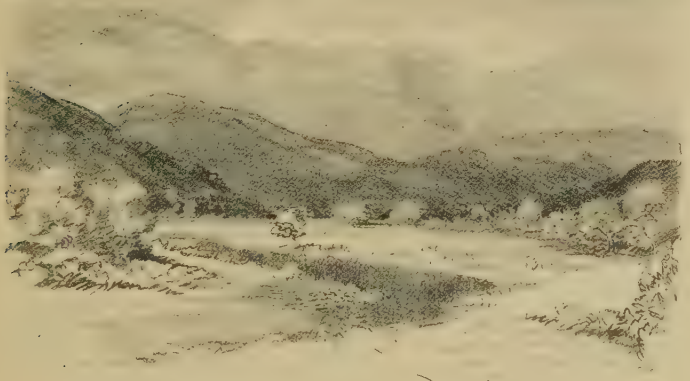
I HAVE tried to be sparing of superlatives in previous chapters, remembering that I had still to deal with Dalry[1] and that if I could not hope to rise to the lyrical eloquence that it deserves, I must at least refrain from squandering prematurely the language at my command. In undertaking such a subject as this, one sympathizes with the poets who, conscious of their inadequacy, appeal to the Muse to inspire them.

How best to approach the village presents no problem to one who has never been there before—it is simply a question of convenience ; but for the devotee it is one of propriety. The south road from New Galloway and the east road from Moniaive scarcely let you see the village until you are actually within it, and this means too unceremonious an entrance. I give my verdict, therefore, in favour of the low road from Carsphairn in the north, which allows you to throw a preliminary salutation from a little distance. You come to a part of the way where it makes a series of undulations, and at the top of every rise, as you look across the masses of foliage embowering the river in the depths of the glen, you see the cottages and gardens of

[1] Gaelic *dail righe*, king's field.

Dalry climbing skywards about a mile away. If it is late on a summer evening, you will notice also how the little white walls retain the light of the dying day while all surrounding details are sunk in shade. Even when one is on the top of the Kells range, seven or eight miles away, a small splash of white on the east side of the Ken valley enables one to say, " There is Dalry ".

Close at hand the village has a dazzling effect in full sunshine, for the inhabitants vie with one another in glorifying their dwellings, not only growing flowers in strips of soil and training creepers up the fronts, but painting or whitewashing the walls



The Kells Range from the road between Dalry and New Galloway.

every year, and your eye is constrained to seek relief sometimes in the meadows and plantations on the other side of the glen.

I must not write another sentence without referring to the view of the mountains of Kells. Their grand masses with their far-drawn skyline are a constant joy. If you lodge on the north side of the street, you can see them from the back windows, and as you stroll about the village—along The Throughgate, up Kirkland Street, or down the upper part of the main street—they loom up before you, not, indeed, with the overpowering imminence of the mountains around Innsbruck, but with a very satisfying degree of grandeur, and compel you to look at them often whether the sunshine of the morning and the forenoon is lighting up the green and brown slopes of Millyea and Corserine

and the rocky corries in the sides of Milldown and Millfire; or has given place, with the advance of the hours, to great masses of black shadow—to be exchanged for purple-grey as the evening comes on; or mist, having covered the top of Corserine, is surging down upon the other heights; or stormy-looking clouds are disposed along the whole range, each like an Ossa crowning a Pelion, while the sun, setting behind them, stabs their darkness with shafts of gold, making a picture of commingled shadows and brightness that affects you like a portent.

People who chatter and shout hilariously at popular watering-places would not be likely, one would think, to raise their voices foolishly in view of such majestic hills, and those who like quietness can count on finding it here. The men of the village are out of sight by day, following their trades or labouring on the neighbouring estates and farms, and it is not until the evening that they present themselves, sitting on garden seats in front of their cottages and smoking and talking or reading a newspaper. The only apparent stir of life is when the evening coach is expected from New Galloway railway station, and the people gather at the foot of the village to watch its arrival. The hotels[1] and the houses that let rooms are occupied fully in the summer months, but there is not enough space to admit of a crowd. The visitors, therefore, are never sufficiently numerous to spoil the quiet for one another. There is no bandstand nor anything in the nature of a promenade to tempt them to congregate, and negro minstrels and pierrots are unknown. The people who come to Dalry are usually of the kind who can amuse themselves and, therefore, do not need to be amused. Those whose happiness is incomplete without golf are pacified with a nine-hole course; but this is not a noisy game. The occasional "click" from the nearest tee-ing ground, almost the only sound you will hear sometimes, serves rather to accentuate the quiet.

Then there is the air, dry and rich with moorland scents. On one of those rare nights when mist has come down on the village, I have gone out into the dark street and noticed that the air smelled just as if one were in the midst of an odorous moor on a wet day.

[1] The principal one is *The Lochinvar Hotel*, facing the Garroch Glen. *The Commercial Hotel* is quiet and comfortable. *The Gordon* (*Temperance*) *Hotel*, in the upper part of the village, combines daintiness in service with moderate charges.

You are not likely to be long in Dalry without hearing about the waterfall at Earlston. It is worth while going to see it,

Dalry and the Kells Range.

not only for the sake of the fall, but for every inch of the way. I suppose that it would be possible to go and return within an hour, but this would be like quaffing nectar by the gallon.

There are many temptations to linger, and it is good to yield. At Allangibbon Bridge, for instance, where the river runs in a deep gorge of grey, lichen-covered rocks and is overhung by firs and larches, I have often left the road on a hot day and entered the shade of the aromatic woods to sit on the edge of one of the precipices and look down into the haunts of trout, and if you do this, you are very likely to remain here very happily for some hours, leaving Earlston unvisited in the meantime.

The waterfall can be reached, of course, by going up either bank. If you have taken the trouble to obtain a permit from the factor of the Earlston estate,[1] you may take the better route, that on the left or east bank. A tree-girt path winds along the edge of the rocks with a steep, densely-wooded hill rising on the right; emerges presently on a long meadow; passes through one or two coppices near The Fir-Tree Island, where there is a low waterfall spread right across the stream; and so brings you through a variety of woodland, meadow, and river scenery to the south end of The Earlston Gorge.

Looking down from the brink, you would think that the water was quite still but for the flecks of foam from the fall at the upper end that move just a little as you watch them. From the deep quiet of the gorge, broken only by the splash of a great fish now and then, it is a sudden change to approach the sustained turmoil of the roaring, flashing waterfall, where the whole river dashes through a very narrow cleft and spreads out fanwise over the rocks as it descends into a deep pool.

I came to look at it one afternoon about the end of July, after heavy rains, and as I was turning away, saw something rise out of the water. I thought that it had been a large trout pursuing a fly into the air. Then it occurred to me that it might have been a small grilse. Waiting for another minute or two, I saw a large grilse leap out of the pool and fall into the cascade about a third of the way up. During the next two hours a fish rose and attempted the ascent every few minutes. The proportion of misdirected leaps was fairly large. A fish would strike its whole side against a rock with a sickening whack that was heard above the roar of the fall. In the centre of the torrent there is a rock that is uncovered when the river is low: a fish sometimes made a headlong dash against its face.

[1] There is no law of trespass in Scotland, but a permit obviates attempts at obstruction on the part of servants.

Photographing fish is almost as exciting as catching them with the rod, and I do not know any place where this excitement can be enjoyed to such good purpose as here. The channel takes a sharp turn to the right at the foot of the fall, and on the face of the rock there is a little ledge near the water whence one can command the scene with the camera.

Few people know that there is a remarkable chasm in the river-bed a stone-throw farther up. One can step across it; and yet, unless the river is unusually full, the whole volume of water is tearing through beneath your feet in a dazzling cataract. The ascent is not so great as at the wider fall; but it is a marvel that the fish should not be baffled by this congested flood of almost terrifying force.

Even fewer people are aware of another feature of the channel —a natural arch about half-way down the large waterfall. The whole of the arch is submerged as a rule and is discovered only in time of drought.

Earlston Linn[1] takes its name from the old castle near the river, the home of the Gordons, a family who were strongly attached to the principles of the Reformation and the Scottish Covenants, and suffered many things for their faith.

In 1635 Sydserff, Bishop of Galloway, appointed a minister to the parish of Dalry. The appointment was not acceptable to the people, and Alexander Gordon of Earlston led the opposition. He was summoned to appear before the diocesan Commission Court, but did not obey and was fined and banished to Montrose. He was one of the elders sent by the Presbytery of Kirkcudbright to the General Assembly of 1638, served as one of the Commissioners for The Stewartry in the Parliament of 1641, and acted as a member of the Covenanters' War Committee for The Stewartry. He died in 1654 and was succeeded by his son, William.

William Gordon had been educated for the ministry, but when the Civil War broke out, was in command of a company under General Leslie. His persecutions began in 1663, when the Privy Council sent a Committee consisting of the Earls of Linlithgow, Galloway, and Annandale, Lord Drumlanrig, and Sir John Wauchope, of Niddry, to inquire into the riots that

[1] The waterfall is sometimes called the Earlston Linn, but Gaelic *linne* means a pool, and Earlston Linn is strictly the water in the gorge below the fall.

had taken place at Kirkcudbright and Irongray over the introduction of Episcopal ministers. When the Commissioners were at Kirkcudbright, they tried to induce Gordon to sanction the ordination of an Episcopal minister to the parish of which he was patron, but he refused and was cited to appear before the Council. In the Act which the Council passed against him they narrated "that they had considered several accusations exhibited against Mr. Gordon of Earlstoun, for keeping of private meetings and conventicles, contrary to the laws and acts of Parliament, with his own judicial confession that he had been at three several conventicles, where Mr. Gabriel Semple, a deposed minister, did preach, viz., one in Corsack wood, and the other two in the wood of Airds, at which there were great numbers of people; and that he did hear Mr. Robert Paton, a deposed minister, expound a text of scripture, and perform other acts of worship in his mother's house; and that Mr. Thomas Thomson, another deposed minister, did lecture in his own house to his family on a Sabbath-day; and that, being required to enact himself to abstain from all such meetings in time coming, and to live peaceably and orderly conform to law, he refused to do the same. They did therefore order the said Mr. William Gordon of Earlstoun to be banished, and to depart forth of the kingdom within a month, and not return under pain of death, and that he enact himself to live peaceably and orderly during the said month, under pain of ten thousand pounds, or otherways to enter his person in prison." The fines he incurred on account of his adherence to the Covenanters amounted to £3,500.

After the failure of the Pentland Rising, Sir William Bannatyne was sent into Galloway with a party of soldiers to terrify the people, and Earlston Castle became one of the garrisons. Special attention was given to the parishes from which the rebels came, and the atrocities that ensued lose little by comparison with those of the Spaniards in the Netherlands or the Germans in Poland. Wodrow's stories are corroborated by the Government's subsequent proceedings against Bannatyne on account of the outrages and excesses which he had committed or allowed. He suffered the absurdly inadequate penalties of a fine of £200 and banishment from Scotland.

Gordon, who had returned from exile after the Pentland Rising, is heard of next and finally in connexion with the battle of Bothwell Bridge. He was hurrying to join the insur-

gents, when a company of English cavalry met him and killed him. His son, Alexander, fought in the battle, narrowly escaped being made a prisoner, and had to live in concealment for several years.

Like the Pentland Rising, the rebellion that was broken at Bothwell Bridge was followed by an outburst of vindictiveness on the part of the Government. The landed proprietors of Galloway were the first to be struck. On the 18th of February, 1680, MacDouall of Freugh; William Gordon of Earlston and his son, Alexander; Gordon, younger of Craighlaw; Gordon of Culvennan; Dunbar of Machermore; and MacKie of Larg were called before the Justiciary Court. Hired witnesses deposed to their having been accessory to the rebellion, and they were found guilty and ordered to be executed when they were captured and to have their property confiscated. William Gordon, as we have seen, had been killed. His prosecution was conducted nevertheless in order that his estates might be forfeited. Further criminal processes were begun in June, and the ordinary sentence was execution and confiscation of property. Graham of Claverhouse received a commission from the Privy Council to seize the movable effects of all persons in Galloway who had been concerned in the rebellion or had fled from persecution. His brother, Cornet Graham, was one of his deputies and held a court at New Galloway, where all persons between the ages of sixteen and sixty were ordered, under the threat of the severest penalties, to appear and declare upon oath how many conventicles they had attended, who had preached, who had been present, and whose children had been baptized. Another court was held at Dalry.

Alexander Gordon was present as a Commissioner from Galloway at a general meeting of the Covenanters' societies at Ayr in March, 1682, when it was resolved to send him to the Continent to make known the unhappy state of the Reformed Church in Scotland. He went on such missions more than once, and it was as he was sailing from Newcastle for the Low Countries in the summer of 1683 that he was arrested. He was sent to Edinburgh, where the Council examined him in order to discover if he had had any connexion with the Ryehouse Plot, but nothing was established against him. As he had been sentenced to death after the battle of Bothwell Bridge, it only remained to appoint the day for his execution. When the Council had decided on the 21st of August that he should be beheaded

at the Cross of Edinburgh on the 28th, it occurred to them that torture might succeed where mere examination had failed, but they were doubtful if this were legal in the case of a criminal sentenced to death, and sought guidance from London. They received an answer that although the criminal might not be subjected to torture in connexion with the cause for which he was sentenced, he might undergo it in respect of plots, conspiracies, and combinations that had taken place subsequently. Gordon was examined again on the 25th of September, when the Council contented themselves with placing the instrument of torture beside him; but he could not be led into admitting that he had been concerned in any plot to assassinate the King and the Duke of York. On the 23rd of November there came a letter from the King ordering the Council to put Earlston under torture. When his guards brought him into the council-chamber, and the boot was about to be applied, he was seized with fury, tossed the soldiers from him—he was called The Bull of Earlston—and cowed the Council. They thought that he was feigning madness, but four physicians certified that he was suffering from *alienatio mentis, furore latente laborans*, and advised that, instead of being taken back to the Tolbooth, he should be removed to the fresh air of the Castle Rock. He was kept there until April, when he was brought down to the unwholesome Tolbooth. He petitioned the Council to remove him again to "the air of the rock", and they sent him to the Bass Rock for a fortnight in August. On being brought back to the Tolbooth he made an unsuccessful attempt to escape and was loaded with irons. He was transferred to the damp fortress of Blackness in September and lay there until January, 1689, when he was set free. His lands were restored to him in the following year. He became commander of the Kirkcudbright Militia and Commissioner of Supply for The Stewartry and lived until after 1726.

The little journey to Earlston is only one of many to be made from Dalry. One cannot stay here without wishing to know what becomes of the road after it leaves the top of the village. The slender effort involved in walking the half-mile to the summit of the ridge meets with a most abundant reward, for on looking back you are confronted with the whole of the mountains from the Bennan above the south end of Loch Ken to the Coran of Portmark beyond Carsphairn. Close to the road is

the little loch to which Mr. Andrew Lang obviously refers in the following passage in his *Angling Sketches:* "In a county of south-western Scotland there is a large village populated by a keenly devoted set of anglers, who miss no opportunity. Within a quarter of a mile of the village is a small tarn, very picturesquely situated among low hills, and provided with the very tiniest feeder and outflow. There is a sluice at the outflow, and, for some reason, the farmer used to let most of the water out, in the summer of every year. In winter the tarn is used by the curling club. It is not deep, has rather a marshy bottom, and many ducks, snipe, and wild-fowl generally dwell among the reeds and marish plants of its sides. Nobody ever dreamed of fishing here, but one day a rustic, 'glowering' idly over the wall of the adjacent road, saw fish rising. He mentioned his discovery to an angler, who is said to have caught some large trout, but tradition varies about everything, except that the fish are very 'dour.' One evening in August, a warm, still evening, I happened to visit the tarn. As soon as the sun fell below the hills, it was literally alive with large trout rising. As far as one could estimate from the brief view of heads and shoulders, they were sometimes two or three pounds in weight. . . . The fish were rising actually at our feet, but they seemed to move about very much, never, or seldom, rising exactly at the same place. The hypothesis was started that there were but few of them, and that they ran round and round like a stage army, to give an appearance of multitude. But this appears improbable. What is certain was our utter inability ever to get a rise from the provoking creatures."

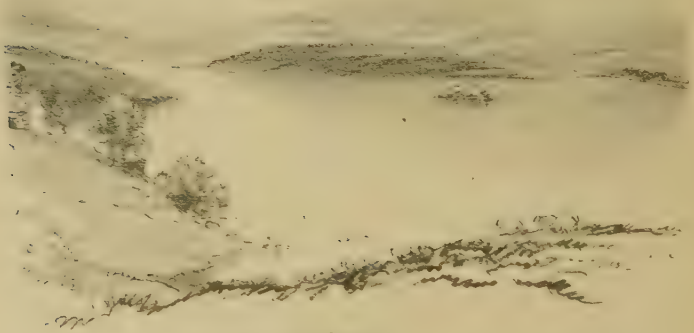
Many moral and mental obliquities have been attributed to trout by anglers as well as to anglers by other mortals; but Mr. Lang must be the first to credit them even for a moment with the tricks of the stage. No doubt he is right in discarding the theory. The loch is really full of large fish, but they are very rarely caught. I can bear witness, however, that it is possible to catch them with the fly. They are of a startlingly brilliant colouring, and the flesh is a rich pink.

Whether one catch fish or not, Mossroddick is a fascinating place. No sounds rise to it from the village. The grouse cries, the whaup wails, and

> sometimes doth a leaping fish
> Send through the tarn a lonely cheer.

But for these there is silence unless it be the wind rustling the reeds and grasses. On hot, still summer days when it is useless to fish, it is good to sit here with a book and look often at the glorious landscape. Then the loch, which includes the inverted images of the distant hills and of the clouds overhead, reminds one of the picture in *The Book of The Revelation* of the "sea of glass mingled with fire".

A much larger loch with a famous name, Lochinvar,[1] lies three miles across the moors on the north-east. It can be reached by a path beginning at the head of the village or by side-tracks



Lochinvar.

branching from the high Carsphairn and Moniaive roads. A few trees grow behind the gamekeeper's cottage on the west shore, but all around are undulating moors. The country was at one time covered with forest, and the loch would look more beautiful then. Now it has the charm belonging to all open moorland waters, and in legendary associations is richer than most.

On the larger of the two islands there once stood a castle owned by the Gordons of Lochinvar. Only a few stones remain. It must have been a *domus angusta* in the literal sense; but there is excellent fishing round the island, and it would have been

[1] Gaelic *lochan-a-bharra*, lochlet of the height.

possible to drop a baited hook from a window into the water with good hope of success—an agreeable diversion for an idle, rainy day. Perhaps "the lost bride of Netherby" beguiled some of her leisure in this fashion. Causeways connected the island with the shore, and in a dry summer, when the loch has shrunk, one's boat sometimes grates on the submerged cobbles.

In the reign of Alexander the Third a wild boar scared the countryside, destroying both men and cattle. Its notoriety spread far and wide, and the King offered knighthood and an estate to the man who should bring him its head. The Laird of Lochinvar waylaid and slew the beast. Tired out with the combat, he lay down to rest after cutting out and pocketing the boar's tongue and fell asleep beside its carcase. A man named Maxwell happened to ride past the place, and seeing what had occurred, resolved to make the most of it. He quietly cut off the boar's head and rode off to Edinburgh.

When Lochinvar awoke, he was astonished to find the animal lying headless. Suspecting a trick to forestall him, he mounted his swiftest horse and hastened to the capital. Maxwell was in the royal presence and was presenting the head.

"Wait, sire," cried Lochinvar, "the reward must be mine!"

"How so?" asked Maxwell.

"Because I killed the boar."

"How comes it that you have not the head?" asked the King.

"Because while I slept, this fellow stole it."

"But how am I to decide the truth of the matter?"

"Let this decide!" cried Lochinvar, throwing down the boar's tongue.

"Open the tusks," said the King to an attendant.

When the boar's mouth was opened, it was found to be tongueless.

"If that tongue does not fit the head, I claim no meed," said Lochinvar.

When the tongue was found to fit the root, the King admitted Lochinvar's claim and asked him how he had overcome the boar.

"I thrust my stout sword into his mouth and gored him down."

"Have you any surname?"

"None. I am Adam of Lochinvar."

"Kneel," said Alexander; then, striking his sword on Lochinvar's shoulder, "Rise, Sir Adam Gordown of Lochinvar! Be thy surname Gordown."

This may be the story of the winning of the lands on the east of Lochinvar, but it is not that of the origin of the name, "Gordon". The family came from the district of Gordon in Berwickshire.

Besides Lochinvar there are several other lochs between Dalry and Moniaive where excellent sport may be had by those who have obtained permission to fish. They are approached in the first instance by the tortuous, hilly road running east from Dalry. The use of a bicycle is to be recommended strongly. It does not, indeed, greatly expedite the uphill journey in the morning, but is of very great use on the return. It can be left anywhere, stowed in the shed of some cottage or concealed among the heath. It has, moreover, the supreme advantage that when you have reached your loch after the tramp across the moor, you can fish with an easy mind, knowing that you do not risk having to tear yourself away just when the best sport of the day may be beginning, and that you can remain until midnight or early morning or the next day if you like. The high moor at the watershed is a weird place in the dark. Standing there at dead of night, you will recall Browning's lines:

> The place is silent and aware;
> It has had its scenes, its joys and crimes,
> But that is its own affair.

The outpost of Galloway in that direction is Craigmuie, a moorland estate stretching up to the shore of Loch Urr, whence the Water of Urr flows. The property belonged for a time to Lieutenant-General James Douglas, brother of the Duke of Queensberry, whose name appears on a tombstone in Kells Churchyard in connexion with the shooting of a Covenanter. It was sold to Edward Goldie in 1679, and remains in the hands of his descendants. John Goldie, who succeeded in 1711, was appointed Commissary of Dumfriesshire[1] in 1734 and held the office for more than forty years. His daughter-in-law was one of Sir Walter Scott's correspondents,[2] and her daughter was the author of *Family Recollections*.[3]

Two walks from Dalry deserve a brief note. The Holy Linn is reached most easily from the Moniaive road. A little beyond

[1] See page 69 [2] See pages 19 and 21. [3] See pages 22 and 69.

the byway leading to Lochinvar you can see on the right the wood that fills the deep glen of the Garpol,[1] and when you have crossed the intervening pasture, the sound of falling water will lead you to the end of your quest. The burn makes a sudden leap over a rock in the shade of the trees. Congregations of Covenanters assembled here for worship during the Persecution, and the "outed" minister of Balmaclellan baptized children at a natural font.

The path to Balmaclellan follows the line of the old road from Dalry to Dumfries, which wound over the Mullach,[2] now crowned with a plantation of pines, crossed the Garpol by a bridge that is still intact, and climbed the steep slope where the houses of Balmaclellan are scattered.

I should not be able to forgive myself if I did not make some reference to the path beginning at the Allangibbon Bridge, winding over the Waterside Hill, and leading you to a foot-bridge near a little timber-mill, where the humming of the saw makes a strident note amid the sound of the breaking water and the rustling trees. Here you enter the elysium of the Garroch Glen, where you may wander in a maze of birches, oaks, and pines and spend uncounted hours idling at a little stone bridge or, following the road ascending among the trees, admire the infinite variety of wild flowers by the wayside, and perhaps go on to the meadows of the upper part of the glen that come between the woodland and the high moors.

Of the roads to New Galloway, the more direct runs down the left bank of the Ken and skirts a meadow with a tall monolith standing in the midst. The field is called Dalarran Holm, and is said to have been the scene of a battle between Scots and Danes, while the stone is believed to mark the burial-place of a Danish King. The more roundabout route crosses the Ken by the Allangibbon Bridge and passes the grounds of the Glenlee[3] estate.

Glenlee House is haunted. The following account of the ghost is given by a writer in the eighth number of *The Gallovidian*: "Mrs. S——, who is still alive, tells how the grey lady appeared to her one evening as she was sitting in front of her dressing-glass, waiting on her maid to come and do up her hair. While looking into the mirror, she became aware of some one

[1] Gaelic *garbh pol*, rough water. [2] Gaelic *mullach*, a hill.
[3] Gaelic *gleann liath*, grey glen.

or something behind her, and then saw a lady enter by the door of her room, pass across the floor, and disappear through a door which communicated with a dressing-room. As the house was full of company at the time, she wondered whether some of the strangers had mistaken the way to her room, but she waited in vain for her return, and just as she was thinking of going to explore the mystery, it occurred to her that there had been no sound of doors opening or of footfalls on the floor, nor was there any sound in the direction in which the lady had disappeared, and finally it struck her that the lady was not dressed like anyone in the house. All this passed through her mind in less time than it takes to tell it, and when examination was made for this strange and unaccountable lady, she was nowhere to be found.

"Meanwhile, I must inform the reader that Mrs. S—— at this time knew nothing of the ghost story connected with the Park, and so she said nothing of the apparition which had disturbed her for fear of being laughed at, but she could not get the affair out of her mind. Some time afterwards she was calling at K—— Castle, and inquired of the lady of the house whether there was any story of Glenlee being haunted, or whether anything had ever been seen there of recent years. Lady G—— replied that Lady Ashburton was said to walk about in a grey silk dress, and that some even reported that they had heard the rustle of it as she passed on her ghostly way. . . . On another occasion Mrs. S—— was sitting up with Mr. S.—— , who was seriously ill, and during the night a kind of rap was heard on the door or about the door which roused her to go and see what it was. Upon opening the door a face stared at her, but spoke not, and passed silently along the dimly-lighted corridor out of sight.

"While C—pt—n C—k K——dy was a guest at Glenlee, before going off to some entertainment one evening he ran up to his bedroom for something or other, and to his surprise there was a lady standing at his dressing-table putting some finishing touches to her toilette. The gallant C—pt—n withdrew, thinking that some of the ladies in the hurry of the moment had gone into the wrong bedroom. When he came down again, they were all upon the point of departure, and called to him to come along, but before getting into the carriage he said, 'You have forgotten one of the ladies.' 'Oh, no!' they said, 'every-

one is here, and but for your lingering we should have been off.' 'Are you sure?' he queried, and when they replied again that everyone was there, he told them what he had seen. But again that strange lady whom the C—pt—n found so unexpectedly at his dressing-table was never accounted for."

When another visitor awoke in the night, "something seemed to be between him and the fire-place. He could not see the fire, and rousing himself, he distinguished in the faint light the form of a lady as if bending over the embers, and whether it was his motion or what he never knew, but she suddenly turned round as if something had attracted her notice towards the bed, and making a step or two forward, she glared at him with such a distorted countenance which once might have been beautiful, but was hideous now with the expression of all the evil passions personified . . . . that he lost consciousness, and when next he awoke, to his great relief the sun was shining through the blinds, and some birds were twittering in the eaves, most welcome sounds."

The writer whom I have quoted refers to Blacklock's *Twenty Years' Holidaying in the Glenkens* for the statement that Lady Ashburton was said to have poisoned her husband, who was afflicted with *morbus pediculari*s, and mentions another tradition that her butler poisoned her in order to possess himself of some valuables.

There appears to be another ghost of a less virulent type. "A gentleman who was visiting at Glenlee, on looking over some family photographs, picked out one and said, 'This gentleman came into my room this morning before I was up and dressed his hair with my brush and comb.' They replied that that was impossible, because he had been dead for some time. The gentleman, however, persisted in his statement, saying, 'I could not be mistaken, as it was broad daylight, and I wondered at him doing it, but said nothing, and he soon retired. I saw him so distinctly that I should know him again anywhere'."

After this place of ghosts, one feels more at ease among the quiet dead in the churchyard of Kells, two miles farther on. A table stone tells of John Gordon of Largmore, WHO · DYED · JANUARY · 6 · 1667 · OF · HIS · UOUNDS · GOT · AT · PENTLAND · IN · DEFENCE · OF · THE · COVENANTED · REFORMATION, and an upright monument with an inscription covering both sides records the martyrdom of another Covenanter.

HERE LYES
ADAM MACQWHAN
WHO BEING SICK
OF A FEVER WAS
TAKEN OUT OF HIS
BED AND CARRIED
TO NEUTOUN OF
GALLOWAY AND THE
NEXT DAY MOST
CRUELLY AND UN=
JUSTLY SHOT TO
DEATH BY THE COM
MAND OF LIEVTENAN

MEN
ME (*Skull and*) TO
MO (*Cross-bones*) RI

GENERAL IAMES
DOUGLAS BROTHER
TO THE DUKE OF
QUEENS BERRY FOR
HIS ADHERENCE
TO SCOTLANDS
REFORMATION CO=
VENANTS NATION
AL AND SOLEMN
LEAGUE 1685

The stone is small and has been placed for its better preservation within a tall granite framework.

A sculptured stone bears this inscription: 1707 HERE · LY'S THE · CORPS · OF · AGNES · HERESE · SPOVS · TO · ROBERT · CORSON ALSO MARY · AGNES : & · MARION · MARGRAT · AT · ONE · BIRTH ROBT. · ANDREV · IAMES · AT · ONE · BIRTH · IOHN · ALEXR · CORSONS · CHILDREN · TO · ROT · CORSON · BVRGES · IN · NEVTOVN · OF GALLAVAY · & · AGNES · M^{c}BVRNY · HIS · SPOVS. Although this is not very lucid, the representation of Adam and Eve on the other side of the stone does not seem inappropriate. Another sculptured stone shews a fishing-rod, a gun and a powder-flask, a dog and a partridge, and marks the grave of John Murray, a gamekeeper on the Kenmure estate, who died in 1777. A prize of a guinea which had been offered for the most suitable epitaph was awarded to the Rev. John Gillespie, the minister of the parish, who wrote :

Ah John! what changes since I saw thee last?
Thy fishing, and thy shooting days are past.
Bagpipes, and hautboys, thou canst sound no more :
Thy nods, grimaces, winks, and pranks, are o'er.
Thy harmless, queerish, incoherent talk;
Thy wild vivacity, and trudging walk,
Will soon be quite forgot. Thy joys on earth,
A snuff, a glass, riddles, and noisy mirth,
Are vanished all. Yet blest, I hope, thou art,
For, in thy station, weell thou play'dst thy part.

The proprietor of Kenmure said one day to Murray that he did not believe that there was anything but minnows in Loch Ken. Soon after this Murray saw some ducklings on the water disappearing one by one. He took a duck as a bait, and began to angle with a strong rope. The duck went under, the line

was taut and quivering, and it was plain that there was something powerful at the other end. As Murray drew back from the edge, he saw a mighty pike lashing the placid surface of the loch. He landed and killed it and carried it on his back to the castle. As he did so, its head was above his, and its tail was trailing on the ground. He threw it down before his employer, saying "Ca' that a mennin!" The fish weighed seventy-two pounds. Its head is preserved in the castle.

Some historical notes fall to be made about Dalry. Kirkland Street was a part of one of the old routes between Edinburgh and the south-west, and was trodden by pilgrims on their way to Whithorn. James the Fourth sometimes came this way. The Lord High Treasurer's Accounts for a pilgrimage in 1497 include these details:

Item, to tua pur men be the way.....xvj*d.*
Item, at Sanct Johnis Kirk of Dalrye, to the preist...xiiij*d.*
Item, to pure folkis thare.....ij*s.*
Item, to ane woman with the grantgore thare, be Kingis command .....iij*s* vj*d.*

When the King passed through the village in 1501, he paid eighteen shillings for "belchair" and five shillings for the use of the ferry over the Ken. Pilgrims and other travellers in those days did not go round by New Galloway, but after crossing the river at Dalry climbed the steep road rising from the foot of the Garroch Glen and skirting the Glenlee woods. There are more than two miles of continuous ascent, and the pilgrims would be glad when they looked down at last on the broad valley of the Black Water of Dee.

Queen Mary may have been here when the estate of Earlston was in the hands of the Earl of Bothwell, and no doubt Bothwell rode down the village street sometimes. The Regent Murray was at Dalry on the 15th of June, 1568, "staieing there", says Hollinshed, "in trust of the laird of Louchinware's coming unto him, but he came not, whereupon the next day, being the 16th of June, they razed the house of Kenmure, and another house also, for that the owners were friends of the said Louchinware." The "other house" was probably Shirmers Tower on the left bank of Loch Ken.

Dalry's chief claim to a place in history is that the affair called the Pentland Rising began here. The atrocities of the Killing Time were still nearly twenty years distant; but the

Covenanters of Galloway were being made desperate already by the oppression of the Government and its agents. The Restoration Government, despising the prejudices of the people, had set itself to the task—difficult in the days of James the Sixth, but still less practicable after the country had enjoyed the ecclesiastical liberty of the Commonwealth—of establishing Episcopacy, although, to quote the "Declaration" of the insurgents, "it is known to all, that the king's majesty, at his coronation, did engage to rule the nation according to the revealed will of God in scripture; to prosecute the ends of 'National and Solemn League and Covenants'; and fully to establish Presbyterian government, with the Directory for Worship; and to approve all acts of parliament establishing the same; and thereupon the nobility, and others of his subjects, did swear allegiance; and so religion was committed unto him as a matter of trust, secured by most solemn indenture betwixt him and his people." It is the fact that the King had pledged himself as a Covenanter that accounts for the frequent charges of perjury brought against him.[1]

The people's attitude was not modified by the character of the new incumbents who displaced the Presbyterian ministers. On the contrary, their antipathy was "out of measure increased", says Bishop Burnet, by the hurriedly-procured clergy, who "were generally very mean and despicable in all respects. They were the worst preachers I ever heard: They were ignorant to a reproach: And many of them were openly vitious. They . . . . were indeed the dreg and refuse of the northern parts. Those of them who arose above contempt or scandal were men of such violent tempers that they were as much hated as the others were despised. This was the fatal beginning of restoring Episcopacy in *Scotland*, of which few of the Bishops seemed to have any sense."

The Government was not content to have its creatures conduct services in empty churches, and insisted on conformity, imposing fines on absentees. As the fine was levied for each Sunday of absence, many of the parishioners were labouring before long under hopeless burdens of debt. This was not the only kind of pecuniary infliction, for the landlord was fined for the absence of his tenants, and the tenant for that of his landlord, and so with masters and servants. A person who was regular in attendance

[1] See page 23 n.

himself was not absolved from this exasperating class of fines. When the people were unable to discharge the debts that were accumulated upon them, they either saw their property confiscated and carried away or were compelled to give board and lodging to a number of rough and drunken soldiers.[1] It does not require a very vivid imagination to conceive the misery introduced into decent homes by the presence and insults of these unwelcome guests.[2] There was an additional injury, that their host, besides hospitality, had to provide them with pocket-money—three shillings sterling a day—and he was called upon often to pay for a larger number of men than were quartered on him. It is no matter for wonder that many fled from their ruined homes and sought refuge among the wild mountains and moors.

Such was the posture of affairs when the smouldering and ill-repressed fire leapt into sudden flame. On the morning of Tuesday, the 13th of November, 1666, John Maclellan, the Laird of Barscobe in Balmaclellan Parish, and three other hillmen, as the fugitive Covenanters were called, came down from their retreat to seek a meal in Dalry. As they approached the village, they met a number of the inhabitants attended by four of the military, and were told that an old farmer called Grier had refused or was unable to pay his church-fines and that in lieu of these the soldiers were compelling his neighbours to thresh his corn. While the hillmen were breaking their fast in the ale-house, the village was filled with the rumour that the soldiers had seized Grier and were about to roast him naked on his gridiron "because he could not pay". The hillmen went immediately to the scene of this projected cruelty and urged the soldiers to release their victim. "Two of the soldiers were with the man himself," says Wodrow, "and refused the countrymen's desire, and some

[1] "They quartered sometimes in the houses of a man that kept the church, because another man who kept it not dwelt there before."—Kirkton.

[2] The character of the soldiers is illustrated in *Naphtali*: "In the Parish of *Carsphairn*, in an Inn at the Bridge of *Deugh*, on the Sabbath day, some of them being quartered there, they most prophanely and atheistically mocked at all preaching of the Gospel, saing, *let us go preach*, and then read their text out of the *Cherry and the Slae* (an old Scotch Amorous Poem) counterfeiting a form of divine worship, and as it is informed did sing another part of the same Poem in stead of the Psalms, and used all other mocking modes, as if they had been serious at God's worship."

high words passed betwixt them: upon the hearing of which, the other two rush out of another room where they were, with drawn swords, and make at the countrymen, and had almost killed two of them." Maclellan had his pistol filled with bits of a tobacco-pipe for lack of bullets. He fired at the corporal in command and wounded him. The other soldiers were overpowered, and the hillmen realized that they had begun a rebellion.

A congregation of Covenanters were holding a conventicle at Balmaclellan at this time. When the news of the Dalry incident reached them, they feared that they might be credited with a share of the responsibility and resolved on a bold step. They attacked the local garrison of sixteen men, killed one, and made the rest prisoners. It appeared now that the only course was to capture "Bloody Bite-the-Sheep", as they called Sir James Turner, the lieutenant-colonel commanding the troops in the neighbourhood, and hold him a hostage for the redress of their grievances. Messengers were sent through adjacent parishes to summon the faithful to convene at Irongray Church that evening. Wild weather and deep darkness delayed their assembling until the next morning. The company, numbering about two hundred men, over fifty of whom were on horseback, then advanced to Dumfries, succeeded in their design of capturing Turner, and marched back to Dalry.

The rebels' first intention seems to have been to treat with the authorities so soon as they had Turner in their hands. It was later that they conceived the unfortunate plan of marching on Edinburgh and presenting their demands there. Looking for the recruits who did not come or who came in handfuls instead of the expected thousands, they made their discouraging progress in the worst of weather through Carsphairn, Dalmellington, Ayr, Cumnock, Muirkirk, Lanark, and Bathgate to the inevitable disaster at Rullion Green among the Pentlands. Many of the prisoners were executed; to assist, supply, or correspond with any of those who had risen in arms was proclaimed treason; and the unsupported charge of having been concerned in the rebellion was used freely as a means of oppression. Sir William Bannatyne's doings have been referred to earlier in this chapter.

Dalry Churchyard has no inscription relating to the Pentland Rising, but contains the grave of two of the Auchencloy martyrs. The stone bears the epitaph on the opposite page.

HERE LYETH ROBERT STEWART SON TO MAJOR ROBERT STEWART OF ARDOCH AND JOHN GRIERSON WHO WERE MURDERED BY GRAHAM OF CLAVER HOUSE ANNO 1684 FOR THEIR ADHERENCE TO SCOTLANDS REFORMATION AND COVENANTS NATIONAL AND SOLEMN LEAGUE

MEMENTO MORI

BEHOLD! BEHOLD! A STONE'S HERE FORCED TO CRY
COME SEE TWO MARTYRS UNDER ME THAT LY!
AT WATER OF DEE WHO SLAIN WERE BY THE HAND
OF CRUEL CLAVERHOUSE AND'S BLOODIE BAND
NO S'OONER HAD HE DONE THIS HORRID THING
BUT'S FORCED TO CRY STEWART'S SOUL IN HEAVEN DOTH SING
YET STRANGE! HIS RAGE PURSUED EVEN SUCH WHEN DEAD
AND IN THE TOMBS OF THEIR ANCESTORS LAID
CAUSING THEIR CORPS BE RAIS'D OUT OF THE SAME
DISCHARGING IN CHURCHYARD TO BURY THEM
ALL THIS THEY DID 'CAUSE THEY WOULD NOT PERJURE
OUR COVENANTS AND REFORMATION PURE
BECAUSE LIKE FAITHFUL MARTYRS FOR TO DY
THEY RATHER CHUSE THAN TREACHEROUSLIE COMPLY
WITH CURSED PRELACIE THE NATIONS BANE
AND WITH INDULGENCIE OUR CHURCHES STAIN
PERJURED INTELLIGENCERS WERE SO RIFE
SHEWD THEIR CURSED LOYALTY TO TAKE THEIR LIFE.

The writer of these lines appears to have thought that when Claverhouse said, "Stewart's soul in heaven doth sing", he was speaking under the influence of some power outside of himself making for veracity, and not in mere flippancy. There is no obscurity about his implication that Claverhouse had caused the remains of his victims to be raised from their first resting-place and re-interred in the northern part of the churchyard, the quarter reserved usually for criminals.

A ruined fragment of the old church stands beside the modern building—the Kenmure burial aisle, built as an annexe to the chancel, but separated from the present church by a narrow passage. The massive grille in the window seems to have been put into its place while the masonry was being erected. A moulded panel above the window bears the arms of Gordon and a lion rampant and a date not very legible, but believed to be 1546. How the cognizance of the Province of Galloway came to be impaled with a family coat of arms is not certain; but it has been suggested that it was done by John Gordon, who was Justiciar of The Stewartry from 1555 and son of James Gordon, Chamberlain of Galloway. He may have considered that his father's office and his own, held by him for a very long time, justified him in combining the provincial with the family arms. Moreover, his first wife was a Home of Wedderburn, and the undifferenced arms of the Home family were the lion rampant. There would be, therefore, a double ground for the combination.

Some stones of an earlier church are visible in the walls of its successor. Unlike the polished red-freestone pilasters on the south front, those on the north side, says an architectural expert, "are built of massive blocks of strong grained silurian grit, so extensively used in ancient times in all buildings of any pretensions, civil or ecclesiastical, throughout the province of Galloway. They have all, without exception, been carefully hewn for other purposes than they now serve. One shews a glass groove with the leaden plug for a rivet or stanchion-end still in its place. Others are hewn with six-inch margins, and so in various ways indicate use in a previous building."

The village used to be called S. John's Clachan because the Knights Templars, who owned land here, dedicated the church to their patron saint, John the Baptist. It is spoken of sometimes as S. John's Town of Dalry; but the name of the parish has come to be used commonly as that of the village. If, however,

you direct a letter to "Dalry" *simpliciter*, it will go to a place of that name in Ayrshire, and if you address it to "Dalry, Galloway", it may, especially if you are writing from England, go to Galway in Ireland. The Post Office recommends "Dalry, Kirkcudbrightshire". The latter word, of course, is inexact. The proper form is "The Stewartry of Kirkcudbright".

Not letters only, but travellers even, go astray sometimes, not, indeed, to Galway, but to the Ayrshire Dalry. I have nothing to say against that place with its coal-pits, blast furnaces, and cotton and woollen factories; but I wish to guard against

Cairnsmore of Carsphairn from the mouth of the Pulharrow.

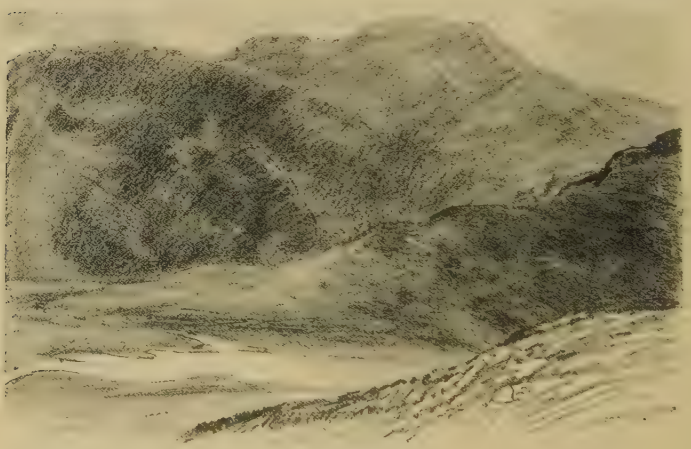
any reader going thither and then announcing that this book is full of misleading information.

When you are at Dalry, the Kells mountains arouse in you the desire to see what is on the other side. This desire ought to be satisfied. You will look upon places that you will remember all your days.

The best plan is to begin by yielding to the invitation of the Pulharrow Glen.[1] The road winds towards the mountains

[1] The valley of the Pulharrow "exhibits in a small compass, and in the best condition, all the peculiar phenomena of glacial action . . . scratchings, polishings, striations, glacier *débris*, moraine mounds, and old lake basins. . . . There is one point of interest in this valley specially worthy of attention. Just before the Pulharrow

with much variety, in part through a thick wood, in part along open slopes sparsely clad with birches, and elsewhere over a level moor where Highland cattle wander. In summer the stream is hidden for the greater part of its course by the trees and bushes growing about it, but in winter its gleaming water can be seen through the trelliswork of bare branches. This wooded glen is a fine prelude to the barren moors and austere hills by which you are to fare presently. Meanwhile, with the rising and falling of the road, there has been shooting into view and again vanishing



Loch Minnoch and Millfire.

from sight the mountain range which forms the eastern wall of The Cauldron of The Dungeon—the rocky, precipitous sides of Milldown and Millfire and the great, green slopes of Corserine.

The road ends in the yard of a sheep-farm. One of the

enters the Ken, it turns round sharply towards the north, so sharply that the glacier mass that filled the glen could not take the turn, but climbed the hills at the angle, and joined the Ken glacier right over at the other side, thus rising three hundred feet from its level in the valley of the Pulharrow. This is indisputably proved by the direction of the *striae* on the sandstone at the part of the valley thus ascended, which are here very numerous and clear."—"On the Evidences of Glacier Action in Galloway" by William Jolly, in *The Transactions of the Edinburgh Geological Society* (1867–8).

attractions of walking in Galloway is that one so often comes to places where the road ends and the wilderness begins. From this point you ascend by low hills to Loch Minnoch and then cross a great stretch of moor till you are abreast of Loch Dungeon. The name seems to be a transformation of a Gaelic word meaning "rocky", and describes the place exactly, for the part of the Kells range towering above the loch is simply a wall of rock with well-marked corries worn by the rains of millenniums. At some points there is no shore at all. The precipices run straight down into unfathomed, watery abysses, like those around the

Loch Dungeon.

Königsee, and as one scrambles along the steep rock-face at the height of perhaps twenty feet, one realizes that the name in its English meaning is equally appropriate, for if one fell into the loch, it would not be easy to escape. This is true even of the north side, where the water is shallow. The bottom is a dangerously soft, peaty soil, giving way readily under one's foot.

Many years ago a fight between an eagle and an otter was witnessed here. It is not said that they were fighting over a fish; but perhaps they regarded each other as rival claimants of the fishing rights, and in any case the eagle would look upon the otter as his natural prey. The anglers who observed the contest said that as they were eating their luncheon on the shore,

an eagle swooped down to the margin at a little distance. They moved nearer to see what was toward and found that an otter was being attacked. The animal tried at first to reach the loch, uttering cries of distress. Failing in this, it threw itself into strange postures to keep its enemy off. With the coming of a second eagle, however, it made another attempt and gained the water with the first assailant apparently digging its talons into its fur. The otter tried to dive, but the buoyancy of its tenacious foe made this impossible. A long struggle followed. If the one could not dive, the other could not soar. Sometimes the bird was thrown on its side with one wing in the water and one flapping in the air. Presently it seemed to become as frightened as its prey, for so soon as it could disentangle its talons, it retreated to the cliffs above to reflect on this surprising adventure.

The overseer of the sheep-farm once saw two eagles attack a wild drake as it swam in the loch. They acted in concert, the one swooping as the other rose, while at each threatening descent of its enemies the drake dived and swam along under the surface, to come up at as great a distance as possible. The eagles became tired of the unpromising contest and flew off.

In the earlier part of last century eagles were very numerous here. A farmer whose flocks had suffered seriously from their depredations resolved to try to clear them from the neighbourhood. There were several eyries on the cliffs above Loch Dungeon, but in places so perilous to approach that no shepherd would undertake the work of destruction. Climbing to the top of the cliffs and using a rude sort of crane, the farmer dangled a lighted tar-barrel in front of the nests. The startled birds flew out and back and forth over the loch, filling the air with their screams. Their terror overcame their reluctance to desert their young, and they fled the district, never to return in such numbers. The angler, however, must regret their complete disappearance, for it would be a pleasant interlude in his operations to watch the doings of those lordly birds, and give a further wildness to the scene to hear their cries echoing among the rocks.

After passing Loch Dungeon, you go up the glen of the Hawse Burn. A final stiff climb brings you to the summit of the range, and then The Cauldron of The Dungeon is before you. If it were not so large, you would say it was at your feet. No one will

ever forget the first view of it from this point. I had spent the night at one of the sheep-farms at the head of the Pulharrow Glen. The shepherd awakened me at four o'clock and by six we were looking into The Cauldron. It was amid the impressive quiet of a sunny morning in June. A green slope ran down from our feet to the broken moor forming the floor of the abyss. Rather more than a mile away was the series of hills that make the other wall—Mullwharchar, The Dungeon, and Craignaw—and behind them the greater heights of Benyellary, Merrick, and Kirriereoch, with their summits wreathed in mist. Close under The Dungeon lay three small, ink-black lochs, scowling, you would think, at any attempt to penetrate the secrets of the place. It was almost as if you were looking from the clerestorey into the ruins of some vast, roofless cathedral.

Even more memorable was a winter visit. Frost had hardened the moor, and a cold December breeze was blowing, so that the going had been easy and rapid. It must have been between two and three o'clock in the afternoon when I reached the top of the ridge. I then turned northwards and tramped over ice and crisp snow on the summit of Corserine until, with the changing perspective of the confronting heights, I could look into and beyond the high glen between The Dungeon and Mullwharchar, and thus, as I went along the hill, there opened out above that glen the waters of Loch Enoch lying under the deep shadow of Merrick. The sun was shining on Luce Bay thirty miles away ; but clouds overhung the land. Suddenly my eyes were arrested by a glory that was beginning to descend upon the wilderness. The clouds were massed to the west, and the sun was going down behind them. The radiance struck them, shot through them, turned them to a dazzling riot of colour, and sent long shafts of gold to search the bleak hills round Loch Dee. That swift effulgence breaking over the rocky hills and chill waters of The Cauldron filled one with a kind of awe.

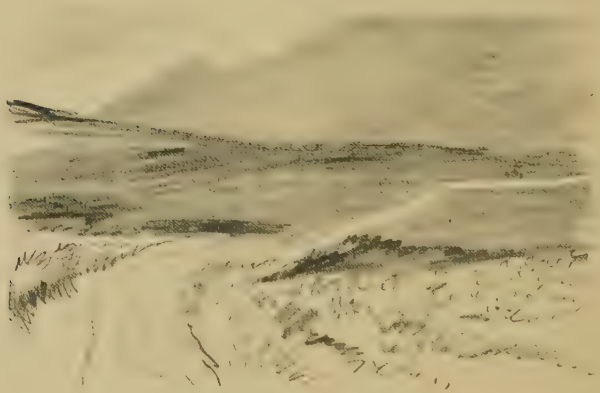
In the wilder sorts of weather The Cauldron is a dangerous place, and many lives have been lost in it. It must be a wonderful sight under a snowstorm, but it would be well to be within the shepherd's cottage at The Back Hill of The Bush. Many years ago a shepherd who lived there was visited on a winter afternoon by another shepherd from a distant shieling. The visitor was late in departing, and when he began his journey, night was coming on and snow falling. The snow thickened, the darkness

grew deeper, and he had soon lost his way hopelessly. The wind came in changeful gusts, now from one point and again from another, so that he could get no guidance from it. He blundered on for hours in a deepening desperation, seeking for some recognizable landmark, a bend in a stream or a large boulder, but in vain. At last, confused and baffled, exhausted and benumbed, he dropped down on the snow and slept.

In the morning the sun rose in a clear sky and shone upon a radiant world. The shepherd in the cottage under the hill came to the door and looked abroad. He saw the outline of an unfamiliar object lying under the snow about ten yards away. He went up to it, found it was the body of a man, removed the snow from the face, and recognized his friend.

In the spring of a recent year there was found in The Cauldron the body of a tramp who had there ended his vagrancy. It was supposed that it had lain for about three months. The inclement heavens under which the man had doubtless spent many nights of his life could hardly have crowned their inhospitality in a more fitting place.[1]

[1] See Chapter XI.



Approaching the Merrick Range.

Loch Ken from New Galloway Golf-course.

CHAPTER XXXII

NEW GALLOWAY TO THE DUNGEON

New Galloway—Kenmure Castle—The Upper Bridge of Dee—King Robert and the widow of Craigencaillie and her three sons—The battle of Moss Raploch—Battles of Edward Bruce—Craigencaillie—Loch Dee—Dorgall Lane—A byway from Newton Stewart.

VISITORS who fail to secure lodgings at Dalry will do well to stay at New Galloway.[1] If the village cannot claim all the attractions of Dalry, it possesses others of its own; has a good nine-hole golf-course commanding a delightful view of Loch Ken with Kenmure Castle, surrounded by trees, in the foreground; and can, moreover, boast of being a royal burgh.

The existing volumes of the records begin with the year 1799. They contain little of general interest; but the ordinary matters dealt with by the authorities are diversified with a few incidents such as these: "New Galloway 15 Decr. 1804. Compeared before the Magistrates & a part of the Councell, Baillie John Heron to ansuer at the Instance of Jean Coltard in

[1] *The Kenmure Arms* combines the excellences of the Dalry hotels *The Cross Keys* is smaller, but said to be good.

Greenhead for a Trespass & Damages sustained by her from the said Baillie Heron's Swine when the Magistrates after hearing Parties Decern the said Baillie John Heron to make good the loss sustained by the said Jean Coltart by the said Baillies Swine riving her Cloak & the Magistrates having sworn Baillies Thos. McCandlish & James Muir Directed them to bring in a Verdict of said Damages & they having carefully Inspected the Cloak find that the Damage amounts to six shillings sterg. for which sum they Decern with Expences reserving liberty to the said Baillie Heron to take the whole of the Cloak at the Sum of Eleven shillings if he so Incline." On the 27th of October, 1832, it was "unanimously agreed to that in consequence of the spread of that dreadful Disease called Cholera That the Fair held in the Month of November commonly called the Hallow Fair should this year be put a stop to and the Magistrates and Counsellors hereby empower William Candlish their Depute Clerk to advertise the same in both of the Dumfries Newspapers the week previous to the usual time of the holding of the said Hallow Fair."

The burgh was erected by a charter of Charles the First on the petition of Sir John Gordon of Lochinvar; but the "universal Privileges and Immunities of the same" have not led to any remarkable industrial results. If there is any part of Galloway for which one should quote Robert Heron, it is this burgh, for he was a native. Although he thought that "a connected manufacture of boots and shoes, of saddles, of gloves might have been formed here"; that "a small manufacture of coarse hats might be profitably enough tried at New Galloway"; that "the manufacture of linens might succeed here"; and that cotton-manufacture "may perhaps be tried at New Galloway"; one is thankful for "some circumstances" which caused him to "fear that no very flourishing manufacture will, for a long while yet to come, be established at New Galloway", and that most of his description holds good: "A few slate-houses, rising to the height of two storeys, or a storey and a half, are interspersed among the lower and thatch-covered houses: The little gardens of the citizens lie close behind their houses, above and below the town: They are divided by hedges; and trees rise around, or here and there among them: the spire of the court-house is a distinguished object in the groupe: And when the smoke rises from the little chimnies: and the whole is viewed either

from an elevation above, or from below: no assemblage of objects can be conceived, more pleasing to the eye, and the imagination."

I should hesitate to call the spire of the court-house "a distinguished object". Its character, of course, distinguishes it from the neighbouring buildings; but among other structures of the same kind it could hardly be credited with distinction. Some such phrase might, however, be applied with truth to Kenmure Castle, which stands a quarter of a mile south of the burgh. A part of the building may be sixteenth-century work,

New Galloway.

but the greater portion belongs to the seventeenth century. There has, however, been a Kenmure Castle from an early date, The land was owned by the Lords of Galloway of the line of Fergus, and the castle is said to have been a residence of Dervorgilla. About the beginning of the fifteenth century the Gordons became the proprietors. Sir John Gordon of Lochinvar. who secured the charter for New Galloway, was raised to the peerage with the titles of Viscount Kenmure and Lord Lochinvar. He was a strong supporter of the Church of Scotland, and many of Samuel Rutherford's letters were addressed to his wife. William, sixth Viscount, adhered to the Pretender in 1715, was made a prisoner at Preston, and executed on Tower Hill. His estates and titles were forfeited, but an Act of Parliament restored them

to his direct descendant, John Gordon, in 1824. On the death of the succeeding peer in 1847 the titles became dormant.

One of the loneliest roads in Scotland runs from New Galloway to Newton Stewart, passing at first over several miles of moor, where one sees no living creatures but sheep and moor-fowl. It is overshadowed on the left by the steep, dark side of the Black Craig of Dee[1]—if you see the summit when sunshine falls upon it after a shower of rain, you will remember how it glistens like a diamond. After crossing the Black Water of Dee the road ascends over another stretch of moor until it enters the long, narrow, crag-bounded glen of the Palnure and so descends gradually towards the Cree Valley. Turning aside from this road at the Black Water, one can reach The Dungeon without any climbing.

Before beginning this upward journey, however, one may well halt and look at the landscape on the north—a wide expanse of moor rising at length on either side to the slopes of bare hills, and a sullen river winding through the midst. Near the bridge, the river is broken up by islets with a few hardy shrubs, and the water comes over the shelving rocks in little cascades; but farther up there are long, still reaches between level moorland banks where the river's progress is scarcely perceptible. After passing under the bridge, the river swirls deep over smooth granite, breaks over rock-faces in flashing falls, and surges over submerged boulders—a most refreshing sight on a hot summer day. The statement of a shepherd that the Black Water of Dee is "the auncientest river in Galloway" lacks evidence; but the Dee is certainly one of the most characteristic of Galloway waters.

A short distance up stream are the ruins of the old bridge built about the year 1703. The negotiations for its erection belong to a time when men were settling down into quiet ways after the political and religious turmoils ended by the Revolution, and were turning their attention to practical affairs. The old bridge is all the more significant that it was built at the instance of an ecclesiastical court. The ministers and other persons in Galloway brought influence to bear on the Privy Council in 1695 to induce them to authorize a national contribution, and when this was refused, the Synod of Galloway raised the funds

[1] It is also called Cairnsmore of Dee.

by ordering a house-to-house collection within its bounds. For once a Synod justified its existence.

About a mile up the bank on the left, in a fold of the hill that slopes down to the moor, stands the farmhouse of Craignell, and two and a half miles farther on is Craigencaillie, snuggling close under the side of Cairngarroch. Craigencaillie and the

The Upper Bridge of Dee.

moor lying to the north of the Upper Bridge of Dee were the scenes of one of Bruce's adventures. Bruce and his men had barely escaped capture by two converging forces somewhere near Loch Enoch. They had scattered after appointing Craigencaillie as the place of meeting. The King was the first to arrive at this point, and was hospitably received in a widow's

house. The tradition preserved in the Macfarlane MSS. in the Advocates' Library, tells how "she, observing some of his princely ornaments, suspected him to be a person of eminence, and modestly asked him in the morning if he was her Leidge Lord. He told her yes, and was come to pay her a visit; and asked her if she had any sons to serve him in his distress. Her answer was that she had three sons to three several husbands; and that, if she was confirmed in the truth of his being their sovereign, they should be at his service. He askt her farther, if she could give him anything to eat. Her answer was, there was little in the house but a grist of [1] meal and goat's milk, which

The Valley of the Black Water of Dee, from above the Upper Bridge.

should be prepared for him; and while it was making ready her three sons did appear, all lusty men. The King askt them if they wou'd chearfully engage in his service, which they willingly assented to; and when the King had done eating he askt them what weapons they had, and if they could use them. They told him they were used to none but bow and arrow. So, as the King went out to see what had become of his followers, all being beat from him but 300 men, who had lodged that night in a neighbouring glen, he askt them if they could make use of their bows. M'Kie, the eldest son, let fly an arrow at two ravens parching upon the pinacle of a rock above the house,

[1] The MS. reads *Agust; a grist of* is the emendation adopted by the writer of *The Statistical Account of the Parish of Minnigaff*.

and shot them through both their heads, at which the King smiled, saying, I would not wish he aimed at him. Murdoch, the second son, let fly at one upon the wing, and shot him through the body; but M'Lurg, the third son, had not so good success.

"In the meantime the English, upon the pursuit of King Robert, were encamped in Moss Raploch, a great flow on the other side of Die. The King, observing them, makes the young men understand that his forces were much inferior. Upon which they advised the King to a stratagem, that they would gather all the horses, wild and tame, in the neighbourhood, with all the goats that could be found, and let them be surrounded and kept all in a body by his soldiers in the afternoon of the day, which accordingly was done. The neighing of the horses, with the horns of the goats, made the English, at so great a distance, apprehend them to be a great army, so durst not venture out of their camp that night; and by the break of day the King, with his small army, attacked them with such fury that they fled precipitantly, a great number being killed; and there is a very big stone in the centre of the flow, which is called the King's Stone to this day, to which he leaned his back till his men gather'd up the spoil; and within these thirty years there were broken swords and heads of picks got in the flow as they were digging out peats."[1]

After the English had been driven from the country "the three brothers, who had stuck close to the King's interest, and followed him through all dangers, being askt by the King what reward they expected? answered very modestly, that they never had a prospect of great things, but if his Majesty would bestow upon them the thirty pound land of the Hassock and Comloddan they would be very thankful, to which the King chearfully assented, and they kept it long in possession."

According to another version, which Sir Herbert Maxwell follows, the King asked the mother of the three followers how he could best reward her for her help, and she replied: "Just give me the wee bit hassock o' land atween Palnure and Penkiln." This version is obviously better informed, as there is no land bearing the name of Hassock, but the word might be used very well to describe the tract enclosed between the Penkill and Palnure burns. Barbour relates the above story, but speaks of only "twa sonnys", and does not give the epilogue. With

[1] Andrew Heron's *Description.*

regard to the accounts of Bruce's adventures and exploits in Galloway, Lord Hailes says truly enough that "to separate what may be true, or probable, from what is exaggerated, incredible, or false would be a laborious task"; but there is point also in the remark of Sir Herbert Maxwell that "it is in solitudes such as this, where life has changed little in its outward aspect from remote antiquity, that tradition lingers longest and is least likely to be deceptive."

The story of the sons of the widow at Craigencaillie is supported, moreover, by heraldry and family names. To the gift of the "bit hassock" is traced the origin of the families of MacKie of Larg, Murdoch of Cumloden, and MacClurg[1] of Kirrouchtrie. The armorial bearings of MacKie of Larg were two ravens proper, upon a field argent, with an arrow through their heads; and of Murdoch of Cumloden, argent, on a chief gules, a raven volant, pierced by an arrow.

When in 1308 nearly all the rest of Scotland had been won by King Robert, Galloway still stood for the English King, and Edward Bruce was sent to subdue it. He met the Gallovidian forces, consisting partly of Scots and partly of English, at Craignell and defeated them. Tradition points to a stand made by the enemy at a ford in the Dee called The Grainy[2] Ford, where they were defeated again. Mackenzie says in *The History of Galloway*, published in 1841, that "in a field called Druim Cheate (in English, 'the place of meeting'), where this encounter took place, on the estate of Deebank, the fragments of many warlike instruments have been found. Not long ago a piece of gold, which in all probability had formed a part of the handle of a sword, was discovered and sold for £6."

This was the beginning of Edward Bruce's victorious career in Galloway. He gradually reduced the province to his brother's allegiance, and received the lordship as a reward for his services.

It is a far cry from those turbulent years to the solemn quiet brooding around the bridge at the present day. Now the only turbulence is in the stream that dashes from rock to rock or in the winds that sometimes sweep across the moor dropping dense showers as they go. One's most vivid memories, however, are of brilliant sunshine gleaming on silver granite and broken waters, and of sheep browsing solemnly on the spacious moor.

[1] See page 152.

[2] Gaelic *greanach*, gravelly.

When you have been at the bridge, you feel that it would have been a pity never to have seen it. No visit to highland Galloway is complete unless you have spent some time idling there.

The road leading up the right bank of the Dee past Craignell to Craigencaillie is rough, and if one is cycling, one must guard against being thrown by the ruts. The route of the old Edinburgh Road, now broken up, is crossed almost immediately, and thenceforward the track lies over the broad stretch of moor between the heights of Low Craignell and Darnaw on the one hand and the river on the other. The house of Craigencaillie, with its little clump of trees at the end of a small enclosure, and the steep rugged side of Cairngarroch rising so close behind it that from the edge of the summit you could almost drop a stone down the chimneys, is the terminus of the road. You now follow a rough footpath winding among heather and imbedded boulders along the lower slopes of Cairngarroch. After about a mile one comes opposite the point where the Cornelloch Burn, which rises in Meikle Millyea, falls into the Dee. In dry weather it is a mere trickle of clear water purling down the midst of one wide slab of granite after another. Here the bed of the river is covered with great boulders, and at various points, by means of a series of carefully calculated leaps, it is possible to arrive dry-shod on the farther bank. You then begin a rough moorland walk of about four miles to The Back Hill of The Bush, and have all the width of the moor from which to choose your route. When you have left the Cornelloch Burn behind, you are well within that vast enclosure of the hills which is bounded on the east by the green, swelling sides of the Kells heights, Millyea, Milldown, Millfire, and Corserine ; on the west by the steep crags of Craiglee, Craignaw, and The Dungeon ; on the north by Craigtarson (" the thwart crag "), a spur running out from the Kells range ; and on the south by Cairngarroch and Curleywee.[1]

If the Dee were in heavy flood, this route would be impracticable. A season of rains, indeed, would not be a time for visiting The Dungeon at all. But if, after coming by Craigencaillie, you were determined to reach The Back Hill of The Bush, it would be necessary to make a wide circuit round Loch Dee, hoping to avoid the bogs under The Dungeon, which would then be in a dangerous state.

[1] Gaelic *cor le gaoith*, hill in the wind.

Loch Dee is itself a delightful place. Its shores of silver sand, its granite islets covered with heath, and its background

Loch Dee.

of dark, steep mountains make it one of the grandest scenes in Galloway. If you have obtained permission to fish, you have

the possibility of great sport before you, for the average trout weighs about two pounds. The fish are very game and need strong tackle. A secondary recommendation of the loch is that, although it lies so far in the wilds, there is comfortable lodging close at hand in The Black Laggan, the shepherd's cottage standing near the southmost corner in a little glen between Cairngarroch and Curleywee.

The Dorgall Lane entering the loch at the west end is perhaps the most unwholesome sight in Galloway. If any place could be said to wear a look of moral obliquity, it is the patch of bog where it emerges and lurks. The water does not come dancing gaily among glittering stones from the heights, or coursing over clean sand, but is simply there like a nightmare or a stealthy declaration of war. Its converging streams, narrow, furtive, almost hidden by the grasses, are of a staggering depth and, swelling flush with the surface of the moss, are a natural trap for man and beast. The shepherds have fenced them round.

In a book dealing professedly with byways I must not omit the most memorable one in my experience, the steep bridle-path rising behind The Black Laggan. It brings you soon to a narrow pass on the side of Curleywee and plunges down into the grimmest glen in Galloway, that of the Penkill.[1] With the hopefulness of ignorance I once decided to approach Loch Dee by this route. Intending to stay at The Black Laggan for several days, I had more luggage than is usual on such expeditions and had bestowed it in a bag attached to the rear of my bicycle.

The road from Newton Stewart ends at the farmhouse of Auchinleck, and from that point to Loch Dee is about five miles. Of this distance I suppose that I may have ridden about five hundred yards altogether. For the rest, it was a most laborious and disheartening journey. The bicycle made frantic attempts to bury itself in gravel. The pedals jarred continually against great boulders. On some of the steeper places progress ceased altogether for the moment, and the bicycle and I slid pathetically backwards among loose stones. Sometimes the front-wheel and handle-bars turned right round and faced me reproachfully and even angrily. More than once

[1] Prob. Gaelic *peighinn caol*, narrow penny-land.

the bicycle gave up the whole business in despair and lay down on the rocks with a weary clatter. Two shepherds passed me, and I shall not forget the look of silent stupefaction on their faces.

Loch Dee from the south-east.

CHAPTER XXXIII

BALMACLELLAN, CORSOCK, AND CROCKETFORD

Balmaclellan—Persecution of Covenanters—Elspeth MacEwen—Monument to "Old Mortality"—Covenanter's grave—The Headless Piper—Corsock—Sufferings of John Neilson.—Lochenkit martyrs' grave—James Clerk Maxwell—Crocketford and the Buchanites—Elspeth Simpson and Hugh White—Tenets and practices—The Midnight Manifestation—The Great Fast—The Great Fiasco—Friend Mother dies at Auchengibbert—The Society at Crocketford—Andrew Innes.

BALMACLELLAN[1] lacks only one thing—lodging for visitors. Lying in a steep fold of a hill, it is just under the edge of a plateau where there are such richly scented bog-meadows and moors as are rarely found outside of poetry books, waysides that scintillate with flowers, little knolls where the black Galloway cattle often stand silhouetted against the sky—knolls where you can look down upon Loch Ken and New Galloway and feel almost on terms of equality with the Kells mountains—streams inhabited by red-fleshed trout, and just one or two cottages where you may spend weeks of superlative blessedness if your proud spirit can brook a camp-ceiled room with a skylight! What sounds come in through that skylight!—the deep-bass remonstrance of calves thirsting for the milk-pails; the plaintive, clamorous, sometimes enraged bleating of lambs; the vehement gug-gug-gug of the grouse making a prodigious fuss about nothing; the resignedly sad wail of the whaup, tapering away gradually into silence and suggesting a loneliness like that of one exiled from both Heaven and Hell; the pees-

[1] Gaelic, Maclellan's village.

weep's patient reiteration of its name to an inattentive world. What scents are wafted in from the honeysuckle in the cottage-garden and from the richest of bog-meadows across the road! Upon what a world of delicate beauty and quiet do you look out from that skylight!—the wayside clump of willows overhanging the ditch blue with forget-me-not; the bright-green sea of the meadow spangled with crimson ragged-robin, buttercups, speedwell, and "purple orchises with spotted leaves"; the brown moors turning to purple where the ridges meet the sky. Here you are outside of any community, clear even of the small village, enisled in the country as the lonely cottar knows it. Here is richness, here is sweetness, here is pastoral peace like a river. If I had occasion to choose a site for a house in Galloway, it should be here. It is indeed difficult to write of it all without rushing off incontinently to revel in it.

It seems incongruous to-day that this quiet parish should be associated with barbarities to Covenanters and the persecution of women alleged to be witches. Yet these are matters of actual history. When Sir William Bannatyne came into Galloway after the failure of the Pentland Rising, his soldiers were ordered to search for David MacGill in this parish. MacGill eluded them by disguising himself in woman's clothes. The persecutors avenged themselves on his wife, whom they accused of being accessory to his escape. They bound her, put burning matches between her fingers, and kept her in torture for hours. She was driven nearly mad with pain. One of her hands was entirely destroyed, and she died in a few days.

Mackenzie gives the following account of Elspeth MacEwen, who was brought to trial for witchcraft in 1698: "Elspeth lived in a solitary house in the farm of Cubbox, called Bogha'. As appears from the evidence of two gentlemen who visited her in the jail of Kirkcudbright, she was a person of superior education. Still, however, her neighbours were tormented with her, and every calamity that befel themselves or their cattle was attributed to Elspeth's witchcraft. If a cow fell ill, it was Elspeth's doing. It was, also, currently reported and believed that if eggs were wanted at New-Galloway, application had only to be made to the old wife of Bogha', and the market was well supplied. But the worst cantrip that she played on the wights of Balmaclellan was the following. She had a pin in the kipple-foot, and when she pleased, could, by taking

out that pin, draw milk from her neighbours' cows. At length complaint was made to the Session, and the beadel, M'Lambroch, was sent off with the minister's mare to bring her to the Session. Elspeth, after expressing great wonder at this usage from the minister, consented to go. Tradition states, that the mare was dreadfully frightened, and, at a rising hill near the manse, since called the 'Bluidy Brae,' sweat great drops of blood. After undergoing an examination, she was sent off to Kirkcudbright, and confined there for about two years. Her imprisonment was rendered so wretched by her tormentors, that the miserable woman implored them to terminate a life so full of suffering. She was condemned, taken from prison, and burnt to death in the neighbourhood of Kirkcudbright."

Balmaclellan Churchyard contains a monument to "Old Mortality" with this inscription: "To the Memory of Robert Paterson, Stone Engraver, well known as 'Old Mortality', who died at Bankend of Carlaverock, 14th February 1800, aged 88." Paterson's wife supported the family by teaching a school in Balmaclellan while he went about the country with his white pony visiting the graves of the Covenanters, repairing the old inscriptions, and erecting new monuments. There is also in this churchyard the grave of "Robert Grierson, who was shot to death by command of Colanel James Douglase, at Inglestoun, in the paroch of Glencarn, Anno 1685." The table stone covering the grave bears the following epitaph:

THIS MONMENT TO PASSENGERS SHALL CRY
THAT GOODLY GRIERSON UNDER IT DOTH LY.
BETRAY'D BY KNAVISH WATSON TO HIS FOES
WHICH MADE THIS MARTYR'S DAYS BY MURTHER CLOSE
IF YE WOULD KNOW THE NATURE OF HIS CRIME
THEN READ THE STORY OF THAT KILLING TIME
WHEN BABEL'S BRATS WITH HELLISH PLOTS CONCEALD
DESIGN'D TO MAKE OUR SOUTH THEIR HUNTING FIELD
HERE'S ONE OF FIVE AT ONCE WERE LAID IN DUST
TO GRATIFY ROME'S EXECRABLE LUST.
IF CARABINES WITH MOLTEN BULLETS COULD
HAVE REACHED THEIR SOULS THESE MIGHTY NIMRODS WOULD
THEM HAVE CUT OF FOR THERE COULD NO REQUEST
THREE MINUTES GET TO PRAY FOR FUTUR REST.

This stone is of comparatively late date. Another monument about sixty feet west of the church bears no carving or inscription, and is said to mark the grave of a witch.

Moors stretch eastward from Balmaclellan to Corsock.[1] The two chief constituents of the landscapes are the wide sweeps of peat-moss rising to distant craggy knolls and exhaling the pungent scent of bog-myrtle, and the occasional plantations of fir and larch. At long intervals there is a whitewashed cottage with its little garden by the roadside. If you travel this way by night, you may suspect the presence of the ghosts of cattle-droves and drovers[2] and actually meet that of The Headless Piper.

" Many years ago a drover, while making his way north and crossing that wild and thinly populated district which lies between the head of the parish of Parton and the Moor of Corsock, had the following uncanny experience: He had left the Parton district late in the afternoon with the intention of reaching a farm-house some miles north of the village of Corsock. By the time he reached the path over Corsock Hill, however, it had become dark, and occasional flashes of lightning foretold that a storm was at hand. With loud peals of thunder, vivid flashes of lightning, and a downpour of rain the storm at last broke. The only shelter near at hand was some thorn bushes by the roadside, under which the drover crept and stayed for fully an hour, while the storm raged and the darkness increased. When the storm had somewhat abated, the drover set out once more, hurrying as fast as the darkness would allow him. He had reached a very desolate part of the moor when his collie gave a low whine and crept close to his master's heels. The

[1] " Welsh and Cornish *cors*, ' bog, fen ', +dimin. *oc.* or *og.* "—Johnston.

[2] " The droves of cattle coming from New Galloway to England come by Trowhen, Knockdoket, then a litle north of Lochinkit till they come to Gal'gate, and then follow it southward till within about half a mile of Easter Marwhirn, and so on to Larg, and then to Dunfreis, &c.

" The best way but somewhat longer from Dumfreis to New Galloway is by Lochruttongate near the church, Miltoun of Urr, Kilpatrick Church, Kilwhamedy, Parton, Shirmers, New Galloway.

" From Dumfreis to Kirkcudbright the way is by Miltoun, Grange, Bridge of Urr, Carlingwork, &c. But if the water be litle, the nearer way is by Miltoun, Haugt, Carlingwork, &c. This is most patent for coaches and carts, and nearer."—*Description of the Parish of Kilpatrick Durham* (Macfarlane MSS. Vol. I, p. 510. Adv. Lib. Jac. 5th. 4. 19), printed in *Geographical Collections Relating to Scotland.*

drover stood up for a moment to try to find a reason for the dog's behaviour, when down in the glen between the hills he heard what at first appeared the sound of bagpipes, which increased quickly to a shrill, piercing wailing that struck terror to his heart, the collie creeping closer and closer to his heel, whining in a way that shewed he was as much frightened as his master.

"As he stood irresolute, a blaze of blue light flashed right in front of him, in the centre of which appeared the figure of a piper, his pipes standing like horns against the background of blue light. The figure moved backwards and forwards, playing the wildest of music all the time. It next seemed to come nearer and nearer, and the drover, now transfixed to earth with terror, saw that the piper was headless, and his body so thin that surrounding hills and country could be seen right through it. A blinding flash of fire, followed by an ear-splitting clap of thunder, brought matters to a close for the time being, and the drover fell prostrate among the heather. When he recovered his senses, the strange light had gone, and with it the headless piper. The storm had cleared off, and in due time he reached the farm, where he was put up for the night. When he told his story, no one spoke for a moment or two; then the farmer's aged father broke silence: 'Ay, ay, lad, ye hae seen the ghost o' the piper wha was murdered on his wey frae Patiesthorn. I hae had the same fearsome experience myself, though it's mair than saxty years syne.'"[1]

Shortly before passing through the village of Corsock, the road begins to descend towards the Water of Urr, and after leaving the village skirts the wooded grounds of the Corsock estate. Corsock House was the home of Alexander Murray Dunlop, who acted as legal adviser to the party in the Church who seceded in 1843 and formed The Free Church of Scotland. It was he who drew up the famous document embodying the "Claim, Declaration, and Protest" adopted by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland "anent the Encroachments of the Court of Session" in 1842, and, when the Government refused to admit the claims of the Church, the "Protest"

[1] From a letter by Mr. John Copland in Dr. Maxwell Wood's *Witchcraft and Superstitious Record in the South-Western District of Scotland.*

which was laid on the table of the Assembly of 1843 by the seceders.

Memories of an older religious struggle belong to the remains of a castle on the neighbouring farm of Hallcroft, once the home of a notable Covenanter. When Gabriel Semple, minister of Kirkpatrick-Durham, was driven from his charge in 1662, he found a home with John Neilson at Corsock Castle and preached within its walls. As the congregations became too large for the castle, they assembled in the garden, and presently they were grown so great that nothing less than the open field would serve. This, according to Wodrow, was the beginning of the "field-preachings" which were so largely resorted to by the Covenanters in the days when the Church was in the Wilderness. Neilson became a target for the hostility of the ecclesiastical and Government authorities. He was fined; troops were quartered in his home until he and his tenants were brought to the verge of ruin; and it is not strange that he should have taken part in the Pentland Rising. He was one of the prisoners captured at Rullion Green, and was tortured with "the boot" in order to extract from him an admission that there had been a settled plan of rebellion. He was sentenced to death for his complicity in the Rising and hanged at the Market Cross of Edinburgh. The following inscription is on a monument in Kirkpatrick-Durham Churchyard: HERE LYES THE EMINENTLY GODLY MARY McLELLAN LADY OF CORSOCK WHO DIED SEP 28 1697 WHOSE HUSBAND IOHN NEILSONE LAIRD OF CORSOCK FOR APPEARING FOR THE COVENANTS AT PENTLAND SUFFERED MARTYRDOM AT EDR: DECR: 14: 1666 AND IS BURIED THERE IN GRAYFRIERS AND IOHN NEILSONE OF CORSOCK SPOUSE TO ANNA GORDOUN WHO DIED THE 24 DCMR 1706 WHO WAS PIOUSLY DEVOTED WITH HEROICK COURAGE TO MANTINE THE WORK OF REFORMATION AS WAS HIS NOBLE PROGENITOR.

Another memorial of the Covenanters stands on the broad face of a moorland hill near Lochenkit,[1] about three miles west of the bridge at Corsock, and covers the grave of four martyrs.[2] For anyone going thither by way of Brooklands, a granite monument erected in 1843 serves as a guide-post. The grave itself is surrounded by a small clump of trees, and the stone is inscribed thus:

[1] Gaelic *loch an chait*, loch of the wild cat.

[2] See page 23.

HERE LIES
Four Martyrs, John Wallace, William
Heron, John Gordon, and William
Stewart, found out and shot dead
upon the place by Captain *Bruce*
and Captain *Lag* for their adhearing
to the word of GOD, CHRIST'S Kingly
Government in his House and the
Covenanted work of reformation
against Tyranny, Perjury, & Prelacy.
2nd March MDCLXXXV

Rev. Chap. XII ver. II.

Behold! here in this wilderness we lie,
Four witnesses of hellish cruelty.
Our lives and blood did not their ire assuage,
But when we're dead they did against us rage
That match the like we think ye scarcly can
Except the *Turk* or *Duke de Alva's* men.

To the annoyance of every visitor, the stone has been profaned with additional inscriptions stating that it had been repaired at various times by means of money raised after the preaching of sermons by certain persons who might have had the good sense to inhibit this outrage.

The most famous name connected with the Corsock district is that of the great physicist, James Clerk Maxwell, who was the son of the proprietor of the Glenlair estate and succeeded his father in 1856. He was born in 1831 and educated at Edinburgh and Cambridge. He held in succession the chairs of Natural Philosophy in Marischal College, Aberdeen, of Physics and Astronomy in King's College, London, and of Experimental Physics in Cambridge. It was under his direction that the Cavendish Laboratory in Cambridge was built and equipped. He won a world-wide reputation through his researches in electricity and magnetism. In the biography written by Professor Lewis Campbell and William Garnett there is a picture of his boyish days at Glenlair, when it was his pleasure "to scramble up the bed of the eddying stream that 'flowed past the smiddy to the sea,' and mark the intricate tracery of holes and grooves which, in rolling the shingle, it had worn and carved in the hard rocks; or to watch the same river in a 'spate'; rushing and whirling over those 'pots' which it had wrought, and piling up the foam into mimic towers like the cumuli of the sky." Clerk Maxwell was a man of intense

Christian faith, and when one enters the parish church of Corsock and looks at the stained-glass window erected to his memory, one remembers his scientific achievement less than those wonderful letters to his wife which make one think of the epistles of S. Paul.

The village of Crocketford is about five miles farther on and stands at the junction of the road from Balmaclellan with the broad highway running between Castle Douglas and Maxwelltown. Its one claim to notice is that the sect known as the Buchanites[1] had their later settlements here and founded the village. Delusion, imposture, and fanaticism have produced many strange growths in the history of religion; but Scotland has been comparatively free from such excrescences as the Buchanite Society. The leading spirits were Mrs. Buchan and the Rev. Hugh White.

Elspeth Simpson, the founder of the sect, was the daughter of the proprietor of an inn near Banff, and was born in 1738. She became the wife of a potter named Robert Buchan. After some years she separated from him and settled with her children in Glasgow. Ignorance, hysteria, and a perusal of the apocalyptic books of the Bible led her to believe that she had a religious mission, and induced "divine visions" and "revelations".

Hugh White had been a licentiate of the Church of Scotland who had failed to secure an ecclesiastical appointment and had gone to America, where he may have been in contact with "The Shakers". He returned to his native land with a deceptive academic halo, having acted as a "Professor" in some sort of college in America, and when he became minister of the Relief congregation in Irvine, was supposed by the rabble to be some great one. His dupes were unable to test his academic pretensions for themselves; they were further impressed by his blatant self-assertion, his sanctimonious punctilios, and those noisy crudities with which

> The weak perhaps are moved, but are not taught;

and a success was scored for the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal. The holy ministry, indeed, was become a

[1] See Joseph Train's *The Buchanites from First to Last* (1846) and *History of the Buchanite Delusion:* 1783–1846, by John Cameron (1904).

profession in which Mr. White might have a career; the ambassador for Christ, a trickster in gown and cassock; the pulpit, a stage to support his capers; the material of preaching, so far as he was acquainted with it, a set of balls to be juggled with to the best personal advantage. It is instructive that the one conspirator, for whom chicanery and humbug were the breath of life, should have been gulled by the other.

He went to preach in Glasgow on a sacramental occasion, and Mrs. Buchan, who had not only heard of his fame, but had already corresponded with him, was present. She was immediately convinced of their spiritual affinity—if one were to do justice to Mrs. Buchan's peculiar modes of thought, one would rather say, their spiritual consanguinity—and she wrote a letter[1] to White in which she said:

"Rev. Dear Sir, Whom I love in our sweet Lord Jesus.

"I write you as a friend, not after the flesh, but as a Child of another Family that has lain in the womb of the everlasting decree from all eternity—a promised seed born from above. . . . I have met with many disappointments from ministers who were neither strangers nor pilgrims on the earth, and I can say by sad experience that I have been more stumbled by ministers than by all the men in the world, or by all the devils in hell. But I have rejoiced many times by the eye of faith to see you before I saw you with the eyes of my body."

[1] It is a pity that Train thought it advisable to put the letters of Mrs. Buchan which he quotes into a more presentable form than the original. The following is an extract from a letter quoted by Mr. Cameron: "O that you would concidder that he that will com will com & will not tarey. The popel hear some of them sies and firmeley belives that we are the children of God & would joine with us chierfuley but the Devil and the world and espesealey the clargey is become so uneasey that it apeares that this place will not be abel to bear us much longer so we desire you to make all spead & leat be joined in one in all things, & indeed I rather see you hear then ten thousand leatters from you; for I all moast can not writ, for this is not a time for writ, but speaking face to face. We have thouaht it fit to send the berar to speake face to face with you, and he will inform you of all things as they are. We are all well in loat and portion, being God who has seperat us from a world laying in wickedness, but our souls are wired because of murderers. Now I beche you com out from among them & be ye seperat, & I am shoure I long to see you bothe hear."

The idea of "wired souls" is puzzling until one realizes that the writer means "wearied".

Here we have the first hint of the doctrine that Mrs. Buchan was the "woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars" of the twelfth chapter of *The Book of The Revelation*, and that White was the spiritual "man-child". When White was initiated, he was dazzled and succumbed. As Mrs. Buchan's ally, it seemed, he might rise to greater things than he had hitherto hoped.

Mrs. Buchan was an antinomian, although it is possible that she was unfamiliar with the term and ignorant of her kinship with the Valentinian Gnostics. The marriage laws of the Bible and of Britain, she considered, were not only useless, but hurtful, and her disciples were set free from their bondage. What was regarded as sin by "carnal and worldly people" could not, if done by her followers, be offensive in the sight of God.

She gave great prominence to her theory of the Last Things. White announced that she was an Incarnation of The Holy Ghost and that all who did not accept her as such and receive her teachings would be consumed in the approaching conflagration of the world, when the Lord would appear and translate her and her adherents bodily to heaven.

These doctrines had not been developed, or at least were not published, in their full enormity, when Mrs. Buchan first came to Irvine on White's invitation; but religious conferences were held, and the fame of Mrs. Buchan's exalted piety and of her wonderful interpretations of prophetic and mystical passages of the Scriptures spread abroad. Her extravagance was too much for some of her hearers, who began to entertain grave doubts of their minister's orthodoxy—he intervened sometimes to explain that Mrs. Buchan's statements did not mean what they meant—and urged that it was desirable that Mrs. Buchan's visit should end. When she had gone, a deputation of the more sober-minded of the congregation entreated their minister to renounce all connexion with her; but he refused, declaring that he would rather resign his charge. He was taken on trial for heresy by the Presbytery and deposed from his office.

Thereafter Mrs. Buchan returned to Irvine with White, and meetings were held in his house. The number who came out of sympathy or curiosity grew, and a tent was erected in the garden. While the conferences were going on, the meeting-place was

pelted with stones and plastered with filth by the irreverent. It was under the impulse of the opposition and persecution that ensued that Mrs. Buchan proclaimed publicly that she was The Woman Clothed with the Sun and that White was The Man-child, of whom she had been spiritually delivered and who was to "rule the nations with a rod of iron". This did not serve to conciliate popular opinion. Some adherents were secured, however, and Mrs. Buchan was given the honorific title of "Friend Mother in the Lord". She was known also as "Light and Love" and as "Mercy". The Man-child was content to be called "Friend White". The resentment aroused by the Buchanites led to riots, and the little sect were driven from the town. The mob of Irvine thus supported Mrs. Buchan's theory to the extent of acting the part of the dragon before whom "the woman fled into the wilderness."

After wandering in the wilderness for a time, the company, who numbered forty-six, settled on the farm of New Cample, about a mile south of Thornhill. "Here", says Andrew Innes, one of Friend Mother in the Lord's most zealous followers, "our apostolic life commenced. 'All that believed were together and had all things common'." At meals "all sat at the same table, and partook alike of the same food, with the exception of Friend Mother, who either served those at table herself, or was employed in directing others to do so. When the meal was over, she always pointed to one of the men to stand up before her. to whom she directed the subject of her discourse, while we all listened; after which, a hymn being sung, we separated, and she commonly went to take a walk in the fields with Mr. White." The men, women, and children all passed the night in one dormitory. Burns, who had some knowledge of the sect, says of them in a letter dated the 3rd of August, 1784, that is, four months after the exodus from Irvine, "Their tenets are a strange jumble of enthusiastic jargon. Among others, she (Mrs. Buchan) pretends to give them the Holy Ghost by breathing on them, which she does with postures and practices that are scandalously indecent. They likewise dispose of all their effects, and hold a community of goods, and live nearly an idle life,[1] carrying on

[1] This detail is not true of the later history of the Buchanites. They "lived frugal and industrious lives, worked as carpenters, constructed spinning wheels and articles of domestic use, spun wool, wove stockings and woollen garments."—*The Book of Kirk-*

a great farce of pretended devotion in barns and woods, where they lie and lodge together, and hold likewise a community of women, as it is another of their tenets that they can commit no moral sin. I am personally acquainted with most of them, and can assure you that the above-mentioned are facts."

The time spent in the wilderness by The Woman Clothed with the Sun was twelve hundred and sixty days; when, therefore, nearly three years and a half had passed since Friend Mother in the Lord had been spiritually delivered of Man-child White, it was believed that the date for the translation of the company to heaven must be close at hand, and efforts were made to bring together all Friend Mother's adherents, some of whom had remained in Irvine, that they might not miss the great event. Altogether sixty persons were assembled, and Friend Mother did her utmost to arouse their enthusiastic anticipations. "One evening," says Innes, "when we were all as usual employed, on a sudden a loud voice was heard as if from the clouds. The children, assisted by our great Luminary, struck up the hymn beginning:

> Oh! hasten translation and come resurrection,
> Oh! hasten the coming of Christ in the air.

All the members below instantly started to their feet, and those in the garret hurried down as fast as they possibly could through the trap door. But it being about midnight, and no light in the house, Mr. Hunter in the agitation of the moment, tumbled headlong down the ladder. In an instant, however, he bounded from the ground and with a voice as loud as a trumpet joined in the general chorus. The bodily agitation became so great with the clapping of hands and singing, that it is out of my power to convey a just idea of the scene. Every one thought the blessed moment was arrived; and every one singing, leaping, and clapping his hands, pressed forward to the kitchen, where Friend Mother sat with great composure, whilst her face shone so white with the glory of God as to dazzle the sight of those who beheld it, and her raiment was as white as snow!

patrick-Durham, Kirkcudbrightshire, by the Rev. William A. Stark. They introduced the two-handed spinning-wheel into Galloway and had no rivals in its use in the south of Scotland. "They frequently spun yarn to the fineness of seven dozen cuts to the pound for the neighbouring gentry."—*Castle-Douglas Miscellany.*

" The noise was so loud that the neighbourhood was alarmed. Thomas Davidson, our landlord, came to our door like a man out of his senses. He rapped and called at the door till he obtained admission ; and he too squeezed into the kitchen, beseeching her to save him and the multitude by which the house was surrounded from the pending destruction of the world. She told them, however, to be of good cheer, for no one would suffer damage that night, for she now saw her people were not sufficiently prepared for the mighty change she intended them to undergo.

" As the light passed from her countenance, she called for a tobacco pipe, and took a smoke."

This thaumaturgic event was remembered among the sect as The Midnight Manifestation. The next episode was The Great Fast ordered by Friend Mother for the purification of her followers. If they fasted for forty days, they might be sufficiently prepared to ascend into heaven. The rigour of the fast, however, was mitigated with doses of " treacle mixed with hot water and allowed to cool ". As the period of the fast drew to an end, " White began to dress himself regularly in full clerical costume, gown, bands, and white gloves, and strut about the fields, every now and then surveying the heavens as if in momentary expectation of some preliminary sign of the coming event, while groups of country people watched his absurd performances afar off ; some with superstitious awe, others with ill-concealed scorn."

A light platform had been erected on Templand Hill in preparation for the company's departure heavenwards, and thither they betook themselves before dawn when the fortieth day had run its course. " While they were shouting, singing, and wildly stretching forth their hands from their frail platform to the rising sun, and while their glorious Mother—sublimely exalted above the rest, her buxom beauty showing well against the morning sky, and her long hair streaming in the breeze in the ecstasy of the moment—seemed like some divine Hebe about to return to her native sphere amid her quiring worshippers, suddenly a gust of wind swept across the hilltop ; the slight erections on which they were frantically swaying about fell to pieces, and vanished in a mass of struggling humanity, including the arch-impostor ! "

Instead of flying up to heaven, they had come ignominiously to earth. The Society did not recover from the blow. Many

of the members went away and returned to a more orderly life. A remnant, however, accepted Friend Mother's explanation of the failure, that it had been due to want of faith on the part of her followers. New persecutions arose,[1] and the attenuated Society found refuge at Auchengibbert[2] in the parish of Urr. There, in March, 1791, Friend Mother died. When her end was drawing near, she told her companions that she had received sure evidence that she was The Third Person in The Holy Trinity, and that, therefore, although she might appear to die, she would not do so really. If they had sufficient faith, they might count upon her reappearing in six days, or if not in six days, in ten years, or if not in ten years, in fifty.

Extraordinary in its beginning and in its development, the story of the Buchanite delusion was, if possible, still more extraordinary in its ending, for Friend Mother by her dying promise secured the lasting credulity of her dupes. They enclosed her body in a wooden coffin and bore it with them to a new residence on Larghill near Lochenkit. At this time the Society was further reduced by the departure of White and some other members for America, and only twelve remained when another change of abode became necessary, and the survivors settled at Newhouse, Crocketford. Perhaps Friend Mother did not expect that any of her adherents would survive her for half a century; yet Andrew Innes, who had reverently watched over her body, was still living when the fiftieth anniversary came round, full of faith and hope that he would see the body reanimated and that the promise would come true for him. He became pathetically excited as the 29th of March, 1841, drew near. The day came, and the night fell, and hope was unfulfilled. Once more there was an explanation—he was unworthy of so great a boon! A little more than four years

[1] White wrote hymns and odes. The following stanza is from one of his pæans:

> The people in Closeburn parish residing
> Came often our sermons to hear,
> And rudely they questioned our words, tho' most pure;
> Our persons they threatened to tear.
> They often with batons and cudgels combined,
> With billets of wood and with stones;
> But He Who has power all men to control
> Prevented them breaking our bones.

[2] Prob. Gaelic *achadh an cibeir*, field of the shepherd.

later Innes died and was buried along with the body of Friend Mother in the yard behind Newhouse. In accordance with his instructions, his coffin was laid above hers so that if she rose, he would be sure to rise too !

Hence comes the sad fate of Crocketford, that no one can take it seriously. It seems as if the waving cornfields whispered Buchanite absurdities, as if fatuous aspirations were borne about innocuously on the moorland winds. The stones of the village shout "Chicanery!" as the carts trundle through it, and its very burial-place provokes the laughter of the generations.

The Road along the Urr Water.

CHAPTER XXXIV

CASTLE DOUGLAS AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD

Castle Douglas—Former names—Carlinwark Loch—Thrieve Castle—Archibald the Grim—William Douglas—Archibald the Tineman—The Duchess of Touraine—The fifth Earl—The sixth Earl—The black dinner—James the Gross—The eighth Earl and The Fair Maid of Galloway—James, the ninth Earl—The Douglas power is broken—Later history of the castle—Architectural features—The Levellers—Laurieston—Lochenbreck—The road from Laurieston to New Galloway—John Macmillan, minister of Balmaghie and first minister of The Reformed Presbyterian Church—Tombstones in Balmaghie Churchyard.

The road from New Galloway to Castle Douglas crosses the river by a handsome bridge, runs down the east side of Loch Ken, and passes through the villages of Parton,[1] a pretty row of cottages; Crossmichael, where there is a martyr's grave; and Greenlaw, where the cats seem to outnumber the other inhabitants.

For people whose hearts leap up at the thought of crossing a river by a ferry I must point out another route for the first part of the journey. Go down the west side of Loch Ken to New Galloway Station and follow the byway running east on the north side of the line. This brings you to Boat o' Rhone beside the railway bridge, where the ferry is. A short distance

[1] "Preserved within the modern church at Parton is a small fragment of an effigy of a priest sculptured in low relief. A portion of an inscription in black letter is still decipherable, and reads QUI OBIIT. What is left of the effigy shows a few inches of the end of the chasuble, the two ends of the stole, and the skirt of the albe. The ornamentation of the vestments is unusually rich. Probably it dates from the first half of the sixteenth century."—The *Inventory*.

south of this point the Ken falls into the Dee. Here is the scene of one of Mr. Crockett's short stories, *A Cry across the Black Water*.[1]

When one has been living for, say, some weeks in the quiet of The Glenkens or touring for days among moors and little whitewashed villages, it is an abrupt change to enter the delightful, modern town of Castle Douglas, with its well-appointed hotels, good shops, and busy population—a place wearing an air of mingled dignity and liveliness. Here you may stroll along streets with concrete pavements, meet considerable numbers of your fellow-creatures, buy books, replenish your wardrobe, and see omnibuses trundling to and from the railway station and—since Castle Douglas lies on the great road connecting Stranraer and Maxwelltown—many motor-cars passing through.

Within a short period the place had its name changed twice. A little village taking its name from an old causeway running across a morass on the border of Carlinwark Loch was known as Causewayend until the eighteenth century. There were people living in 1844 who remembered a cluster of cottages with a population of no more than twenty. The level of the loch was lowered in 1765 in order to give access to the thick underlying deposit of marl—a calcareous clay used at that time as manure; and the industry of digging and distributing it brought a large influx of labourers. The expanding village came to be called Carlinwark. William Douglas, the merchant and manufacturer (afterwards Sir William Douglas of Gelston), purchased the land in 1789, had the village erected into a burgh of barony in 1792, and named it Castle Douglas. The name of the burgh, therefore, has no connexion with the Douglases who were Lords of Galloway. *The Statistical Account* of 1844 mentions the fact that "Castle Douglas is the great mart, not only of the parish of Kelton, but of the whole stewartry", and says that "this town, the suddenness of whose rise rivals the rapid growth of towns in America, has already attained an importance that, in most cases, is the growth of ages. In an agricultural point of view, it far surpasses any other town in Galloway; and, with the exception of Dumfries, it is second to none in the south of Scotland." This statement still holds good.

[1] *Bog-Myrtle and Peat.*

The space allotted to places in this book is usually in inverse proportion to their size and commercial prominence, and if any reader desire information about the various churches and schools, the town hall, the town council, the public library and parks, the water supply, the lighting, the hospital, the post-office, the banks, and the auction-marts of Castle Douglas, let him turn to Mr. Harper's *Rambles in Galloway* or to Maxwell's

Castle Douglas.

Guide Book to the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, where he will find rich pasture.

When I came to the southern end of the town, there opened before me the far-extended woody shores of Carlinwark Loch, and it appeared that this was the playground of Castle Douglas. It was about eight o'clock in the evening, and I found the people engaged in a variety of diversions. Two tennis-courts under the shadow of the great trees embosoming the parish church

were occupied by enthusiastic players. Nearer the loch, a large number of men and boys were playing or watching a game of quoits. Off the tree-covered promontory called The Isle, boys were swimming, splashing, and shouting with much hilarity; and boating parties scattered here and there over the loch broke the calm surface with their oars. Seats shaded by ancient trees stand at intervals along the margin and invite persons of more sedentary habit. As I watched from one of them the actors in the scene, I became aware of a new group—a multitude of girls and young women on bicycles, most of them hatless and wearing light blouses, who came and went in twos and threes, turning the road behind me into a cycle parade. One or two solitary boys stood on the shore angling with worms. A fish, probably a perch, made a splash now and then as it rose at one of the myriads of spinners revolving with frantic speed near the surface. Swans and their young made slow processions in happy family parties, and the amorous drake followed his mate with much clamour. One would turn sometimes from all these active creatures to the little, quiet islands full of willows, the lower branches of which rested on the water and stirred it feebly when a gentle wind moved them, or look beyond the loch and the surrounding woods to the high ridge of Screel and Bengairn deepening slowly into purple-grey.

I hired a rowing-boat at the landing-stage the next day and admired the dexterity of a blind youth in charge as he found a cable, drew a string of boats towards him, disengaged the one that I wished, and supplied me with oars. His misfortune had disqualified him for many occupations, but I should think that few blind men would attempt this. Too vigorous a thrust as he managed his little fleet, a slippery board on the jetty, a foot caught by a forgotten rope, and the poor fellow might suffer another disaster.

This loch, more than any other in Galloway, has been made the plaything and servant of man. In its natural state it covered its present area. At some unknown date its level was raised six feet by the erection of dams. This became clear in 1765, when a canal was cut to connect the loch with the river Dee, and the waters were reduced to the original area. The purpose in making the canal was twofold. In the first place, it laid bare about eighty acres of marl; in the second, it made it possible to convey cargoes of it to parishes on the Dee and

the Ken.[1] Experience shewed that while this manure stimulated the soil, it resulted also in its rapid exhaustion, and its use was discontinued. The canal is largely filled up; but its beginning can be seen at the small village called The Buchan.

Besides revealing the existence of the dams, the reduction of the loch brought to light two small artificial islands, the homes of ancient lake-dwellers. It also changed The Isle at the north end into a peninsula. The Fir Isle at the south end was connected with the shore by a causeway made of "stones secured by strong piles of oak". *The Statistical Account* says further that "close to the side of the island, this road had a deep opening, in which large beams of wood, the remains of a drawbridge, are still visible under the water. The road is now a marsh, having been destroyed by the action of the water; and here we have an additional confirmation of what is stated above respecting the original depth and extent of the loch; for with the six feet of water that were drained off in 1765, added to what the loch at present contains, the construction of these works would have been impracticable." The tradition that there is a town in the depths of the loch may have arisen from the submersion of a few cottages at the time when the level was raised.

Thrieve[2] Castle (see illustration p. 418), the ancient stronghold of the Douglases, is within two miles of Castle Douglas; yet I have never seen anyone near it on the several occasions when I have been there. I do not wonder at this. There are no omnibuses to carry enthusiastic bands of summer visitors; indeed, there is no road. Another reason may be that people who have never been within a mile of it can say, nevertheless, that they have seen it, for it stands in the midst of so broad and open a valley as to be visible from many distant points. As one goes along the roads in the neighbouring parts of the parishes of Kelton, Crossmichael, and Balmaghie, it presents itself from time to time, now behind a level stretch of meadows, now through a break in some plantation, and always with the same forbidding aspect. It is a rude, square tower standing on an island of twenty acres in the chill,

[1] Chalmers says, "In 1802 an act of parliament was passed, for making a navigable canal, from the port of Kirkcudbright to the boat-pool of Dalry, in Glenken." The plan was not carried out. What a route for an inland voyage it would have made!

[2] Irish *treabh*, a farm.

sullen Black Water of Dee, and has a certain barbaric majesty suggesting not so much a place of covert and defence as a centre of rule. One might think that the people of the country stood in awe of it to-day as in the times when the "gallows knob" had its "human tassel" dangling in the wind.

After cycling for a little more than a mile along the Gatehouse road, I came to a byway on the right leading to the farmsteading of Kelton Mains. It became clear on passing through the farmyard that the bicycle would be of no further service, for there lay between me and the castle a series of trackless pastures. It was a cold September evening, and when I reached

Thrieve Castle and the Dee from a point near Balmaghie.

the bank of the river and looked upon the repellent stream and the severe walls of the keep, I thought that the hour was fit.

George Borrow practised some of his favourite antics here. "There were stepping stones," he says. "I did not make use of them, but took off my shoes and stockings and waded across. The water is very deep on the other side. . . . Written on the green grass behind the Castle after bathing in the Dee in a deep hole seemingly about 16 feet deep; went to bottom and brought up a flagstone, which I flung on the shore." With this may be compared the following passage in *Wild Wales*: "'You should have learnt to swim when you were young',

said I, "and to dive too. I know one who has brought up stones from the bottom, I daresay, of deeper pools than either [of these], but he was a Saxon, and at carnal things, you know, none so clebber as the Saxons."

Archibald the Grim, the first Lord of Galloway of the Douglas line and the builder of Thrieve Castle, was a natural son of the Good Sir James, known also as the Black Douglas from his dark complexion, who supported Robert the Bruce throughout his career and was killed in Andalusia in 1330. The earliest known incident in the life of Archibald the Grim is his presence at the battle of Poitiers in 1356, when he was made a prisoner. After holding the offices of Sheriff of Edinburgh, Constable of Edinburgh Castle, and Warden of the West Marches, he was appointed by David the Second to govern Galloway, a province where the line of Baliol was still strong in popular sympathy, and received a charter of all the lands between the Nith and the Cree, that is, the area known as The Stewartry. Three years later, in 1372, he induced Thomas Fleming, Earl of Wigton, to convey to him for £500 the lands and superiority of The Shire and also his earldom. He brought the whole of Galloway under one lordship by this transaction, restoring the unity which had been broken on the death of Alan in 1234, and increased his power further by marrying the heiress of Sir Thomas Moray, Lord of Bothwell.

He was called "the Grim" not, one is glad to learn, because he was a terror to his dependants. The epithet was given him "be the Englismen becaus of his terrible countenance in weirfare". Not that he was much given to raiding the English Border, for he devoted himself with energy to the rule of his own territory. When James, Earl of Douglas, fell at the battle of Otterburn in 1388, Archibald succeeded to the earldom, and might have been made a duke ten years later if he had cared. The title of duke came into use in Scotland for the first time in 1398, when Robert the Third made his son, David, Duke of Rothesay, and his brother, the Earl of Fife, Duke of Albany. The Earl of Douglas is said to have been offered this new dignity, but to have thought little of it. When the heralds hailed him, "Sir Duke! Sir Duke!" he answered scornfully, "Sir Drake! Sir Drake!" and declined the honour. He was now the most powerful subject of the King, a fact illustrated by his securing the marriage of his daughter, Marjorie, to the Duke of Rothesay,

the heir-apparent. Rothesay had been betrothed early in 1399 to a daughter of the Earl of March, but without the consent of the Estates. When the Earl of Douglas heard of this, he made the omission a ground of protest, proposed his daughter as a bride for the Duke, and offered a larger sum for the alliance than March had given. The King was not strong enough to resist his importunity, and the marriage of Rothesay to Marjorie of Douglas took place in February, 1400. This transaction had unhappy consequences for Scotland, but Douglas did not live to see them, for his death occurred not many months after the marriage. His conduct in forcing the King to break his agreement with the Earl of March is the one blemish which the historian discovers in his honourable career ; but, as Sir Herbert Maxwell suggests, he " may have been guided by true patriotic policy in stopping the alliance of the royal house with a family of dubious loyalty. The whole tenor of Archibald the Grim's conduct was so lofty and statesmanlike that one would fain acquit him in this affair from the spirit of faction and self-interest which tarnished the shields of so many of his successors."

His natural son, William Douglas, deserves a brief narrative. He fought his way to knightly renown in Border warfare and won the heart of the Princess Gelis or Egidia, daughter of Robert the Second. The beauty of this lady was famous, and she was sought in marriage by the King of France ; but Douglas had forestalled him. He married her in 1387 and thus obtained possession of the lands of Nithsdale, and received from his father in the following year the estate of Herbertshire in the shire of Stirling. He led an expedition to the coast of Ireland to avenge the depredations of the Irish pirates on the Galloway coast, destroyed the town and castle of Carlingford, seized the ships in the harbour, loaded fifteen of them with plunder, and returned to Loch Ryan after ravaging The Isle of Man on the way. When there was no fighting between Scotland and England, he must needs go abroad and offer his services to the Teutonic Knights against the Turks. He came by a violent death at Dantzig.

Archibald the Tineman, the eldest legitimate son of Archibald the Grim, succeeded to the lordship of Galloway and the earldom of Douglas on the death of his father in 1400. " The Tineman " signifies " the Loser ". It is true that he lost a number of things including several battles, an eye, and his liberty for some years. On the other hand, he did not lessen, but rather

increased, the Douglas power. His losses were due more or less directly to the circumstances of his sister's marriage to the Duke of Rothesay. The Earl of March had been enraged at the setting aside of his daughter in favour of Marjorie of Douglas, and had a further grievance in that the dowry paid to the King in anticipation of his daughter's marriage had not been returned when the contract was broken. The alienation of March played a considerable part in the relations of Scotland and England. He allied himself openly with the English and led several invasions of Scotland. His defeat of the Scots in the battle of Nisbet in 1402 provoked Douglas to raid Northumberland. Douglas wasted the country to Newcastle, but, as he returned, March and Percy Hotspur met and defeated him at Homildon Hill. The story of the eleven years of his imprisonment in England is told fully in Sir Herbert Maxwell's *A History of the House of Douglas*.

Charles the Seventh of France requested Douglas to come to his assistance against the English in 1423. Douglas went with ten thousand men and was appointed Lieutenant-General of the French Army and created Duke of Touraine. He did not achieve any great success. He attempted, but failed, to relieve the siege of Ivry. He tricked the garrison of Verneuil into a surrender; but the Duke of Bedford advanced upon the allied French and Scottish forces and broke them up. The defeat seems to have been caused by the mutinous and precipitate tactics of the French general, Narbonne. Douglas was killed in the battle.

The next ruler of Galloway was the Duchess of Touraine. The lordship passed to her by a special grant. Her rule of fully twenty years was successful and undisturbed. She resigned the lordship in 1450. The date of her death is unknown. She was buried in the chancel of Lincluden College.

Meanwhile, the lordship had been held in fee by her son, Archibald, fifth Earl of Douglas. When James the First began his brief reign in 1424, the Douglas family had reached a power unattained hitherto by any subject of the realm. The chief of the family took the titles of Earl of Douglas, Earl of Wigton, Lord of Galloway, Lord of Bothwell, Lord of Annandale, Lord of Eskdale, Duke of Touraine, Lord of Longueville, and Marshal of France. The fifth Earl died of a fever in 1439 and was succeeded in his estates and honours by his son, William.

It came about thus that, when the Duchess of Touraine resigned the lordship of Galloway in 1450, she was succeeded by her grandson, the sixth Earl, who was a boy of fifteen. The power and magnificence of his heritage were a source of alarm to Crichton, the Chancellor of Scotland, and Livingstone, the guardian of the young King, James the Second. The Earl and his brother, David, were beguiled to the court and presented to the King. It is said that while the company sat at dinner, a black bull's head was placed suddenly upon the table, the signal for the outrage that was to follow. The young Earl and his brother were seized and subjected to a mock trial on some unknown charge, and condemned and beheaded immediately in the castleyard. Contemporary opinion was reflected no doubt in the words of the ballad,

> Edinburgh Castle, towne and toure,
> God grant thou sink for sinne !
> And that even for the black dinoure
> Erl Douglas gat therein.

The object of the murder was attained, the Douglas power was broken. The lordships of Galloway and Bothwell passed to the Lady Margaret, the only sister of the murdered boys. James the Gross, Earl of Avondale, came into possession of the estates of Douglasdale and other lands, and succeeded to the earldom of Douglas. He was the second son of Archibald the Grim. Annandale went to the Crown.

The Douglas lands were divided, but only for a time. The effects of Crichton's work were to be undone before long, the Douglas lands reunited, and the Douglas power concentrated once more in the hands of one man. James the Gross may have been too old to attempt to avenge his murdered relatives; but his son, William, who succeeded him as eighth Earl, took up the task. He became the favourite of the King, and was appointed to the command of the royal forces when he was only eighteen years of age, harassed Crichton and reduced his influence, secured a Papal dispensation to enable him to marry his second cousin, the Lady Margaret, The Fair Maid of Galloway, and married her in 1444, to the chagrin doubtless of Crichton, who must have felt now that he had a well-intentioned, but profitless, murder to his discredit. Douglas governed his territory in peace for three years after this event. Then the

old, smouldering feud between the houses of Douglas and Percy burst into flame. Percy seems to have been responsible for blowing upon the embers, for he and Sir Robert Ogle invaded the eastern counties and burned Dunbar in the month of May. The Earl of Salisbury treated Dumfries in like fashion in June. Douglas and his brother, the Earl of Ormond, retaliated by invading Northumberland and setting Alnwick in flames. They made another excursion a few weeks later and burned Warkworth. Up till November, 1450, when Douglas went on a journey to Rome to be present at the Papal Jubilee, he had enjoyed the favour of the King ; but the most powerful subject in the country could hardly be without political enemies. It is possible that Kennedy, Bishop of S. Andrew's, an influential and sinister figure in the history of the time, had something to do with the Earl's absence from the country. In any case the Earl had not been long in Rome before he learned that disturbances had broken out on his estates either through the influence of *agents provocateurs* or on account of mismanagement on the part of a brother whom he had left in charge of his affairs. The King, moved perhaps by the Kennedy faction, made this an occasion for warring against the Douglas power, and razed a castle in Yarrow. The Earl returned speedily from Rome, was restored to the royal favour, surrendered his lands to the King, and received a new grant of them. Even if Douglas was innocent of the atrocities attributed to him by chroniclers of later generations, he does not seem to have been either a model subject or a good ruler. The new charter contains a clause to the effect that he is to enjoy his lands as fully and freely as did his predecessors "notwithstanding all crimes committed by him or his uncle, the deceased Earl Archibald". It became known, however, that there was a league for purposes defensive and offensive with the "Tiger" Earl of Crawford, and this might be regarded with reason as a danger to the Stewart dynasty. Douglas was summoned to attend the King at Stirling in February, 1452, and received a safe-conduct given under the King's hand in Council. He went, and after a banquet was invited by the King to confer with him in a private room. It is supposed that the secret treaty with the Earl of Crawford was the subject of discussion. The story is that the King urged Douglas to break the confederacy, that Douglas refused, that the King exclaimed angrily, "If you will not, I

will!" and stabbed him twice with his dagger. Sir Patrick Gray completed the work with a pole-axe. It is plain that the removal of the eighth Earl, like that of the sixth, was regarded as a political necessity. The power of Douglas had become so great as to be a constant menace to the royal house.

The eighth Earl had no children, and was succeeded by his brother, James, as ninth Earl of Douglas and Lord of Galloway. This Earl was perhaps the most consistently disloyal of his line. He stood in high favour at the English court, entered into treasonable relations with Henry the Sixth, and rose in rebellion on account of his brother's murder. The King was placed in so difficult a situation that he thought of abdicating the throne and withdrawing from the country. The policy, however, of detaching or defeating in detail the supporters of Douglas was adopted with success, and the Earl was compelled eventually to submit to the King's authority, to renounce all leagues against him, and to undertake to enter into no more.

The next incident is hardly credible, but its explanation is to be found in the King's impulsive nature. It was no doubt a generous reaction of feeling towards his defeated rebel that led him to support Douglas's appeal for a Papal dispensation to enable him to marry his brother's widow, The Fair Maid of Galloway. The dispensation was granted, the marriage took place, and the Douglas estates were reunited once more. The King suspected presently that the Earl was ignoring his obligations and entertaining treasonable designs, and resolved apparently that the Douglas power must be suppressed finally. He laid sudden siege to Douglas's castle of Inveravon near Linlithgow and captured and dismantled it. The royal troops overran the Earl's estates in Douglasdale, Annandale, and the Ettrick Forest, and besieged the castle of Abercorn. Douglas went to its relief, but was deserted on the eve of an engagement by his most powerful supporter, Lord Hamilton of Cadzow. This example was infectious, and Douglas was left with two or three thousand followers to confront the royal army. He rode away from the impracticable situation and crossed the Border with a few attendants.

A subsequent rising of his three brothers ended with their defeat in a battle at Arkinholm, the site of the town of Langholm, in May, 1455. The Earl of Douglas was attainted by Act of Parliament in the same year, and his estates and honours

forfeited. The lordships of Galloway and Eskdale were attached to the Crown, and Annandale given to the King's second son, Alexander, Duke of Albany. The other estates were distributed among loyal vassals. Meanwhile Thrieve Castle still held out for Douglas, and the King entered Galloway in the autumn and, after a siege, captured this last stronghold.

It was to stand sieges again in the two following centuries. After its reduction by James the Second, it became a royal castle and formed a part of the jointure of the queens of Scotland until it was vested in the Lords Maxwell as hereditary keepers in 1526. After the defeat at Solway Moss, Lord Maxwell had given a pledge to the English that he would surrender his castles to them. The Regent Arran accordingly besieged Thrieve Castle in 1545, and captured it after two or three days. In 1640 it was held by Robert, Lord Nithsdale, for King Charles the First against the forces of the Scottish Committee of Estates, and capitulated after thirteen weeks. The Covenanters then ruined the interior.

The architectural and defensive details are set forth fully in the *Inventory*. The following sentences are taken from the "Introduction"; "One of the most interesting features in connection with the defences of this castle is to be seen at the level of the openings to the upper floor, where a double row of sockets has been formed on the exterior of the north, south, and west walls to hold the ends of a projecting and covered timber platform—a *bretâche* or brattice—designed for the defence of the keep at close quarters. Moreover, it gave more room and wider range for the discharge of missiles than would be allowed by the narrow windows, while assailants working at the base of the tower would be exposed to interference from directly above. The east side, with its outer loopholed wall and angle towers and other defences, was evidently considered of such strength that a continuous *bretâche* could be safely omitted. The *bretâche* is a feature of the period of which there are many indications throughout Scotland as well as in France and England. During the fifteenth century this timber form of construction was abandoned in favour of stone parapets supported on moulded corbels of considerable projection with machicolations or interspaces between, which served the same purpose, but had the great advantage of being proof against fire.

"Thrieve Castle is a typical example of the castle-building

of its period. The keep is oblong on plan and of exceptional size. It forms the principal feature of the design, making both the outer defences of wall and angle towers appear insignificant as compared with the great central mass of masonry. There is to this extent a reversion in principle to the pre-Edwardian or Norman type of fortress; the keep is the dominating feature. Upon the level ground to the east of the castle indications exist of an outer enclosure or barmkin of considerable extent, a feature characteristic of the fifteenth century which was frequently added to the earlier keeps."

After the wrecking of the castle there were few disturbances in the neighbourhood until about 1725, when we hear of the rising of the Levellers. The trouble was occasioned by the fencing of fields and other measures adopted for the improvement of their estates by the Galloway proprietors.[1] The former practice was that each tenant had the right of pasturage over the whole property of the landlord, and this provided employment for many herds. The erection of the dykes interfered with the ancient custom and consequently threw many men out of work. At the same time the grouping of small crofts into farms led to much hardship. The evicted families emigrated to America and elsewhere if they had the means; otherwise they were thrown into great distress and sought desperately to obstruct the operations of the landlords. It was at Whitsunday, 1723, that the new measures began to take effect.

The ensuing bitterness is expressed in some rude lines which were long popular in Galloway:

> The lords and lairds they drive us out
> From maillings where we dwell;
> The poor man says, "Where shall we go?"
> The rich says, "Go to hell."

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[1] "The lairds were no more of the people," says Mr. S. R. Crockett. "They had taken the side of what all Galloway considered as an alien and persecuting sect, during the reigns of the second Charles and James his brother. Thus in most cases they had been divorced in sympathy from the clan or sept with which they were lineally connected. Add to this that many of the original landlords had either been dispossessed as disloyal to one party or the other during the long troubles, or had been driven to sell their lands to strangers from a distance. Hardly ever had this property returned into the hands of a Galloway man of aboriginal stock."

These words they spoke in jest and mocks ;
But by their works we know
That if they have their herds and flocks,
They care not where we go.

Against the poor they still prevail
With all their wicked works,
And will enclose both moor and dale
And turn corn fields to parks.

The discontented, however, did more than compose or repeat lampoons. A great annual fair was held at Kelton[1] Hill in the month of June, and here the plan for a general levelling of the fences was devised. A company of Levellers might consist of about fifty men with a captain, and, according to the account in *The Castle Douglas Weekly Visitor*, " each man was furnished with a strong *kent* (or piece of wood) from six to eight feet in length, which he fixed into the dyke at the approved distance from the foundation and from his neighbour. After having ascertained that all was ready, the captain bawled out, ' Ow'r wi't, boys,'—and ow'r accordingly it tumbled, with a shout that might have been heard at the distance of miles." Dragoons had to be brought into Galloway to suppress the movement ; but they behaved with restraint, and only a few lives were sacrificed. The malcontents made their last stand at Duchrae in the parish of Balmaghie, where the military took over two hundred prisoners. As they were being marched to Kirkcudbright, many of them were allowed to escape ; but the leaders were brought to trial. Some were punished with fines or imprisonment, and others banished to the plantations.

Many delightful roads radiate from Castle Douglas—one running low among hills clothed with aromatic woods to Auchencairn, and another passing through Keltonhill, climbing high above the Dee, and affording a distant prospect of the Galloway Highlands. Then there are the various routes to Laurieston, which may be treated as a secondary centre to the great contentment of the traveller. It is a pretty, quiet village with a modest, but comfortable, inn. The worst of the place is its name, which does not savour of Galloway. It used to be " Clachanpluck ", which does. The change was made by an eighteenth-century

[1] Either Gaelic *coilltean*, woods, or *calltuinn*, a hazel.—Johnston.

proprietor called Laurie, who chose this method of signalizing for future generations his visit to this planet.

The road on the west climbs up from Laurieston for two miles, chiefly among woods, and then brings you out on a great moor about six hundred and fifty feet above the sea, the moor of

Laurieston.

Lochenbreck, where there is a loch, an old pump-room, and a deserted hotel. MacKerlie was at loss to understand the propriety of the name. He says, "Robertson in his Gaelic topography gives Lochenbreck as derived from the Gaelic lochanbreac, the small speckled loch. No doubt such is the meaning, but we have been on it, and around it, and did not observe

anything to occasion such a name." If he was on the loch, he must not have been there as a fisher. Had he hooked a trout, it might have dawned on him that the speckles were to be looked for neither on nor around the loch, but in it! The water of the well is described as possessing the character of "a mild carbonated chalybeate spring", and *The Statistical Account* of 1844 says that it has been "resorted to from time immemorial. . . . For the accommodation of visitors and invalids, an inn has been provided in the vicinity of the well; but there is reason to believe that, were the accommodation more extensive, the resort to it would be still greater than it is." Large additions were made, and the hotel prospered until about ten years ago, and then its doors were closed. Since we are likely to avoid German spas for the next half century or longer, there is the more reason why that of Lochenbreck should be revived. The properties of the water are said to be valuable; the high moorland situation is splendid; motor-cars make it accessible; and the hotel would need little in the way of repair.

From this point one should certainly go on to Gatehouse. The road is one of the most heaven-kissing in Galloway. For weather I recommend a day of April sunshine punctuated with scurrying showers of snow and hail. Cairnsmore of Fleet, the great mountain in the west, will then be wearing a white mantle with fringes trailing down the flanks, and the sunshine in the various glens will be excluded for a few minutes from time to time by the rapid passage of the storms.

Of the road running northwards from Laurieston to New Galloway it is difficult to write with brevity or sobriety. Many a time in these pages the enormous wealth of material lying to my hands has compelled me to give summary treatment to matters of which I would rather have written in a less literal fashion, and so, I am afraid, it must be now; but I may say at least that the traveller has the luxury of Loch Grenoch[1] on the

[1] Gaelic *loch greanach*, gravelly loch, or *loch grianach*, sunny loch. Like Clachanpluck, Loch Grenoch has had its name changed. "Loch Grenoch", says Mr. Crockett, "became Woodhall Loch (or in the folk speech of the Parish Wudha' Loch). Farther afield we have a crop, happily thin sown and soon fading away, of Summerhills, Parkhills, Willowbanks, and such like—of which that most to be regretted is the merging of the ancient name of the Duchrae estate in that of the mansion-house of Hensol, a word which has no historical connection with Galloway, but merely preserves a souvenir of the

left for the first part of the journey, and of Loch Ken on the right for the final, and between these an interval where the road winds among deep hazel thickets that open occasionally so as to give him such glimpses of green pastures and quiet waters framed among dark trees that he cannot but drop from his bicycle to stand still and gaze. The floral splendours of the wayside banks in summer and the almost cloying sweetness of the air are remembered by every passer-by. Mr. Crockett, who writes of Balmaghie[1] Parish with the minuteness to be expected

Little Duchrae, Balmaghie, the birthplace of Mr. S. R. Crockett.

of one who was born and spent his youth in the midst of it, will have it that the mile between Laurieston and the beginning of Loch Grenoch is "reminiscent of some parts of central France —the valley of the Creuse, for instance, George Sand's country—

early youth of a late proprietor." Little Duchrae, Mr. Crockett's birthplace, retains its name.

The loch mentioned above must not be confused with the one called Grenoch, Grennoch, or Grannoch, in Girthon Parish. That loch lies far from roads and is full of very game trout. The Pullaugh Burn, which flows out of it and enters the Black Water of Dee near the Upper Bridge, appeals to those who like to fish in moorland waters.

[1] MacGhie's village.

or some of the lower tributaries of the Tarn. The tall poplars in front of the ruined smithy, the little burn that trips and ambles for a few hundred paces beside the traveller and then is lost, hurrying off into the unknown again as if tired of being overlooked—all these are more French than Scottish."

The byway winding over the ridge between Loch Grenoch and the river Dee provides no thrills, but brings you down to one of the historic sanctuaries of Galloway.

The parish church of Balmaghie, where John Macmillan, the first minister of The Reformed Presbyterian Church,[1] preached for many years in defiance of ecclesiastical and civil powers, strong in the devotion of his parishioners, is on the bank of the Dee, two or three miles from Laurieston. Macmillan was a native of The Stewartry and before receiving ordination to the ministry of the Church of Scotland in 1701, was associated with the followers of Richard Cameron, who were known as Cameronians, Society men, and Hill-men. The Cameronians were the most extreme sect of the Covenanters, insisting that the Presbyterian polity should be imposed, not only on Scotland, but on all the three Kingdoms. They were, therefore, profoundly dissatisfied with the Revolution Settlement, which ignored the Covenant altogether. They formed a small minority of the nation, but still hoped by the resolute maintenance of their testimony to bring the rest of the country round to their point of view. In remaining outside the Church as established at the Revolution, they did not regard themselves as seceders. It was the Church that had seceded from them. Meanwhile, they did not form a regular ecclesiastical organization, nor had they any ordained ministers, but met as Societies for worship and maintained a vehement propaganda.[2] A few Cameronians who believed that they had a call to the ministry entered the Church with the intention of labouring for the restoration of the ecclesiastical order of 1638–1649, and Macmillan was one of them. The path of a Cameronian in the Established Church, however, could not be easy, and difficulties arose when the

[1] See *A Cameronian Apostle, being Some Account of John Macmillan of Balmaghie* by the Rev. H. M. B. Reid, D.D. (1896).

[2] A good example of the titles of their publications is seen in *The Protestation, Apologetic Declaration, and Admonitory Vindication of a Poor, Wasted, Misrepresented Remnant of the Suffering, Anti-Popish, Anti-Prelatic, Anti-Erastian, Anti-Sectarian, True Presbyterian Church in Scotland.*

Government of Queen Anne required the Oath of Allegiance and Bond of Assurance from parish ministers. Queen Anne was an uncovenanted ruler and, therefore, from the Cameronian point of view, could not be recognized. Macmillan's dissatisfaction with the Constitution, especially where the Church was concerned, deepened, and he ceased to attend the meetings of the Presbytery. When he, with two sympathizers, was cited to appear before that court to answer for his conduct, he presented a statement of "Grievances", which was published in the following year under the title, *A true double of a Paper of Grievances given in to the Presbytery of Kirkcudbright, July 6th, 1703, by Mr. John Reid, minister of Carsphairn; Mr. William Tod, minister of Buittle, and Mr. John Macmillan, minister of Balmaghie: To which generally the whole fore-mentioned parishes adhere, and the greatest part of the Godly in the land.* The "Grievances" are twelve, and the remaining eleven follow from the first, which is stated as follows: "It is a great grievance, that none of our Assemblies hath, by an Act in solemn and ample form, and in name of this National Church, asserted and declared Presbyterian Government to be of divine right, unto which the Church has adhered and given testimony by suffering; and that the late Prelacy was a most wicked usurpation, and grievous encroachment upon the rights of the said Church. The necessity of such an Act is evident, in regard the late Prelacy was never ecclesiastically asserted, but only depended on the civil sanction. And now, for the Church to remain so long silent in asserting her own right, after she had been deprived of the exercise of Presbytery about thirty years, doth manifestly imply a holding of it by the same tenure, viz., *Erastian Supremacy*. Especially, considering the Act of Re-establishment goes as far back as the year 1592, there is cut off what the Church had attained unto in her purest time, viz., 1638–1649 inclusive." Macmillan's testimony, it will be seen, is not a mere side-issue of Scottish Church history, but only one of the many phases of a controversy which is still alive.

Macmillan was deposed from his office on the 30th of December, 1703. He was, however, deeply entrenched in the sympathy and affection of the people, and continued to occupy his church and manse, defending himself on the ground of irregularities in the Presbytery's proceedings against him. This anomalous situation lasted for twenty-four years. The Presbytery fulmi-

nated in vain. The General Assembly and the Sheriff attacked the position without success. William MacKie was ordained as minister of the parish; but the ceremony had to take place at Kirkcudbright, and when MacKie attempted to take possession of the parish, a riot occurred. Some of the heritors, however, befriended him, and he conducted services in a building called by some "The House of Rimmon", where he gathered a small congregation. At length, in 1727, he obtained a decree of the Court of Session against Macmillan for the rent of the glebe for seventeen years reckoned at a hundred merks yearly, and this was the immediate cause of Macmillan's departure. His supporters were anxious to discharge the debt; but he was resolved to go. After his deposition he had renewed his connexion with the United Societies and had received from them in October, 1706, a "hearty and unanimous call to come forth and dispense the Gospel ordinances faithfully and freely to us". The acceptance of this "call" meant much itinerant preaching. The *Register of the Rev. John Macmillan, Being a Record of Marriages and Baptisms solemnised by him among the Cameronian Societies* shews the names of members from Logie in Stirlingshire in the north to Cummertrees in the south, and from Hawick in the east to Colmonell in the west, and if it became necessary or advisable to choose between the parish of Balmaghie and the wider field of labour, there could be no doubt that the claims of the Societies would weigh more heavily with him. Besides, he was more than ever the strenuous idealist in an age of compromise; the generation that had upheld him in the early days at Balmaghie was disappearing; for many of the younger people the old battle-cries had lost their appeal; and the parish was left to the uncovenanted ministrations of MacKie.

Macmillan made his home in Lanarkshire, where most of the Societies were, and exercised his ministry among the Suffering Remnant until he died in 1753 in the eighty-fourth year of his age. In course of time other ministers were ordained, and the Societies were constituted as congregations of The Reformed Presbyterian Church.

Members of that communion who come to Balmaghie on pilgrimage, and other visitors who are not indifferent to the contribution made by the Covenanters to our national history, will look for the table stone commemorating two martyrs who bore the same name:

HERE LYES DAVID HALLIDAY PORTIONER OF MEIFEILD WHO WAS SHOT UPON THE 21 OF FEBR 1685 AND OF DAVID HALLIDAY ONCE IN GLENGAPE WHO WAS LIKEWISE SHOT UPON THE 11 OF JUNY 1685 FOR THEIR ADHERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF SCOTLAND'S COVENANTED REFORMATIONE.

BENEATH THIS STONE TWO DAVIDS HALLIDAYS
DOE LY WHOSE SOULS NOU SING THEIR MASTERS PRAISE
TO KNOU IF CURIOUS PASSENGERS DESYRE
FOR WHAT BY WHOME AND HOU THEY DID EXPYRE
THEY DID OPPOSE THIS NATIONS PERJUREY
NOR COULD THEY JOYN WITH LORDLY PRELACY
INDULGING FAVOURS FROM CHRIST'S ENEMIES
QUENCH'D NOT THEIR ZEAL THIS MONUMENT THEN CRYES
THESE WERE THE CAUSES NOT TO BE FORGOT
WHY THEY BY LAG SO WICKEDLY WERE SHOT
ONE NAME ONE CAUSE ONE GRAVE ONE HEAVEN DO TY
THEIR SOULS TO THAT ONE GOD ETERNALLY

A small upright stone tells of another victim:

	(skull & cross-bones)
HERE LYES	MEMENTO MORI
GEORGE SHORT	AND THE EARLE
WHO WAS PURSUED	OF ANANDALE
AND TAKEN AND	BECAUSE OF HIS
INSTANTLY SHOT	ADHERENCE TO
TO DEATH UNDER	SCOTLANDS RE
CLOUD OF NIGHT	FORMTION COVE
IN THE PAROCH	NANTS NATIONAL
OF TONGUELAND	AND SOLEMN
BY GRIER OF LAG	LEAGUE 1685

The author of *The Raiders* thought the churchyard "a right desirable place for any tired wanderer's resting-grave", and here lies "SAMUEL RUTHERFORD CROCKETT, Minister of the Gospel and Novelist, born at Duchrae in this parish, on 24th September, 1859, died at Tarascon, France, on 16th April, 1914."

In the spring of 1916 the roads in these parts were almost as ignorant of motor-cars as in the days before the petrol engine was invented. The bicycle did not need to be kept to the side on taking a curve, but could wander freely over the whole width like a ship at sea.

CHAPTER XXXV

FROM CASTLE DOUGLAS TO MAXWELLTOWN

Buittle Church—Buittle Castle—Craignair and Dalbeattie—The Mote of Urr—The Old Bridge of Urr—Drumcoltran Castle—Hills Tower—Loch Rutton—An echo of the Jacobite occupation of Dumfries—Goldielea—Burns's friendship with Mrs. Riddell.

I AM sorry that in beginning this final chapter I cannot promise the reader a grand climax, and anticipate that the following notes will seem like a *diminuendo* passage, for when one has surmounted the hill where the church of Buittle[1] Parish stands, descended into the town of Dalbeattie[2], and taken the road running past Kirkgunzeon to Maxwelltown, it seems as if the *aura* of Galloway were departing. Yet the soil is still of the province, and the names of places and persons; and one is prone to linger for a while before crossing the Nith and realizing that all is at an end!

Recent pages have dealt so largely in religious and ecclesiastical matters that I hesitate to mention a church once more and at the very beginning of a new chapter; but some readers at least will be pleased to be told that the remains of a church with the unusual feature of a chancel wider than the nave stand near the modern church of Buittle, that the chancel is attributed to the former half of the fourteenth century, and that the greater part of the nave is older.

The descent from the church to Buittle Bridge on the Water of Urr is so easy and delightful that only a keen historical or antiquarian enthusiasm or the execution of some task intended to provide fuel for such enthusiasm in other people would induce one to check one's course at the byway leading to the site of

[1] O.E. *botl*, a house.

[2] Field of the birch trees, Gaelic *beath*, or from *bicta*, a churn.—Johnston.

Buittle Castle. Let not the visitor, after committing himself to this short digression, be deceived by the tower called Buittle Place. This building, constructed, it is very likely, with stones taken from the ancient castle, appears to belong to the end of

Buittle Church.

the sixteenth century. The stronghold of the Lords of Galloway of the line of Fergus stood a hundred yards to the south-east. Here Dervorgilla gave birth to John Baliol, who became King of Scotland in 1292, and here she dated the charter of Balliol

College in 1282. During the War of Independence, the castle came into the hands of the Bruces, and Robert the First bestowed it on Sir James Douglas. Edward Baliol recovered the estate and made the castle his home; but the Douglases came back, and the property remained in their hands until the forfeiture of their estates in 1455.

Soon after returning to the road and continuing the descent, one sees an aerial ropeway among the trees and hears the clatter and din of machinery, unusual sounds in Galloway. The road is now skirting the foot of Craignair,[1] a great granite quarry, and the noise comes from the crushing-mills. Craignair is being gradually removed and distributed over the world. The Thames Embankment, the Liverpool Docks, the Birkenhead and Manchester Town Halls, Insurance Buildings in London, Liverpool, and Leeds, the lower part of the Eddystone Lighthouse, the Great Bassas and Little Bassas Lighthouses in Ceylon are some of the structures for which Dalbeattie granite has been used. When Robert Heron passed through the "small village" of Dalbeattie in 1792, it seemed to him "rather surprising that a situation so favourable has not before this time been occupied by a town or village of considerable magnitude", and added that "if some suitable manufacture could be established at Dalbeattie, I should expect to see it rise to rival the most considerable towns in this part of Galloway." The granite industry has been the principal means of fulfilling this anticipation, and the burghers of Dalbeattie look with equanimity at their disembowelled mountain.

Craignair must go; but fortunately no money is to be made by tampering with the Mote of Urr. No charges of dynamite make it shudder and dissolve, and its worst enemies are the burrowing rabbits. Besides the rabbits, the sheep and cattle that are allowed to graze on its slopes deserve dishonourable mention. Originally a natural hillock rising between two channels of the Urr, it has been trenched along its sides so as to demark a base-court and a citadel; measures six hundred and twenty-five feet in length, three hundred and forty-four in breadth, and eighty-five in height; and is the most notable monument of its kind in Scotland.[2] Such mote-hills were designed

[1] Gaelic *creag an air*, crag of the slaughter.

[2] For a full description see *The Parish of Urr* by the Rev. David Frew, D.D., or the *Inventory*.

primarily for purposes of defence, and were strengthened with ramparts and palisades around the base-court and citadel. There is evidence that wooden houses were built within the enclosures. Antiquarians used to describe mote-hills as prehistoric or Roman or Saxon; but "these flat-topped mounds of earth and stone, in part natural or wholly artificial, are now generally recognised as the work of the Anglo-Normans, though the question of the authorship of all such mounds cannot be said yet to have passed entirely beyond the bounds of controversy. . . . The chief arguments adduced for their purely

Bridge of Urr.

Anglo-Norman origin are: *First*—The small size of the mounds, clearly indicating private as opposed to collective occupation—the private fortress having been first adopted by the Normans. *Second*—The name 'motte', which has no place in pre-Norman English, but which was current in the twelfth century. *Third*—Their association here with early baronies founded under David the First, and as a corollary their connection with other feudal holdings, circumstances which afford an explanation of the constant recurrence of the motes as the baronial messuages all over Scotland, and demonstrate how in many cases they came to be the court hills, seats of judgment, and gathering-point of their associated territories, long after the residential

character of the messuage had ceased."[1] The distance of the Mote of Urr from Dalbeattie is two miles and a half.

Three miles farther on is The Old Bridge of Urr, which may date from the latter part of the sixteenth century. The parapets were built in 1843, and it may have been at the same time that the roadway was widened on the north side. "Over the central pier on the south side there is a panel containing two shields placed one over the other, each bearing arms, now much weather-worn and partially indecipherable. The upper stone is said to bear a lion rampant and crown with the initials I ⁝ R ⁝, while the lower shield bore a dexter hand *appaumé* between the heads of three animals now almost obliterated. According to local tradition, there was formerly a single initial on each side of this shield and, beneath, the date 1580."[2]

The inveterate explorer who dislikes the idea of following a perfectly straight course all the way from Dalbeattie to Maxwell-town will find an excuse for a deviation in Drumcoltran[3] Castle on the north of the village of Kirkgunzeon,[4] where the retention of certain defensive features such as a deep bar-hole for securing the entrance, a parapet walk, and narrow windows suggests that it is one of the earlier sixteenth-century castles. A panel above the doorway bears this inscription in raised letters :

CELA SECRETA : LOQVERE
PAUCA : VERAX · ESTO :
(Ā · V) INO CAVE : MEMĒTO
MORI : MISERICORS ESTO[5]

Another excuse is provided by Hills Tower. A byway crosses the railroad at Lochanhead Station and winds over a ridge to the hollow where Loch Rutton lies. The tower stands on Mains of Hills farm. It appears to belong to the middle of the sixteenth century. "The gargoyles at the level of the

[1] "Introduction" to the *Inventory*, Vol. I.

[2] The *Inventory*.

[3] "*Druim Cultrain*, the ridge of Cultran. In the 12th and 13th centuries this land belonged to the Abbey of Holm Cultran in Cumberland."—Maxwell.

[4] "1469,-zean ; but c. 1200, Kirkwynnin, 'Church of St. Wynnin'. The *gu* (or in W. *gw*) is the same sound as *w* ; while the *z* represents, as so often, the old Scottish *y*."—Johnston. Pronounced "Kirkgunnion."

[5] "Keep secrets hidden ; speak little; be truthful; avoid wine; be mindful of death ; be pitiful."

parapet walk represent the cannon of the period, made in two pieces and secured by iron bands." "The most striking feature in the group of buildings", says the *Inventory*, "is the unique and interesting gatehouse in the centre of the western wall of the courtyard." A two-storey house bearing the date 1721 has been built against the east wall of the tower. One of the four panels on the front of this house contains a shield with the arms of Sir John Maxwell, who was created fourth Lord Herries in right of his wife in 1566, and of Agnes Herries, his spouse. The tower came by marriage into the possession of the MacCullochs of Ardwall in 1730.

From the neighbourhood of the tower one looks over a wide tract of country in several directions. Some fir trees are silhouetted against the gleaming surface of Loch Rutton. On approaching the loch one sees a crannog in the middle. Various objects discovered in it suggest that it was occupied at an early date in the thirteenth century. The *Inventory* states also that "a peninsula somewhat north of the centre of the east shore of the loch has been severed from the mainland by an artificial ditch and rampart drawn across the neck, thus transforming it into an island of about one acre in extent. . . . No relics were found in the interior, but teeth of animals were plentiful along the water's edge, and in the material of the rampart were found fragments of bone, deers' horn, glass slag, and nondescript iron or iron slag."

The old highway through this part of Galloway ran past the north end of the loch. Towards the end of 1745 the inhabitants of the district were living in dread that they might see coming along it a force of predatory Jacobites. The diary of the Rev. George Duncan, who was ordained minister of Lochrutton Parish in 1728, contains an interesting reference under the date, Sunday, the 22nd of December, 1745: "A melancholy day—the rebels in Drumfries—about 4000, with the Pretender's son at their head, in great rage at the town for carrying off their baggage from Annandale, and for raising volunteers, and calling out the militia of the Country in defence of the Government—demanded £2000 sterling of contributions, . . . and that they convey their carts, with their carriages after them, to their headquarters. They were most rude in the town—pillaged some shops—pulled shoes off gentlemen's feet in the streets. In most of the churches for some miles about Drumfries no

sermon. God be blessed! we had public worship. I lectured I Sam. IV; Mr. John Scott, minister of Drumfries (there was no sermon there) preached. Much confusion in all the neighbouring parishes—rebels robbing people's stables—pillaging some houses. They came to the border of our parish, but, God be thanked! came no further, and we suffered no loose usage."

After passing Lochanhead Station the road runs through a narrow defile between steep, wooded slopes and descends to Goldielea, an estate about three miles from Maxwelltown. This was the home of Andrew Crosbie, a prototype of Counsellor Pleydell in *Guy Mannering*. He was born in 1735 and admitted to the Faculty of Advocates in 1757, and was soon known as the most eloquent and daring pleader at the Bar. "He became Vice-Dean of Faculty, and would have been President of the Court of Session but for his inveterate love of tavern-haunting."[1] He built for himself what has been described as a "very expensive and whimsical edifice" in S. Andrew Square, Edinburgh. Robertson, the Principal of the University, said to him, "Crosbie, were your town and country houses to meet, how they would stare at each other!" The Goldielea estate was called Holm in those days, and the house consisted of a single storey and was thatched. Crosbie died in 1785, leaving a widow who was granted a small pension by the Faculty of Advocates "in consideration of her poverty-stricken circumstances". The Holm property was bought by Colonel (afterwards Major-General) Goldie. His wife's maiden name was Leigh, and he renamed the estate after himself and her. Early in 1792 Walter Riddell became the owner and changed the name to Woodley Park in honour of his wife, Maria Woodley, Burns's friend. In 1794 Colonel Goldie was again in possession. According to one account of the matter Riddell had not paid the purchase money. Since then the name of Goldielea has been retained.

Burns was a frequent visitor at Woodley Park. Lockhart describes his hostess as "a beautiful and very accomplished woman", and Cunningham states that she was "beautiful", "young and accomplished", that she owned a good library and was in the habit of lending the poet books, that "she was an elegant scholar, and sometimes translated, from French or Italian or Latin, verse for his amusement". He repaid the debt with poetic epistles and epigrams and even an epitaph!

[1] *The Scott Originals* by W. S. Crockett.

But, alas! the friendship suffered a grievous intermission in 1794. Burns was a guest at a dinner-party, became very drunk, and gravely insulted his hostess, Mrs. Riddell. It has been assumed that the lady was Mrs. Riddell of Woodley Park; but there are reasons for concluding that it was her sister-in-law, Mrs. Riddell of Friars' Carse, who received the direct offence.[1] The consequence was that the Riddell family treated Burns with marked coldness thereafter. The poet's bitter contrition is revealed both in letters and in verses. He was especially hurt by the obvious estrangement of an intimate friend, and unhappily allowed himself to indulge in some vituperative epigrams. These, in turn, became an occasion of penitence.

The friendship was resumed gradually in the following year. Mrs. Riddell was probably touched by the poet's misfortunes. In the summer of 1796, when Burns had gone to the small village of Brow on the Dumfriesshire coast in the vain hope of recovering his broken health, Mrs. Riddell, who was staying in the neighbourhood, "exerted herself", says Lockhart, "to make him as comfortable as circumstances permitted". She sent her carriage to bring him to her residence. On meeting her he said, "Well, Madam, have you any commands for the other world?" He expressed regret for "letters and verses written with unguarded and improper freedom" and lamented "that he had written many epigrams on persons against whom he entertained no enmity, and whose characters he would be sorry to wound". This was their last meeting. Burns died within three weeks. Mrs. Riddell contributed a sympathetic estimate of his genius and character to *The Dumfries Journal*, and helped to bring about the answer to the prayer uttered in his last letter to his brother, Gilbert—"God keep my wife and children".

[1] "Maria Riddell, the Friend of Burns," by Hugh S. Gladstone, in *The Transactions of the Dumfriesshire and Galloway Natural History and Antiquarian Society* (1914-15).

Rockcliffe.

NOTE ON PTOLEMY'S PLACE-NAMES

Some readers will like to have the very words of Claudius Ptolemaeus of Alexandria,[1] the earliest geographer to give any details concerning the south-west of Scotland. The passages occur in his ΓΕΩΓΡΑΦΙΚΗΣ ΥΦΗΓΗΣΕΩΣ (*Geographicæ Enarrationis*) II, 2. I quote from F. G. Wilberg's edition, omitting the figures for latitude and longitude. The chapter is headed Ἀλουίωνος νήσου Βρεττανικῆς Εὐρώπης πίναξ (*Albionis insulæ Britannicæ situs. Europæ tabula prima*).

(1) Ἀρκτικῆς πλευρᾶς περιγραφή, ἧς ὑπέρκειται Ὠκεανὸς καλούμενος Δουηκαληδόνιος. Νοουαντῶν χερσόνησος καὶ ὁμώνυμον ἄκρον . . . Ῥεριγόνιος κόλπος . . . Οὐινδόγαρα κόλπος . . . Κλώτα εἴσχυσις . . . . . .

(2) Δυσμικῆς πλευρᾶς περιγραφή, ᾗ παράκειται ὅ τε Ἰουέρνιος Ὠκεανὸς καὶ ὁ Οὐεργιούιος· μετὰ τὴν Νοουαντῶν χερσόνησον, ᾗ ἐπέχει . . . Ἀβραουάννου ποταμοῦ ἐκβολαί . . . Ἰηνᾶ εἴσχυσις . . . Δηούα ποταμοῦ ἐκβολαί . . . Νοουίου ποταμοῦ ἐκβολαί . . . . . .

(3) Οἰκοῦσι δὲ τὰ μὲν παρὰ τὴν ἀρκτικὴν πλευρὰν ὑπὸ μὲν τὴν ὁμώνυμον χερσόνησον Νοουάνται, παρ' οἷς εἰσι καὶ πόλεις αἵδε. Λουκοπιβία . . . Ῥετιγόνιον [by mistake for Ῥεριγόνιον read by some MSS.].

Ὑφ' οὓς Σελγουοῦαι, παρ' οἷς πόλεις Καρβαντόριγον . . . Οὔξελλον . . . Κόρδα . . . Τριμόντιον . . .

In the Latin version these passages are as follows:

(1) *Septentrionalis lateris descriptio, supra quod est Oceanus*

[1] The last recorded incident in his life belongs to A.D. 151.

qui dicitur Duecaledonius. Novantarum Chersonesus et eiusdem nominis promontorium . . . . Rerigonius sinus . . . . Vindogara sinus . . . . Clotæ æstuarium. . . . .

(2) *Occidentalis lateris descriptio, cui adiacet et Hibernius Oceanus et Vergivius; post Novantarum Chersonesum, quæ est . . . . Abravanni fluvii ostia . . . . Ienæ æstuarium . . . . Devæ fluvii ostia . . . . Novii fluvii ostia. . . . .*

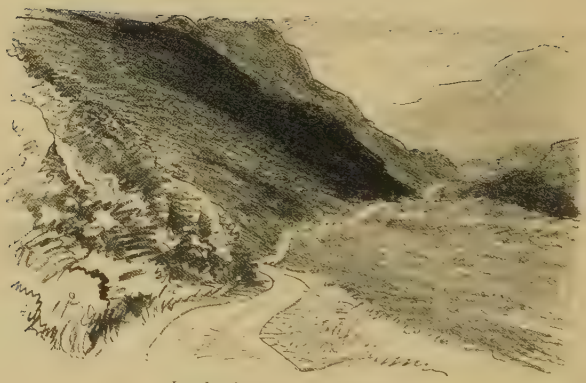
(3) *Incolunt præter septentrionale latus infra eiusdem cognominis Chersonesum Novantæ, apud quos hæc sunt oppida: Lucopibia . . . . Rhetigonium. . . .*

Infra quos Selgovæ, apud quos sunt oppida Carbantorigum . . . . Uxellum . . . . Corda . . . . Trimontium. . . . .

Some of the identifications seem obvious—Νοουαντῶν χερσόνησος as The Rhinns, and the ἄκρον as the Mull of Galloway; but Ptolemy's measurements point rather to the Mull of Kintyre or, as Mr. T. G. Rylands[1] concludes after an exhaustive analysis, to the Point of Aird in Skye. Ῥεριγόνιος κόλπος is Loch Ryan, and Ῥεριγόνιον, a town in its neighbourhood, perhaps on the site of Innermessan. A Grecized form of the Gaelic *aber aimhne*, "mouth of the river", is seen in Ἀβραουάννος, denoting the Luce. Ἰηνᾶ εἴσχυσις corresponds to the estuary of the Cree. Skene[2] points out that the early Latin editions have, instead of *Ienæ æstuarium*, *Fines æstus*, and thinks that this may be the correct reading, and that Wigton Bay may have marked the utmost limit to which the Roman troops penetrated in Agricola's second campaign. Δηούα is, of course, the Dee, and Νοουίος, the Nith.

Where the names themselves are not evidence, Ptolemy's figures make it impossible to be sure of his exact positions. The sites of Wigton and Whithorn have been suggested for Λουκοπιβία. Καρβαντόριγον is assigned by Ptolemy to the *Selgovæ*, but appears to have been within the territory of the *Novantæ*, and has been identified with sites on the Urr and the Dee.

[1] *The Geography of Ptolemy Elucidated.*
[2] *Celtic Scotland*, Vol. I., p. 66 n.



In the Galloway Highlands.

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